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ST. MARY'S HALL LECTURES

AND OTHER PAPERS

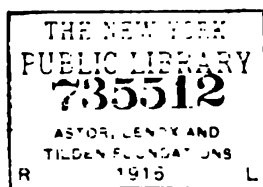
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1910

TO MY MOTHER,

The frank but loving critic of my youth ;
the too indulgent judge of my
maturity.

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THEY WERE
JULY
WAS

PREFACE.

THIS volume contains some of the occasional relaxations of a professional life, and a few papers written before that life was fully entered upon. They extend over many years and wide intervals, and, perhaps, there may be found in the earlier writings some expressions which the writer might now, if treating the same subject, make a little less forcible, but which, having been written, it is only proper to leave as they came forth, and he is unaware that he would make even now any radical change in the matter expressed.

The name of St. Mary's Hall Lectures is given to the book because many of the papers were delivered as lectures in the school-room of St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, New Jersey, to an audience consisting mainly of teachers and pupils of that time-honored institution, of which the writer has been for many years a trustee. He hopes that he is doing no wrong to a school whose interests are dear to him by connecting its name with this work (if work it may be called), although not all even of the papers read before the school, were originally written for it. "La Vendée" and the "Contrast of the Ancient and Modern Drama" were originally written for St. Mary's; "Norse Mythology" was begun many years ago, and, having been thrown aside, was taken up again and finished for the Hall. "The Chevalier Bayard" and "The Use of a Jury" were written for the Northeastern Workingmen's Club, of Philadelphia, a workingmen's club under church auspices. The former was delivered before that institution in 1873; the latter in 1874. The Chevalier was repeated on several occasions and in several places, including St. Mary's school-room in 1893. "The Ground Work of English Literature" was first read

in 1871 before the Spring Garden Institute, of Philadelphia, and then slept until it was introduced at St. Mary's in 1892. "Venice" was originally written for the Church of the Good Shepherd, Kensington, Philadelphia, but was materially altered and practically rewritten in 1898 for St. Mary's Hall.

The two essays on Massinger were written about 1870, but did not appear in print until 1881, when they were published in the *Penn Monthly*. The essay on De Quincey was written in 1870, and appeared in that year in the now defunct *National Quarterly Review*, with some editorial emendations, of which the writer did not approve. It now appears with some parts restored.

The address upon Jefferson was delivered before the Jefferson Literary Association, of Chester, Pennsylvania, on the occasion of one of its celebrations. The last paper in the book, a lecture on Sir Edward Coke, was read to the class of the Philadelphia Law School of Temple College, the writer having been asked by an excellent friend, a member of the faculty of the school, to give one of a series of addresses and lectures to the students.

It is with some hesitation that these papers are submitted to the public. They represent to the writer a great deal of pleasure, and he cannot hope that the readers can have a tithe of the enjoyment from their perusal that he has had, from time to time, in working them up, and he is aware that his action in publishing may appear to some presumptuous. His hesitation, in fact, was so great that but for the opinion of his wife that they should be published, these papers might have lain much longer in their retirement before the writer would have ventured to bring them to the test of cold type; but the Rubicon is passed, and this book is sent forth in the hope that it may give some pleasure, and perhaps be of some benefit, to those who may deign to read it.

PHILADELPHIA, September 1st, 1898.

LA VENDÉE.

(A lecture delivered at St. Mary's Hall, April 13th, 1894.)

In a garden at Lucerne there is a monument of peculiar interest. It is simple and dignified. Within a cave lies a massive lion couchant with his head resting upon his front paws. It is artistically, although somewhat roughly, executed, and is a deservedly famous piece of sculpture; but the peculiar interest which is attached to this monument is not derived from its artistic merit, but from that which it commemorates. It is not a monument to a triumphant hero; it does not celebrate some grand achievement; it is a memorial of men who did their duty according to their light, and who failed to accomplish that for which they laid down their lives, of the gallant Swiss guards, who died on the steps of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, 1792.

There is something always extremely touching in the sight of gallant struggle, brave endeavor, steadfast resolution, when unsuccessful; in the contemplation of the hero nerving himself and fighting against overwhelming odds, against Fate. Even if the cause upheld by the hero be one with which our more enlightened understanding will not permit us to sympathize, or will require us to condemn, the hero, the self-sacrificing, unsuccessful man is still a hero; he still draws out from us admiration, nay, sometimes even love; and how much more is this the case when the cause which we now, in the light of subsequent knowledge, condemn, has cast about it a glamour of romance and, what seems at first sight, a sanctity derived from its antiquity, and from the fact that, bad as it may have become, it represents what was once good and beneficent.

It is to an illustration of what I have just said that I desire to invite your attention to-night, to an episode, for it was little more, of the same great drama of which the 10th of August was a part, to the gallant, unsuccessful struggle of a brave, pious and simple people in support of a falling cause, to the attempt of peasants and country gentlemen to stay the course of the mightiest of all movements of modern times, the French Revolution, to the war of La Vendée.

We shall find much in the Vendean struggle to call forth heartfelt and honest admiration, and we may yield to feelings of sympathy with the piety and loyalty of the Vendéans without, at all, compromising our convictions that the French Revolution, cursed as it was in some of its leaders, terrible as it was in some of its measures, stained as it was by the crimes of individuals, who used it to advance their own selfish ends, and by the frenzied excesses of mobs, maddened by an unaccustomed freedom, in spite of guillotine, noyades, confiscations, assignats, the worship of reason, has done more for the progress of liberty and enlightenment upon the continent than any movement since the Reformation, and that the system which it swept away had become a yoke, a burden, pressing to earth those who lived under it, and a noxious poison infecting those whose power it was supposed to uphold. But, while we have these convictions and abate of them not a jot or a tittle, the story of La Vendée tells us that *all* was not bad which opposed the march of progress, that we may find lessons of heroism of the highest kind in the men, aye, and in the women, who in a little corner of France, fondly persuaded that they were upholding the cause of God and of religion, fought for the cause of royalty and feudalism, even after the severed head of the King had been shown to the people as the head of a traitor.

The river Loire separates Poitou on the south from Brittany and Anjou on the north. In the north of

Poitou, about the mouth and on the southern bank of the Loire, is a tract about one hundred and fifty miles square. This region it is that we mean when we speak of La Vendée. The western and lower part, lying on the Bay of Biscay, was known as the Marais. The more inland eastern part was composed of a series of detached eminences, none of them very high. Small streams ran through the hollows of these hills, and here and there appeared a precipitous cliff. This was the country known as Le Bocage. It was laid out chiefly in pasturage, with an occasional patch of yellow corn, and was divided into small farms, or holdings, each surrounded by tall, wild hedges and rows of pollard trees. There were few large forests, and yet the effect of the whole tract upon the eye was that of an impenetrable wild land, fitted rather for beasts and hunters than for the use of more civilized man. Civilization had done little to render this region accessible. It was traversed by two great roads, only, which ran nearly parallel at a distance of more than seventy miles apart. Between them, what communication there was, was by means of tangled, rough, devious paths, which often served as channels for the streams, swollen into torrents by the rains and snows of the winter, and are described by Sir Francis Jeffrey as "winding so capriciously among the innumerable hillocks and beneath the meeting hedge rows, that the natives themselves were always in danger of losing their way when they went a league or two from their own habitations." There were but few towns in this region. The only ones necessary to charge your minds with now are St. Florent in the north, not far from the bank of the Loire; Beaupreau, almost directly south of it; Chollet, still further to the south and a little to the east; Bressuire, to the southeast of Chollet, and Saumur, to the east and on the bank of the Loire. Notwithstanding the paucity of towns, the region was thickly populated. As the lands were given up principally to

pasturage, the only abundant product was cattle. The peasants cultivated only enough corn for their own support, and used as the medium of exchange the fleeces of their sheep, the hides of their oxen, the cattle themselves. Pasturage was not carried on on a large scale, but the little holdings were lived on, each by a single family, which divided with the land owner the products. It took little to support people who lived in the simple style of the peasants of La Vendée, who dressed themselves in skins of the sheep and lived on plain food. They spent much of their time in the open air and led, while not idle, rather easy-going, leisurely lives.

The land owners generally lived on their estates, and the spacious, though unornamented, chateau placed in the midst of the wild, surrounded by farm offices and cottages, in which dwelt the laborers immediately employed upon the estate, marked the residence of the powerful noble of Vendée. He did not, as a rule, pass his time in Paris or Versailles, in the dissipation of the court, allowing his tenants to see him but rarely and to know him but as the person for whom the farm bailiff exacted from them the uttermost penny, that it might be squandered on the luxuries or the vices of the Marquis, the Duke or the Count. Living amongst the people, there grew up between the seigniors and their humbler neighbors an intercourse marked by cordiality and by a respectful familiarity. Their sports were in common, and the chief sport was hunting, in which the lord and his followers, in large part composed of peasants who had flocked from far and near and who were nearly all expert marksmen, moved upon the game almost like an invading army, and attacked with a marked concert of action, although divided up into little parties.

The intimacy of seignior and peasant was not, however, confined to the chase. On Sundays and holidays the dependents of a family would come to the chateau and dance in the barn or in the court-yard, according to the

season, and, we are told, "the ladies of the house joined in the festivities, and that without any airs of condescension or of mockery; for in their own life there was little of splendor or luxurious refinement. They traveled on horseback, or in heavy carriages drawn by oxen, and had little other amusement than in the care of their dependents and the familiar intercourse of neighbors, among whom there was no rivalry or principle of ostentation."

As for political views, the noblemen were, of course, devoted to the crown and the people, accustomed to follow in all things their natural leaders, naturally enough were royalists of the most devoted, unreasoning character.

The clergy of the district were pure and simple; they were chiefly men born and brought up in La Vendée; they spoke the patois of the country; they were intimate with and shared the sports of their flocks, who revered them for their office, and honored and loved them for their personal character, and if the religion taught by them tended to the creation of superstition, it was a superstition which manifested itself by an excessive veneration for the symbols and offices of the faith, for crucifixes and the mass, but left the people singularly free from that manifestation of superstition which renders men hard and cruel or persuades them that formal religious observance can supply the lack of a good life or atone for sin committed; for the lives of the Vendéans were remarkably pure and good; great crimes were unknown; honesty and lightheartedness were the characteristics of the region.

So the consideration of La Vendée presents to us an almost ideal state of society, in which high and low lived together in peace and happiness, without envy and without tyranny, without squalid poverty and without luxurious wealth. Such, when the great revolutionary movement began, was the condition of La Vendée. ruled

by a spirit of loyalty and religion, the two principles being woven together into a strange union, so that afterward, to the peasants and nobles alike, the cause of God and the cause of the King were one and the same.

The Revolution came, but what did it matter to La Vendée? Paris was so far off, what did the assembly of the States-General, what did its orders, its resolutions, its attacks on abuses and wrongs mean to a happy people which suffered, or believed it suffered, from no wrong, which was unaware that the social contract had been violated, which had never heard of Rousseau? The Bastille was taken. Again what did it matter to La Vendée? Paris was so far off. Let these fools of Parisians do as they will in their own town, let them tear down prisons, if they wish; La Vendée has no prison, no Bastille with its oubliettes. The news came that the Convention, that great, curious body sitting in Paris, had abolished all the feudal rights, and decreed that the nobles should no longer exact dues and tribute from their people, and La Vendée was told that the King had assented to this, and that it was law, law for La Vendée. To which La Vendée replied: Well, it is not forbidden to pay dues, even if it be forbidden to exact them; and so the peasants came to their lords and paid the dues as of old. Again, the news came that a new system of government for the country had been established, that the people were to be governed by Mayors, and that they must choose the Mayors, and that the men were to be organized into a military body called the National Guard, and must choose their officers. Well, La Vendée was advised by its natural counsellors, the nobles, that the law must be obeyed, and so the electors of La Vendée met and besought their lords to become Mayors, and the guardsmen chose to be officered by nobles.

Save in a change of name the Revolution seems to have made very little difference in La Vendée.

But there was something coming which was to make a very great difference in La Vendée.

We have seen what were the relations existing between the clergy, the curés and the people. It was an attack upon the priests which first enraged the peasants and spread war and fury throughout the hitherto peaceful region.

In 1790, the Constituent Assembly adopted a new constitution for France, and, by a decree, required all priests to take the civic oath, or oath of fidelity to the Constitution, on pain of deprivation. The oath was extremely distasteful to many priests and abhorrent to the consciences of many, and does not seem to have been rigorously enforced, except in Paris, and, even in the capital, non-jurors were allowed to conduct their own worship under national protection.

The Constituent Assembly, having done its work, passed away, and was succeeded by the Legislative Assembly. That body, on receiving from two commissioners, Gensonné and Gallois, a report to the effect that disaffection to the revolutionary cause existed in the departments of La Vendée, Deux-Sevres and Maine-et-Loire, and was due to the influence of the curés, passed, in November, 1791, a more severe decree, enjoining the taking of the oath on all priests, depriving all who refused of their salaries, depriving them of all right of private worship, rendering them liable to be shifted from place to place, and even to be imprisoned, provided their influence tended to excite civil war.

As said by a great historian, "It is a special characteristic of popular tyranny to transform suspected persons into criminals and informers into virtuous men." And so it is not difficult to see how easy it was to satisfy any revolutionary tribunal that the influence of any given priest "tended to excite civil war;" and, even if that could not be done, the mere refusal of the oath cost the curé his charge; and so the good peasants saw their

pastors, who had always lived with them, who spoke their patois, who had baptized them, had prepared them for their first communion, had heard their confessions and had absolved them, rudely ejected from their livings, poor as they were, and constitutional priests, ecclesiastics into whose character the element of the politician entered largely, strangers to the land and to the people, placed in their pulpits to give, instead of the old, simple faith, instruction in which a modicum of religion was bound up with teachings upon the *contract social*, and the doctrines of the nation and the omnipresent liberty, fraternity, equality! and the peasants wondered as at a strange thing.

Here, then, was the Revolution actually pressing upon La Vendée, and the Vendéans began to be restless, nervous, resenting the interference with their religion, and tumults took place, acts of violence accompanied the instalment of the new and undesired pastors. There was no widespread, open outbreak, but the peasants were beginning now to think that the new government was the enemy of religion, and to look upon resistance to constituted authority as a possibility.

On the 21st of January, 1793, King Louis XVI died on the guillotine, the victim of the sins of his ancestors, and France then found herself alone against all the powers of Europe, without any sympathy in any court whatever. Already she was opposed by Prussia, Austria and Piedmont, and, in February, England was added to the list of her active enemies. The rising up of France against the forces of the coalition is one of the most remarkable national efforts in history. The spectacle of the country, torn by internal dissension, bleeding from internal wounds, rising in her might, alone, and hurling back from her frontiers the giants who sought to crush out in her the spirit of freedom, is one to thrill the student of history to the very soul; but here is not the time to speak of this effort, our part lies with those

who had no sympathy with this great movement, and yet who claim our admiration, paradoxical as the assertion may sound.

To meet the enemies now clamoring at her doors the Republic decreed, amongst other things, a conscription, or forced enlistment, of three hundred thousand men. The decree fell like a thunderbolt on La Vendée. What! was it not enough to have turned out the faithful pastors of the people, and to have executed the King, the son of Saint Louis, and thus to have outraged the ruling passions of the people of the region, but now must the sons of this loyal and Catholic country be compelled to go forth from their homes to fight, far away, in support of a form of government detested by them, and at the behest of men regarded with horror? This was not to be submitted to, and the spirit of discontent, of rebellion if you will, spread, and mutterings which forbode a storm were heard.

The conscription was fixed to take place in March, 1793. On the 10th of that month the drawing began at St. Florent. The young men liable to conscription at first murmured, then threatened the commissioners, who turned a field piece upon the crowd, and ordered its discharge, whether into the crowd or over its head is not very clear. M. Thiers says, "fired upon the mutineers." Sir Francis Jeffrey says "fired over their heads." It is not very important which is correct, for in either event the mob, infuriated by violence or by the show of violence, rushed upon the gun, took possession of it, knocked down some of the commissioners, seized and burnt their papers, and, for the rest of the evening, went about singing and celebrating the event like a lot of college men rejoicing over a foot-ball victory, so little did they understand the meaning of what they had done.

The next day, news of this occurrence was brought to a peasant named Cathelineau, living at the village of Pin en Mauges. He was an itinerant wool-dealer, or

peddler; he is sometimes called a wagoner. Jeffrey calls him a "venerable peasant;" but, as he was born in 1760, the epithet hardly seems well chosen. Cathelineau was a man of great piety, and commanded universal respect in his neighborhood on account of his good sense. When the news reached him he was kneading bread for his family. He at once saw the consequences of the attack upon the authorities, and said quietly, "We must begin the war." Struck with terror his wife cried out, "Begin what war? Who will help you to begin the war?" The answer "God," coming from the first and, in some respects, the most noteworthy of the Vendean leaders, shows the deeply religious character which resistance to the Republic assumed in the minds of the Vendean peasants. Cathelineau then wiped the dough from his arms, and went to the village market place where, by this time, had assembled a number of men, somewhat frightened at what had happened. He addressed them, restored by his words their courage, and led some thirty with him to a neighboring village, where he repeated his exhortation and soon found himself at the head of one hundred men, whom he immediately led against a post guarded by some eighty Republican soldiers and a piece of cannon. The insurgents were successful, and the cannon was taken and, as the first piece of ordnance possessed by the Vendean, was afterward regarded by them with great affection as a sort of first-born child. They gave it a name "Marie Jeanne;" they attributed wonderful qualities to it; they decked it from time to time with flowers and ribbons; they embraced it and insisted upon others treating it with like tenderness. Such children were these brave peasants! Cathelineau did not allow his men time for rejoicing, but on the same day assaulted another post, defended by two hundred soldiers and three pieces of artillery, and carried it also.

On the same day on which the disturbance at St.

Florent occurred, a rising took place in another part of the Bocage, Maulevrier, where the insurgent forces were headed by a man of a character very different from that of the saintly Cathelineau, the game keeper Stofflet. The rising in Maulevrier seems to have been spontaneous, and Stofflet does not seem to have instigated it but to have taken command at the request of his neighbors, whose choice was determined probably by the fact that Stofflet had had military experience. Of all the Vendean leaders Stofflet is the least attractive. He had strong qualities, was brave and skilful, but he seems to have been selfish and jealous. We listen to the recital of his achievements without a generous thrill of admiration, and we hear of his death, by a military execution, without any deep sorrow. Cathelineau rushed to arms under a deep religious conviction and animated by the spirit of loyalty. Stofflet is thus described by a writer in the *Biographie Universelle*: "Brave, energetic, but hard, pig-headed (*entêté*), vain. Stofflet does not inspire the sympathy which surrounds the recollection of some other Vendean chiefs. He did not appear to be drawn by the exaltation of religious and political faith, but by the ambition of playing a rôle." This man who, in spite of his unattractiveness, did good service to the insurgent cause, was born in 1752. He entered the army and became a corporal of grenadiers. After serving sixteen years he retired, and became a game-keeper of the Count Collier Maulevrier, whose life he had saved.

Stofflet, with his band, joined Cathelineau on the day after the successes which have just been spoken of. Another band, from the village of Chauzeau also came in, and the insurgents, about one thousand strong, moved upon a considerable town, Chollet, garrisoned by some five hundred troops, or "blues," as the Vendéans called them, and, although it was a contest between regular troops and a body of peasants, armed with scythes, pikes, clubs, fowling pieces, and such muskets as they had

taken from the Republicans, yet such was the suddenness and vigor of the onslaught of the peasants that Chollet was captured. Arms, money and ammunition were in the hands of Cathelineau and his comrades, and a power hostile to the republic existed in a country in which, three days before, insurrection was not even dreamed of—for it is remarkable that the insurrection seems to have broken out spontaneously; there seems to have been no plotting or planning, no secret meetings, no conspiracy, but many people had brooded over the same wrong, and had, so to speak, unconsciously prepared a train, which the same spark caused to blaze out without the parts being aware that they were in contact with each other. The same conditions existed all over the country. The same occasion was given, and the same result followed in each place.

The rising was not confined to the Bocage; in the Marais, a wigmaker named Gaston, or Gastou, led a force which seized Challans and afterward Machecoul, and here the conduct of the insurgents was in marked contrast with that of the inhabitants of the Bocage, for they not only destroyed the official papers, but massacred three hundred Republican soldiers, shooting them in parties of twenty or thirty.

So far it is observable, and the fact emphasizes the popular character of the movement, that the royalist peasants were led by men of their own rank, distinguished only by their abilities; but the people longed for their natural leaders, those nobles whom they served and loved, and they determined to be led by them.

The peasants of the Marais sought out a very remarkable man, Charette. This man, who became one of the most terrible of the Vendean chiefs, was born of good family in 1763. He entered the navy, and served in the French fleet sent over to aid us in our revolution, and rose to the rank of lieutenant. On the breaking out of the revolution in his own country he resigned his com-

mission and for a short time was an emigré. Becoming properly ashamed of himself, or, perhaps, thinking that he was obscure enough to be allowed to live in peace in his own country, he returned to France. The 10th of August found him in the Tuileries, and he took part in the defense of the palace, from whence he escaped with difficulty and returned to his estate, Font Clause, near Machecoul. Here he devoted himself to the chase, and lived much in the open air, sometimes remaining whole months in the woods. The result was that his constitution, which was weak and delicate, was reinforced, and he acquired an intimate knowledge of the country in which his military operations were to be carried on. The peasants came to Charette and offered him the command. He refused it, probably foreseeing the result of the struggle of a little section against the whole of France, and, perhaps, also, having learned enough, during his emigration, of the character of the men about the Compté d'Artois to know how badly the general Royalist cause would be handled. But the peasants would brook no refusal; they would not take no for an answer. They argued—the King and the Church have a right to the services of their subjects and children, and in whatever capacity each subject or child can best serve. *We* are willing to be commanded, to obey, to rush upon the enemy's cannon, to lay down our lives without a murmur. That is what we are fitted for. You, M. Charette, are fitted to command, and you must do your duty as we are doing our duty to the King. The times call on all to rise. Therefore all must, and shall, rise. You must command us. If you will not become our general we shall kill you; if you will, we will obey you implicitly.

So, on pain of death, Charette accepted the command and the Maraisians kept loyally to their part of the bargain.

In the Bocage the peasants turned toward Messires de Lescure, Bonchamps, d'Elbee and de Larochejaquelin.

Lescure and his wife, a recently married couple, had been in Paris at the time of the attack upon the Swiss. They had escaped to Clisson, a chateau belonging to Lescure, and which they had made a sort of general rendezvous, or asylum, for persons who were discontented with the state of affairs or who feared arrest by the republican authorities. Hither, among other persons, came Henri de Larochejaquelin, a gallant youth, aged about twenty, who was the cousin of Lescure. Madame de Lescure was about the same age, and Lescure himself was but a few years older.

Rumors of the popular discontent had reached the chateau, and Lescure, seeing that, before long, it would be necessary for himself and family to lead a life of activity, insisted that his young spouse should learn to ride on horseback. The lessons began, but Madame, who afterward so heroically accompanied her husband throughout his campaigns, was not of a naturally adventurous disposition, and when mounted was terribly afraid. As she says in her memoirs, "I was so frightened that, even when a servant had the bridle of the horse and M. de Lescure and Henri were walking each side of me, I wept from fear." She was, it is apparent, a poor pupil when taught in the ordinary manner, but she received a lesson one day which enabled her to overcome timidity and to acquire a mastery of the horse. It was after her troubles had begun and while she was separated from her young child, which had been placed for safety in a farm-house which was a considerable distance away from the one in which Madame de Lescure found herself. She started to visit her child, her horse being led all the way to the farm-house. When she reached her destination, she was overtaken by a messenger with the news that her husband was wounded. With alarm she called for the first horse that could be found and, without even waiting to have the stirrups altered, rushed off, urging the animal to his utmost speed, and, in three

quarters of an hour, covered three leagues of road. Verily, love is a great teacher.

The position of the party at Clisson was a peculiar one. Royalists, anti-revolutionists at heart, yet living under the Republic; the men wishing to join the insurrection but fearing to leave the women, in view of the accounts of the awful atrocities of the sansculottes, which reached the chateau, so they remained passive, so to speak, neutral. But the moment came when decision became necessary. Lescure was commandant of the National Guard of his district, and received orders from the republican authorities of the neighboring town Bressuire to move against the peasants. Such an order could not be obeyed. A council was held. It was determined to resist, and, shortly after, Henri de Larochejaquelin, who had been drawn in the conscription, set out to join the Royalists. A very few days later a body of gendarmes arrived at Clisson, arrested the lord and lady of the place, and carried them off to Bressuire, where they were confined in a private house (although kindly treated in other respects) until the approach of Larochejaquelin caused a panic and brought about their release.

That dashing soldier had fled to his own home, where he found the peasants somewhat disheartened for want of a leader. His arrival supplied the want. By the next evening he was at the head of ten thousand men, badly armed and undisciplined, but personally devoted to him, ready to follow him to the death. The boy, for he was little more, thus addressed his army: "My good friends, if my father were here to lead you we should all proceed with greater confidence. For my part, I know I am but a child, but I hope I have courage enough not to be quite unworthy of supplying his place to you. Follow me when I advance against the enemy, kill me when I turn my back upon them, and avenge me if they bring me down."

He at once led his men against the strong post of Aubreïs, burst like a thunderbolt on the troops there

stationed, drove them out, and pursued them to within a few miles of Bressuire. This battle, if it can be so called, is a very good example of the Vendean method of fighting. The peasants knew the country well, they crept round the hedges which separated them from the enemy, firing from thence—and remember they were nearly all sharp-shooters—until the foe wavered, then, without ranks, without order, without any regularity, they rushed with wild shouts forward into the very midst of the enemy, always heading for the artillery. When they saw the cannon flash they threw themselves upon their faces; then, when the shot had sped, bounded up again and were upon the gunners before they could reload.

After this victory, M. Henri, for that was the name by which his followers loved to call him, moved on Bressuire. The Republicans retreated in a panic to Thouars, and the Lescures regained Clisson. From thence Lescure returned to Bressuire to take command of the Royalist force there assembled. Madame followed her husband, and her eyes were greeted with sight of "Marie Jeanne," in holiday attire, and, at the request of the peasants, she gladly embraced the cannon.

I cannot tell the story of all the skirmishes, or even give details of the more important military events of the Vendean war, as my object is to present a general view only of a very fascinating little bit of the world's history. The forces of Lescure, which had assumed the name of the Christian army, moved upon Thouars and took it, although it was gallantly defended by Quetineau, the republican general, who obtained terms of capitulation. Gratitude to Quetineau for the kind treatment he and his family had received while prisoners at Bressuire, where that general had commanded, led Lescure to urge him to remain with the royalist army a prisoner at large, and so escape the danger of arrest and condemnation by the Convention, but the brave man answered: "I

must do my duty at all hazards. I should be dishonored if I remain voluntarily among enemies; and I am ready to answer for all I have hitherto done." The army then moved on Fontenay and took it, and with it some four thousand prisoners. What to do with them was the question. They could not carry them along, and the Christian army did not wish to soil its reputation by a massacre, but yet it did not wish to set at liberty a large number of fighting men free to return to the attack. A rather comical expedient was suggested by the Marquis de Donnissan, Madame Lescure's father, and was carried into effect. The prisoners were released on parole, and that any prisoner who violated his parole within a reasonable time might be detected, their heads were shaved. Think what a glorious amount of barber's work was done, and then picture to yourselves four thousand bald heads collected *en masse* and marching away from the insurgent camp. Saumur was next attacked. Here Lescure was wounded, and here Larochejaquelin threw his hat into the enemies lines, sang out "Who will bring it back to me?" led his men over the ramparts, and the day was won! With the town were captured twelve thousand prisoners, who were shaved and let go. In the castle of the town was found Quetineau, who had been arrested for the loss of Thouars. He was again besought to remain a prisoner with the Vendéans. He again refused, and insisted on going back to Paris. He was allowed to go, and, on his arrival in the capital, he shared the fate of many another brave, skilful and loyal but unsuccessful general of the revolution. He was tried, condemned and guillotined. As the revolutionary leaders grimly said in such cases, "pour encourager les autres."

Let us now look for a few moments at the victorious army and its leaders. The voices of all the high-born nobles, the gallant soldiers, had united in conferring the chief command upon the peasant Cathelineau. Of him we have already spoken, and nothing could show the

earnestness, the devotion to their cause of the nobles better than this election of Cathelineau. Under the military laws of the French kingdom one not of noble blood could not become even a lieutenant, and here we see, when the battle is waged to uphold royalty, a peasant selected for the chief command, and seignors of high lineage willing, nay proud, to serve under him. Among the leaders were Lescure, of whom we already know something. He was a young man, aged about twenty-seven, noble, well educated, pious even in the midst of a corrupt court. He received the blessed sacrament fortnightly and, until the war broke out, was distinguished rather for his equanimity of temper and his habits of study and meditation than for any more striking qualities. He had, however, from the excellence of his character and his reputation for learning, acquired, perhaps unconsciously, a widespread influence, and his taking the field was the signal for many, who had hitherto hesitated, to come forward. In the field he was distinguished by able generalship, dauntless courage and moderation in victory, never allowing a prisoner to be maltreated even when the cruelties exercised by the revolutionary tribunals might have tempted even a man of gentle disposition to have retaliated. He was a model Christian soldier. There was Bonchamps, a gallant gentleman, who had before seen service, who entered upon the war from a sense of duty, saying sadly, "There is no glory in civil war!" The character of this man is well shown by an incident which occurred in the camp before Nantes. A dispute arose between Bonchamps and Stofflet, and the latter challenged Bonchamps, but from him came the noble, pious and courteous answer: "No, sir; God and the King only have the disposal of my life, and our cause would suffer too grievously were it to be deprived of yours."

There was D'Elbee, a former cavalry officer, forty years old, already white-haired, a strange character, con-

ceited, but yet deeply religious. He carried with him images of his patron saints, he read sermons to his men, and talked so much of an overruling power that in the camp he was nicknamed "La Providence." A sort of Roman Catholic Ironsides! There was Marigny, also a former officer, the Marquis de Donnissan, full of humor and full also of piety. On one occasion he found the gentlemen with swords crossed, duelling. "What!" cried he, "the Lord Christ pardons His executioners and a soldier of the Christian army tries to slay his comrade!" The swords fell and the duellists embraced. But, perhaps, the best known, the idol of the army, the accepted type of the Vendean leader, was Henri de Larochejaquelin, "Monsieur Henri," young, handsome, daring, self-sacrificing, always leading rather than sending. "Who loves me, follows me!" was his cry, yet, with the abilities of a great general, quick in forming his plans, prompt and terrible in putting them into execution, familiar with every by-path of the Bocage, striking the enemy when least expected, undaunted in defeat, indomitable in action, yet always a generous victor.

Such were the leaders. The body of the army was made up of all classes, noble and peasant, of all ages. Boys were in the ranks, nay, women were disguised and in the ranks, to say nothing of the great number of women who accompanied the army, which was their only protector. After the defeat of Mans, Madame de Lescure, finding progress almost impossible in the crowded streets of the city, seized the hand of a young trooper who was pushing by. "Sir, pity a poor woman who cannot go on; help me!" The answer came, accompanied with feverish tears: "What can I do? I, too, am a woman!" Priests were with the army, but, to their credit, they did not fight, and, while they urged their flocks to bear themselves bravely, they never excited them to deeds of barbarity or revenge.

The organization and discipline of the army were

strange. It was never divided into regiments or brigades. When the leaders had resolved upon a plan, the adjutant called out: "M. de Lescure will attack such a point; who will go with him? M. de Donnissan will hold such a bridge; who will stay with him? M. de Larochejaquelin will charge the centre; who will follow him?" And so the peasants told themselves off for such service as they pleased. They were very independent, too. After a victory they would frequently come to the conclusion that it was time to go home and look at the crops or kiss their wives and children, and go they would. Sometimes they would go for other reasons. Before Holy Week, hostilities were practically suspended because of the peasants going home to attend to their religious duties, but they would always come back to the standard; they were not deserters. Of course, such an army was not uniformed, unless we consider the wearing of a red handkerchief, introduced by Larochejaquelin, and the badge of the sacred heart, as wearing a uniform, and it was armed in any way at all—with club, with pike, with fowling piece. Sometimes, indeed, victory would be won by the use of the weapons of nature, and the blue would be astonished to find his musket and bayonet useless, and himself wrapped in the arms of an expert wrestler. The officers would sometimes do strange things. For example, when it became necessary to reconnoitre Chatillon, Larochejaquelin and Stofflet entered the streets of that city by night, crawling on all fours, unchallenged by the sentry, who, deceived by the woolly skins worn by the generals, took them for large dogs. But what distinguished the army, beside its bravery, was its honesty and its piety. After the capture of Bressuire the men wanted tobacco. There was plenty in the town, but, as the good peasants had no money wherewith to buy, they went without the tobacco. Once, when rushing on the enemy, intent upon the capture of a piece of artillery, a detachment suddenly discovered

in a recess of the wood on their flank a huge crucifix. Every man stopped, quietly knelt before it under the fire of the enemy, then jumped up and took the cannon.

After the capture of Saumur, the Christian army moved forward in concert with that of Charette upon the city of Nantes. Neither Lescure nor Larochejaquelin was with it. The latter, to his disgust—"they make a veteran of me!"—was left in command at Saumur, while the former was disabled by a wound received in the attack on Saumur. It was the news of this wound that banished Madame de Lescure's fear of horseback riding. The attack on Nantes failed. The good Cathelineau had gained possession of one of the faubourgs when he was mortally wounded by a ball. His troops fell back in dismay, and, after eighteen hours' fighting, the Vendéans were finally repulsed. This was on June 27th, 1793. Charette then withdrew to his own region, and the army of the Bocage practically dispersed. A Republican force, under Westerman, now advanced, retook Saumur and other towns, and began to lay waste the country. Among other places Clisson, Lescure's chateau, was utterly destroyed. The chiefs, however, rallied their men for an attack on Chatillon, which Westerman had taken on the third of July. The men responded, and the attack was completely successful, but, unfortunately, here the fair fame of the army was stained by a massacre, which took place in spite of the efforts of Lescure, who repeatedly exposed his own life to save the lives of prisoners. On the 18th of the same month another victory was gained, this time at Vihiers. Then, through the summer, came a series of struggles, but no great battles. Insurgents would spring up, gather, sometimes in great force, inflict a blow and then scatter. A detachment of Blues would be proceeding quietly, perhaps carelessly, on its march, would have just bivouacked for the night, the terrible "*whoo-oo*" would be heard, and upon the camp would burst an overpowering band of loyalists, who

seemed to rise from the earth, spring from the bushes, drop from the trees.

The government at Paris saw that it could not hope to suppress the insurrection by ordinary means. It therefore determined upon most extraordinary and terrible measures—the extermination of the Vendéans and the devastation of La Vendée. On the 1st of August, 1793, the following resolutions were announced by the Committee of Public Safety: “To purify the staff and the commissioners of war by substituting in their place generals and commissioners of a decided patriotism; to choose corps of pioneers and laborers in the most patriotic communes; to make provision of combustibles for burning the woods, thickets and heaths, to cut down the forests, destroy the retreat of the rebels; to cut down the crops by companies of workmen and transport them to the rear of the army; carry away the cattle; to conduct into the interior the women, children and old men, their subsistence being provided for. As soon as the army shall be reorganized the representatives of the people shall make arrangements with the administration of the circumjacent departments to sound the tocsin in the neighboring communes and lead all citizens between the ages of sixteen and sixty against the rebels.”

In September six armies—two hundred thousand men—began to carry out this policy with ferocious fidelity to orders, but, at first, with little success. The Vendéans fought with desperation and repulsed the Republicans at all points. But the repulse was but temporary and, notwithstanding the successes of the insurrectionists, the movement of the six armies was the beginning of the end. The Republicans were reinforced by the veteran army which had capitulated at Mayence, and which, having been put upon parole not to fight against the foreign enemies of France, now, led by Aubert Dubayet and that gallant and masterly soldier, Kleber, came to take part in the civil war. Battles took place

with varying success. The Vendean cause, though declining, was still stoutly maintained. The Republican authorities raged on account of the delay in crushing out the rebellion. One general after another was removed, and another promoted only to share the fate of his predecessor. The National Convention issued the following address to the army:

“SOLDIERS OF LIBERTY!—The brigands of Vendée must be exterminated before the end of the month of October. The safety of the country requires it; the impatience of the French people demands it; its courage ought to accomplish it. National gratitude awaits all those whose valor and patriotism shall have insured liberty to the republic.”

A new general was put in command, one Lechelle, a man who, without skill or courage, had been rapidly advanced on account of his reputation for patriotism, which was, for a time, considered not only as a sufficient substitute for, but far preferable to, military ability. Kleber, in his memoirs, says of Lechelle: “According to the witness, given without exaggeration, of all those who knew him, he was the most cowardly soldier, the worst officer and the most ignorant leader that had ever been seen. He knew nothing of the map, could scarcely write his name and never once approached within cannon shot of the enemy. Nothing could be compared to his cowardice and folly except his arrogance, brutality and obstinacy.” This was the man who came to take command of an army in which were such soldiers as Westerman and Kleber! A council of war was held, at which a plan of campaign of a somewhat intricate character was presented and discussed. Lechelle, understanding nothing, approved everything, saying, however, with an eye possibly to dramatic effect, “We must march majestically and *en masse!*” In disgust Kleber threw up his command; but Merlin of Thionville, present as a commissioner of

the Convention, then interfered, and, as a result, Kleber was given the practical command of the army with directions to report, as a matter of form, to Lechelle. This suited Lechelle, who from that time kept at a prudent distance from the field, having a proper sense of the importance to the army of the safety of its general-in-chief. At this time, while the Republicans were concentrating for a grand advance, the Vendéans were weakened by the withdrawal of Charette, who abandoned the Bocage, crossed the Marais, and threw himself into the inland of Noirmoutiers, a little south of the mouth of the Loire. The result was that the Upper Vendéans were pressed on all sides. Lescure was defeated at Chatillon on the 9th. On the 11th, reinforced by the main body (for all the Vendean armies fought within short distances of each other so as to be within possible touch), Lescure and Larochejaquelin returned to Chatillon. Near it they met Westerman with a small body of troops. They drove him in, and his flying soldiers spread dismay and panic through Chatillon, which the main body of the Republicans abandoned in haste. The retreat was, however, stopped ere long, and, at night-fall, Westerman, with a small company, one hundred horsemen, each carrying behind him a grenadier, burst into Chatillon, where the Vendéans were sleeping or drinking, and created almost inconceivable disorder. In the night, the Vendéans did not know friend from foe, and the slaughter was terrible. Westerman withdrew at dawn, and, on the same day, the Vendéans retired toward Chollet. The Republicans followed, and, on the 16th, the Vendéans evacuated Chollet. Kleber immediately entered, and forbade all pillage on pain of death. At Chollet he concentrated his forces. The Vendéans massed at Beaupreau. I shall not trouble you with an account of the council of war, with the plans proposed in the Royalist camp, or with the details of the military position. Suffice it to say that it was resolved to make

a final effort—to attack Chollet. But before the battle of Chollet was fought, the Vendéans suffered a severe loss in the wounding of Lescure, who, in an encounter near Tremblay, was struck on the eyebrow by a bullet, and fell as though dead. His fall turned what had been a success into a rout, and he was with difficulty carried off the field by his men.

The Vendéans, under Bonchamps, moved, forty thousand strong, on Chollet. During the night of the 16th and 17th, mass was celebrated by the curé of every commune between Beaupreau and the Loire to call down upon the royal cause the blessing of heaven. Madame de Lescure tells us of the mass, to attend which she, still in ignorance of her husband's desperate condition, was roused toward 3 A. M. It was celebrated in an old church at this early hour, so that the peasants might hasten to join the army early in the morning. The church was full; the mass was accompanied by the sound of distant cannon; strange sacring-bell; the venerable priest exhorted the soldiers to defend their God, their King, their wives and children. What a strange service! the darkness, with the flickering candles throwing weird shadows through the church, along its aisles and into its arches; the uncertainty spread over all; the solemn tones of the priest; the sounds of the approaching conflict mingling with the voices of praise and prayer; the solemn faces of the peasants as they took part in what was to be for many of them the sacrament immediately preceding their death, their *viaticum*, and so, fittingly, the service ended with an absolution to those who were going to battle. After the mass Madame de Lescure learned that her husband was wounded. She hastened to him, and found him at Chaudun, his head shattered, his face so swelled that he could hardly speak, but relieved from intense anxiety by the appearance of his wife who, he had feared, had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

But while this meeting of husband and wife, worthy each of the other, was taking place, the last really great struggle in the Bocage was on. At one o'clock the Vendéans advanced, in three divisions, against Chollet. Contrary to their usual custom, they came on in dense columns. They drove in the advance guard. They forced back the left wing, which was saved by the approach of Kleber. The Republican right stood firm. In the centre the Vendéans got behind the entrenchments, and for a time seemed about to break it, but here again Kleber came to the rescue and, with the division of Marceau, checked the advance by an unexpected discharge of artillery. The Vendéans staggered, rallied, charged again. As Kleber says: "They fought like tigers, and our soldiers like lions;" but artillery and discipline proved too much for the undisciplined though heroic peasants. They broke, and soon, some of their chiefs having been mortally wounded, panic set in and a rout ensued, which was intensified by an attack from the rallied Republican advance guard. The battle terminated about six o'clock, and the flight began. Back, back toward the Loire, where a rear guard had been left, fled the army in terror, carrying with it the dying Lescure, Elbee and its gallant general, Bonchamps, also mortally wounded. Larochejaquelin, who had performed prodigies of valor, was the only leader of consequence unwounded. The men even threw away their shoes that they might fly the faster. They rushed past Beaupreau, through Saint Florent, to the banks of the Loire. There were collected not only the remains of the army, but old men, women, children, to the number of some eighty thousand, terror stricken, hearing in every rustle of the trees the oncoming of the terrible Blues. What were they to do, aye, what in this supreme moment? Alas! the leaders determined to cross the river to Brittany. Larochejaquelin, maddened, protested that they should not cross, but he was one among many, for Lescure, who agreed with him,

was dying. It was decided to cross, to leave their home, their loved Bocage, the country with whose every path and crossroad they were familiar, whose village churches spoke to them of their religion as nothing else could, whose little cottages spoke to them of home and love, whose mansions even spoke to them of the old time when, in the happy bonds of friendship and loyalty, high and low, noble, and peasant, had lived together; and they were to leave the Bocage with its forests burned, the cottages and the chateaux alike burned or devastated, the fields laid bare, and desolation marking its roads, from which the cries of the wounded and the gasp of the dying ascended. What a horrible leaving; what a heart-breaking farewell. Better they should die in their own land. But the order was to go, and go they must. One thing remained to be done. The army had some 5,000 prisoners—Republicans. What should be done with them? "Shoot them!" was the cry of the peasants, and the officers joined in the cry. The men were in the Benedictine Abbey, upon the height of Saint Florent sur Viell, the guns were trained upon the doors, but Bonchamps, stretched in agony upon a mattress, dying, heard the cry and comprehended its meaning. By a supreme effort he raised himself, forced, as it were, the hand of death to stay though but for a few moments, while he asserted his authority as a general and ordained a legacy of love and mercy: "I demand," said he, "that their lives be granted. It is certainly the last order I shall give. Assure me that it shall be executed." The rough army heard and it obeyed, and so, even in the hour of its ruin, in the moment of its terror, justified its proud title of the Christian army; and, as the Republican advance guard drew near to St. Florent, they met a crowd of released prisoners, running toward them, and crying, "Vive la republique! Vive Bonchamps!" But Bonchamps's work was done, the life of the hero ebbed swiftly away, and before the army of the Vendéans had crossed

the Loire his soul had passed the river of death and had entered Paradise. In the Chapel of the Benedictine Abbey, where the Republican soldiers were confined waiting death, is a monument to Bouchamps, which commemorates the last known act of his life. The monument is the work of the celebrated sculptor, David d'Angers (so-called to distinguish him from David, the painter). His father was one of the soldiers confined in that church, and his son dedicated the fruit of his genius to his father's preserver.

The Loire was now crossed. The crossing was not the mere retreat of an army; it was the going into exile of a people. It was effected, however, without any serious loss, and the army mustered on the northern side of the river 28,000 strong; but at once the ills anticipated by Larochejaquelin, as arising from the fact that the war would now have to be carried on in a country unknown to the army, confronted it, and the difficulties of generalship became intensified. It was necessary also to choose a new general. Bonchamps was dead, d'Elbee had been carried off, mortally wounded, to Noirmoutiers. Lescure dying and recommended the election of Henri to the chief command and the election was made, in spite of the remonstrances of Larochejaquelin. After the vote was taken he was found in a corner crying like a child. He would rather have remained a trooper. He shrank from the responsibilities of supreme generalship. Yet the command, being forced upon him, he so conducted the campaign in Brittany that, according to competent military critics, he made no tactical mistakes, and he is the one amongst all the Vendean leaders in whom the expressed judgment of Napoleon found the qualities of a great soldier. So Henri was general, and it is touching to remember that, amid all his anxiety and responsibility, he charged himself with the special care of Herménée, the little son of Bonchamps. The child slept with him every night, and in the day rode with the

general on the same saddle, or trotted in the rear guard beating his toy drum, loving and loved by those who marched with him; but campaign life was too much for the poor little fellow, and, before the year was out, he expired in the arms of his widowed mother, who, since the death of her hero, had remained with the army. The retreat begun by crossing the Loire was continued northward to Laval, where the peasants were given a rest. The Republican armies did not, however, let them rest long. True it was that in La Vendée, to use the words of the French Representatives, "a profound solitude now reigns in the country which was occupied by the rebels. You may travel a long way in these countries without meeting a man or seeing a cottage. We have left behind us nothing but cinders and heaps of corpses." What a picture! But the Vendean army was in Brittany. Kleber crossed the Loire and moved toward the Vendéans. Here Lechelle broke loose from his leading strings and insisted upon fighting a battle in his own way at Entrames. He was defeated and fell back to Angers, and the Vendéans continued their northward movement into Normandy, in hopes of receiving assistance from England. On this march Lescure died. The Vendéans reached Granville on the coast, but, not being properly equipped for operations against a fortified town, they were repulsed, and now the men, homesick, demanded to be led back to the Loire. On their return they won a victory at Pontorson, another at Dol, and, hoping to regain their country, came to Angers, but from thence were driven back and retreated to Mans, whither they were followed by Kleber. Here they suffered a crushing defeat, due in great measure to the almost total exhaustion of the Vendéans. They were driven through the streets of the town like sheep, and were hemmed in in the principal square. They were weary of war. They seemed, as a body, to have lost their fire, their energy, their quickness, even their courage. Larochejaquelin

gathered a desperate handful and did desperate bat the carnage was fearful. The remains of the army were collected and led to Ancenis, where it was purposed, the 16th of December, to recross the Loire. When time came, Republican troops seemed everywhere, there were no boats. Two pleasure boats were found on adjacent ponds. They were seized and carried to river. Henri, Stofflet and some others embarked these in order to capture and bring back some hay-lake skiffs on the other side, but a gunboat descended the channel and sank the skiffs, and Larochejaquelin and Stofflet were separated from their army. The peasants fled in disorder. Under De Fleuriot they endeavored again to seek Brittany, but, on the 23d of December they were attacked and cut to pieces by Kleber, Savenay, and the Vendean war was over. It is true that a guerilla warfare was still maintained. Individual chiefs led their respective bands, and, day by day, one after another, fell into the hands of the Republicans or upon the field. Larochejaquelin gathered a small company and fought with some success. On the 28th of January, 1794, he had just gained an advantage in a skirmish, and was in pursuit of the enemy. He saw grenadiers stooping behind a bush. Some of his men aimed at them. He bade them desist, and went forward crying out, "Surrender, and be spared!" The answer was a quick shot, and Larochejaquelin fell from his saddle, dead. Other bands were speedily broken. The peasants were hunted like wild beasts. The mode of the troops hunting them became bad, but all hope of the royal cause in the Bocage was gone. The character of the contest was entirely changed, and the Vendean instead of a united people, fighting in a noble cause with some prospect of victory, "had become," to use the words of M. Guizot, "rebels still setting up the royal flag, with no hope from without or any hope of success, condemned to pursue to the end a struggle which could

only finish for them in death." The inhabitants of the towns were ordered to leave the country on pain of being treated as enemies if they remained. Fourteen camps commanded the entire country, and from them marched columns which burned the woods, shrubbery and hedges of the villages and seized the sheep and cattle. When, as occasionally happened, the Vendéans cut off a body of the marauders, their vengeance was terrible.

How much longer this dreadful state of affairs would have continued, had there been no change in the policy of the government, it is impossible to say, but a change came at Paris. The ninth Thermidor arrived, and the reign of terror at the capital was over, and, with the altered conditions at Paris, came a change of policy toward La Vendée. A decree was passed according a general amnesty "to all persons known under the name of rebels of La Vendée and Chouans," without excepting the leaders. The leaders still resisting were Charette, Sapinaud and Stofflet. A convention of peace was agreed upon with the first two in a tent near the Chateau of La Jauvrange, near Nantes, on the 12th of February, 1795, and by its terms the Vendéans were assured free exercise of worship, complete amnesty, the abandonment of all sequestrations and confiscations, and assistance in repairing crops and reëstablishing agriculture. The manifesto concluded: "United under the same tent, we have felt still more strongly that we were Frenchmen, and that the general good of the fatherland could alone animate us. It is with these sentiments that we declare solemnly to the National Convention and the whole of France, that we submit ourselves to the French Republic one and indivisible." Stofflet, who had not been consulted by Charette, at first refused to submit, denounced Charette as a traitor and, led by the influence of the Abbé Bernier, prepared to carry on the struggle, but meeting with misfortune in the capture of his arsenal, he finally gave up the contest and signed the conditions of

peace at St. Florent, and so, singularly enough, the war ended where it had begun, at St. Florent.

This, then, was the war of La Vendée, for I do not regard the rising which took place a few months later, instigated by the landing of the Comte d'Artois and abandoned by him in the hour of peril, which brought to execution Charette and Stofflet, as in any true sense part of the Vendean war. I have tried to spare you unnecessary and dry detail. I have spared you the recital of the barbarities incident to the war, mainly committed by the Republicans, notwithstanding the noble example of such men as Kleber and some others, but not altogether confined to that side of the contest, and have endeavored to give you a picture of the main features and a few of its principal incidents.

Of course, the Royalists failed. It was a foregone conclusion, at least after the wonderful demonstration by France of her energy and power against the coalition, that a little part of France could not withstand the nation; but the resistance was marvelously protracted, and it is to the credit of both sides that the loyalists obtained, finally, reasonable terms. The war was, as we view it now, a mad struggle against the natural course of progress, an attempt to maintain royal against popular government. It was a mistake, but it was such mistake as only the most noble, generous souls could have made, and it was characterized by devotion, by loyalty, by love, by piety, by personal sacrifice to a degree which has been the case in no other war of modern times. Its leaders stand out as different from other modern leaders, as paladins, as knights of old in modern dress, as warrior saints. It presents, too, a wonderful example of the union of different classes working together, without class friction, without class jealousy, in a common cause. For these and for other reasons La Vendée has always possessed, and will always possess, a tender and romantic interest for every student of history who seeks therein

to find more than a dry recital of facts and to whom the ultimate meaning of history is not comprised in constitutions and tables of statistics.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD.¹

The pages of French history present to us an array of characters almost infinite in variety. In perusing them we are met by examples of eminent virtue as well as of utter dissoluteness, of far-reaching, all-embracing genius as well as of giddy trifling, of profound thought as well as of showy vacuity, of heroic self-sacrifice as well as of detestable selfishness, of loving, tender mercy as well as of monstrous cruelty. Great statesmen, profound philosophers, poets, dramatists, mighty monarchs, brilliant courtiers, subtle intriguers, cruel tyrants, blatant demagogues, brave soldiers, eloquent orators, faithful priests, miserable dissemblers, rouses, hollow skeptics, are all brought before us, and all claim our consideration. None is without his use. There is scarcely any phase of human development, good or bad, of which we cannot find an exemplar in the history of France. Here all tastes may be gratified, all persons can find their heroes.

The fame of him concerning whom I am about to speak to you this evening shines with perhaps as strong a light of combined purity and brilliancy as any in history. It seems as if all mankind had agreed here to cease from the strife, which usually arises in estimating the deeds and life of a historical character, as if it were on all sides confessed that here was one man whom it would be useless to attack, that it would be lost labor to attempt to affix a stain upon the memory of Bayard, the chevalier without fear and without reproach.

¹ This lecture was written for the Northeastern Workingmen's Club, and delivered before it April 18th, 1873. It was afterward delivered on several occasions and places, including St. Mary's Hall, May 19th, 1892, when it was prefaced by an introduction, which would not interest the general reader, and contained an allusion at some length to the religious system adopted by Bishop Doane for the guidance of the school, both of which are here omitted.

To be a chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*—without fear and without reproach—was the injunction laid upon him by his mother. A chevalier without fear and without reproach was the character he maintained throughout his life; on the battlefield, where his distinguished bravery made him conspicuous amongst thousands, where his impetuous charges carried terror to the ranks of the foe—without fear! Under adverse circumstances, when overwhelming odds threatened, in the midst of defeat and loss and disaster,—still without fear! and in the hour of victory no deed of cruelty stained the glory of that hour,—without reproach! At the court of France, the nursery of vice, which even in his time displayed the beginnings of that course which afterward raised it to that bad eminence for which it became noted, when the principal occupation of the monarch seemed to be his amours and the occupation of the courtiers to press forward a new mistress, hoping the royal favor from her influence, when bribery, intrigue, corruption of all sorts reigned triumphant, there, even there, was Bayard without fear and without reproach, for he possessed the higher courage than that manifested on the battlefield, the courage to follow out the path of right and duty, no matter how unfashionable, how difficult, how perilous that path, preferring his honor even to his sovereign's favor; and yet he served that sovereign faithfully and devotedly; no man was a truer subject; he gave his life for his King.

It will be strange, indeed, if, in contemplating a character so excellent, so noble, we cannot gain some food for reflection, something which may be assimilated to ourselves, made part of our own lives.

In treating of Bayard I shall not go too deeply into the details of his life. I shall, of course, be obliged to give some narration of his actions, but my main object will be to tell just so much of him as may present him and his characteristics to us; for the use of history and biography is not simply, or mainly, to acquire knowledge

of facts, it is to acquire the power resulting from that knowledge. It has been well said, "Knowledge is power," but it is true only when the knowledge is applied. For what earthly real good would it do any one of us if he were able to relate in order every event of the world's history from the time of Adam to the present day, tell every battle, remember every date, recite the actions of every administration, recount the rise and fall of every dynasty, if he did not go deeper and consider the human nature underlying all these actions and, remembering that like causes always produce like effects, apply the lessons learned to himself or to his country? What good would it do the mariner to study thoroughly his chart, to be familiar with every line upon it, if he sailed on, heedlessly, over the waters represented by it? Would he not probably fall a prey to one of the very snags of whose existence, on the *chart*, he was so well aware? What good would it be to a lawyer if he knew by heart every decision in the long, long series of reports, if, when a case arose, he never applied his knowledge of those reports; or, even worse, if he never distinguished the principles underlying the decisions, that he might recognize their operation whenever it was manifested? What good in either case the chart or the reports? So with history. It is a great chart worthless for practical purposes if not applied to real emergencies. Merely to commit to memory facts is to store the mind with at best curiosities; it may be with rubbish. We must systematize and analyze those facts; we must reduce them to their principles, and we must apply those principles; and, therefore, my endeavor must be not to waste time in useless details, but to point your attention to those parts of Bayard's life which display to us the man himself, in order that we may behold and imitate.

In the course of the lecture it will be necessary for me sometimes to leave its immediate subject and to diverge a little into the realms of contemporaneous history, with

which Bayard was so intimately connected, and if, in so doing, I may chance to go over portions of history with which many of you are familiar, I pray you to regard me not as presuming to instruct, but merely as recalling that which may have slipped the memory of some of you, in order that I may more satisfactorily present my subject.

For the proper conception of a man, his life and character, it is necessary to consider the time in which he lived, since, even of a great man, it is true not only that the man acts upon the age, but that the age also acts upon him.

The time of Bayard may be described as the end of the middle ages, or, perhaps, the connecting link between the middle age and modern time, and Bayard may be regarded as the last specimen of the mediæval knight, into whose nature had been infused in advance of the world the gentler characteristics of a more civilized warrior. In his time modern science was beginning to make its way into the art of war. The introduction of fire arms, those great equalizers of the physically strong and weak, had begun the movement which ended in the exile of nearly all the ancient weapons, the lance, the battle-axe, the morning star, and in the discarding as useless, worse than useless, of the defensive armor and coats of mail; for formerly a man fought encased in steel from head to foot, and, when unhorsed, was as if dead. Nor was a change going on only in the personnel of an army. Armies themselves were being organized on a very different footing. Under the old system, when a war broke out, the King summoned his lords to arms, and the lords in turn summoned their retainers, or tenants, bound by their oaths and by the conditions upon which they held their lands to follow their immediate superiors to the war, and thus was made up the array. The modern system you know is very different. As national wealth has increased, standing armies of paid soldiers have come into existence. In Bayard's time

neither system existed in its fullness. The old could not be eradicated, the new be brought to full fruition in one day, but whereas, formerly, every man, whatever had been his occupation in peace, became in war a soldier, the military was now fast becoming a separate profession, subject to different discipline, and was turned into a weapon more readily wielded. Other changes besides those in the art of war were taking place; the famous political doctrine of the balance of power was fast growing up; changes were taking place, or about to take place, in thought, in religious speculation, in manners, in science, to which it is not necessary for me to revert here. Time forbids. But that to which I would call your attention more especially is this, that the era we are to consider was an era of transition, and that Bayard, while displaying in the highest degree the virtues of the middle age, was one of the pioneers of some of the most beautiful characteristics of the modern time.

Pierre du Terrail, the chevalier Bayard, or, as the old chronicles call him, Bayart, was born at the chateau Bayard, in Dauphiny, in the year 1476, in the reign of Louis XI. This reign marks a new birth in the history of France, for from that time she properly began to act compactly and as a unit, a nation. Before the time of Louis, France resembled rather a great number of petty nations, held together by but a slender, easily-broken tie, frequently warring upon each other, and fighting with all the bitterness of private malice; nay, the great lords, the Dukes of Normandy, of Burgundy, of Orleans, not content with making war upon their fellow subjects, assaulted the throne itself, and they were able on some occasions to bend even the power of the throne; for their lands poured forth men devoted to their immediate superior, bound to him by every principle of fealty and interest, regarding his quarrel as their own and feeling no more exalted spirit of patriotism; very much as if, my friends, we were to allow our patriotism to waste

itself upon the county or State in which we lived and have none remaining for the country at large; or, rather worse, for our States were once independent commonwealths, and are still, in their boundaries, sovereign, while the various lordships of France were but fiefs or gifts of the crown. So Louis found France, a mass of discordant elements imperfectly conjoined. He left a whole, a nation; and treacherous, mean, superstitious, cruel as Louis XI was, yet he rendered France an inestimable service, for he broke, not without a hard struggle, not without many a defeat, not without humiliation and bloodshed, the power of the feudal nobles and bowed their haughty necks to the law; and he did more, for, as he wished a support for the throne against any future attempt of its enemies, he elevated the burgher, or citizen, classes in the social scale, and thus the people began to be a power.

The father of Bayard was Aymond du Terrail, who in his day had been a brave soldier. When he felt his end was approaching he called his children to him and bade them choose their courses in life. Pierre, then about thirteen, at once decided in favor of the profession of arms, alleging his desire to perpetuate the family renown gained by his ancestors.

Now, though the feudal power was broken, yet many of its forms remained in vigor; and its accompaniment, chivalry, much better and more favorably known to us, though its decline was beginning, still flourished in appearance and, though its root was stricken from under it, still maintained its beauty, as a water lily, whose stem some passing oar has severed, still floats upon the surface of the lake, so beautiful that no one suspects how near death it is. Consequently, as chivalry still existed, to follow the profession of arms implied the education of a knight. It may, perhaps, be a little interesting to pause for a moment and see what this education was. A young man could not simply equip himself and ride

forth a belted knight in search of adventures, to rescue maidens, to slay dragons; he must first be proved to be worthy of the honor and become imbued with chivalric principles. The chief of these were three in number—the service of God, of Honor and of the Ladies. To learn these principles and to be instructed in the accomplishments of a knight, the noble stripling was sent at an early age to the castle of some famous Baron, as a page. In this capacity his duties consisted principally in attendance upon the ladies, and also upon his lord, the page even performing some duties which we, at this day, should regard as somewhat of a menial character. He was instructed, to a certain extent, in music and in religion. When he had arrived at a suitable age he became a squire, and his attention was devoted to learning the use of arms. He attended his lord to the wars, rode by his side, served him, and in due time took the last step in the scale of honor and became a knight. Into this position he was installed with great solemnity, both religious and martial. He kept a vigil over his new, bright armor on the eve preceding his admission to knightly ranks. He received the communion in the morning. He went from step to step of a gorgeous ceremonial, which terminated in the accolade or stroke upon the shoulders, sometimes upon the cheek, from the sword of an older warrior, signifying that from henceforth he could not take a blow without disgrace. After that he was entitled to all the privileges, and had imposed upon him all the duties of chivalry.

By the advice of the Bishop of Grenoble, his maternal uncle, Bayard was sent for his military education to the court of the Duke of Savoy. In taking leave of him, his mother, a most excellent, pious woman, spoke to him as follows: "Pierre, my son, you are going into the service of a noble prince. Now, as a mother can commend her child, look, there are three things which I commend to you: First, that you love and serve God

in all things without offending Him; night and morning recommend yourself to Him. He gave us all that we have, and without Him we can do nothing. He will aid you. Second, be you mild and courteous to all, casting away pride. Be humble and obliging. Be not a liar nor a slanderer. Be temperate in eating and drinking. Avoid envy, it is a mean excess. Be neither tale-bearer nor flatterer; such people never excel. Be loyal in word and deed. Keep your promise. Succor the widow and the orphan and look for your reward to God. The third is to be bountiful to the needy. To give for the honor of God makes no man poor; your alms will profit your body and soul. Go, my son, this is all with which I have to charge you. Your father and I shall not live long, but God grant that while we live we may hear nothing but good of you!" Noble words, worthy of the noble woman, the faithful mother who uttered them, words which displayed the whole course of her teaching, and of the beauty the glory of which the life of her son was an exemplar.

At the court of Savoy, Bayard soon became a great favorite. He excelled in all warlike accomplishments, but especially in horsemanship, from whence he derived the soubriquet of *Piquet*, the spurrier. At fourteen he was taken from the service of the Duke of Savoy and transferred to that of the King, then Charles VIII. Here he was likewise a favorite, and was placed by the King under the care of the Count de Ligny, one of the most accomplished soldiers of his day, and at the early age of seventeen became a knight and a man-at-arms in the Count's company. A man-at-arms fought as a private soldier, yet he was always of gentle birth, and had quite a retinue attendant upon him, known as the furniture of a lance, comprising three or four archers, an esquire and a page, who are never counted by the old writers. Hence, when we read marvelous accounts of the prowess of a few men-at-arms, we should always

remember that their force was in reality some six times greater than it appears upon the printed page. Immediately after his promotion Bayard, mere boy though he was, had the hardihood to take part in a tournament against a celebrated tilter, the Lord of Vaudray, and came off with honor. So that the King said: "By the faith of my body, Cousin de Ligny, Piquet has given us to-day a foretaste of what he will be as a man!"

From play war Bayard soon passed to the field of actual battle. Charles VIII made his celebrated Italian campaign. Claiming the throne of Naples, which claim was disputed by the royal family of Spain, he passed from one end of Italy to the other, encountering little or no opposition; compelled the Pope to crown him King of Naples and Emperor of Constantinople; conquered his right to the first title, and then, leaving a large body of men to guard Naples, began his return to France with less than ten thousand men. The Italians, who had not opposed his advance, now assembled to destroy him on his return. Near Fornova his little army was attacked by sixty thousand men, the Pope's troops, the Venetians and the Milanese. The main object of the enemy was to capture the King, for whom, dead or alive, they offered a reward of ten thousand ducats. The Italians attacked, it may be supposed, with great confidence, but the result was amazing. The sixty thousand were scattered like sheep. Ten thousand were left upon the field, while the French loss was but seven hundred. This was Bayard's first battle and gallantly he bore himself in it. He had two horses killed under him, and captured an ensign from fifty men-at-arms. After this victory the French pursued their course unmolested. Bayard was left in garrison some twenty miles from Milan, and lay there watching all the time for an opportunity of inflicting some damage upon the enemy. On one occasion, having, with a party of his friends, defeated a body of the enemy, he pursued them to the very walls of Milan.

Here his comrades halted and retraced their steps, but Bayard, in his excitement, not perceiving that he was alone, followed the fugitives into the town and as far as the royal palace. Here he was surrounded and made a prisoner; but, from admiration of such bravery, he was set at liberty by the tyrant of Milan, Ludovic Sforza. Now by the use of the word tyrant I do not mean to reflect upon the character of Sforza, but merely to allude to the position he held in the State. A tyrant primarily meant one who had raised himself to the supreme power and was not a constitutional ruler, no matter how mild or how beneficent his sway might be. The reason for the transition in meaning can be readily seen: it is hard for an arbitrary ruler to be a mild one and yet maintain his position. Now Italy at that time was cut up into many small States, in many of which certain families had gained rule; for instance, in Florence the Medici family and in Milan the Sforzi. These families generally ruled arbitrarily, until expelled by a revolution, and were frequently restored by counter revolutions. Both parties would call in foreign aid, and so the country, between intestine disturbances and foreign enemies, would be torn to pieces. I make this digression in order to call your attention to the condition of Italy during the time of which we are speaking, so that you may not regard Italy as a nation, or even a close confederacy, like Switzerland, but remember that it was a group of nations with petty political jealousies, aggravated by mercantile envy, hatred and rivalry, for the Italians were then the great traders of Europe.

After his release, Bayard returned to his military duty without, however, performing any very noteworthy deed until, having sallied forth from Monerville, where he was in garrison, he met and routed a body of Spaniards and, after a gallant contest, made prisoner their captain, a celebrated soldier, Don Alonzo de Soto Mayor. Bayard treated his prisoner with great courtesy, giving him

his liberty on parole not to go beyond the walls of the castle, but the Spaniard was base enough to violate his plighted word and escape. He was recaptured and, though well treated in other respects, was not allowed his liberty until ransomed. Of this certainly it would seem that no reasonable man could complain. Nevertheless, after his release, De Soto did complain and bitterly, even reflecting upon the conduct of his captor. Bayard, who never treated a prisoner harshly, stung by his reproaches, to clear his honor sent the Don a challenge. It was accepted. The Spaniard, who as the challenged party had the choice of the manner of combat, compelled Bayard, although weak from sickness, to fight upon foot. This want of generosity, however, did not affect the result, for the good knight was victorious. Now at the present day, of course, we do not defend the practice of duelling because so distinguished and so good a man as Bayard not only thought no harm of it, but even regarded it as the legitimate means of avenging an insult; but still, in judging the morality of an individual action, we must consider the public sentiment of the time before pronouncing a harsh decision. We must not judge of a man of Bayard's time by the moral maxims of the present age, an age, however, in which the standard of excellence is much higher in theory than in practice, an age which prates of political purity and is disfigured by most hideous political corruption, in which corruption is not only winked at, when it is possible to avoid seeing it in its full deformity, but when dragged to the light of day is too often suffered to go unpunished, and the perpetrators of most dangerous crimes against political liberty, for when purity is gone fast follows freedom, instead of being scorned from one end of the land to the other, cast out as miserable traitors to the people who elevated them, not only go unwhipt of justice, but are fêted and caressed. Still, no matter how low, practically, the present age may be, theoretically its morals are high.

The science of morality has promulgated laws much stricter, much better than those of a former age, and should we judge the characters even of Bible history by our present maxims how lamely would some of them come off. So, before judging Bayard for fighting a duel, it is well to see what in his time and in the estimation of his contemporaries duelling was. Duelling, paradoxical as it may sound, had a religious and Christian origin. We look in vain for it amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans, but, early in the days of chivalry, we find the judgment of God, which was the predecessor of the present duel. It rested on the faith that God would give victory to the right, that the battle was not to the strong. It was conducted with great formality; all the sanctions of religion were thrown about it; there was no attempt at concealment; the combat took place in the lists of the tournament, in the presence of a Judge and of a vast concourse. In Bayard's time this judicial combat had fallen into disuse as a legal proceeding, but still was recognized by the code of honor. The duellists still called on heaven to witness their convictions of the justice of their cause, and still, before proceeding to battle, partook of the holy communion. So, considering the customs and sentiments of the time, we must not be surprised if we see even so genuine a Christian knight as Bayard indulging in the duello, or behold him, after having slain his adversary, falling upon his knees and, while bewailing the fatal termination of the encounter, thanking God for the victory.¹ During the rest of the war Bay-

¹ In this connection it may be of interest to some to be reminded that the judicial duel, the "trial by battel," existed in England, as of right, down to the year 1819, although it had long fallen into disuse. Its abolition was brought about in this way. In the year 1818 a gentleman named Thornton was charged by the relatives of a young girl named Ashford with having murdered her, and was duly arraigned in the Court of Kings Bench, then presided over by the famous Lord Ellenborough, who, as Edward Law, had successfully defended Warren Hastings against the impeachment of the Commons,

ard continued as he had begun, always on the alert, suffering no opportunity of striking a blow at the enemy to pass. Toward the close of the war, while the French army was posted on one side of the river Garilliano and the Spaniards on the other, Bayard performed a feat which reads almost like romance. He defended a bridge, single-handed, against between one and two hundred Spaniards.

In 1505 Bayard returned home and was assigned a place in the royal household. But his services were soon required elsewhere, as the trumpet of alarm had again sounded in Italy, and thither he repaired. The war which ensued was the product of papal intrigue. The Pope of that day was Julius II, a warrior prelate and an Italian, and in many ways a remark-

conducted by such men as Sheridan, Fox and Burke, and comprising amongst its puisne judges Abbott, better known to fame as Lord Tenterden. Counsel were there also, including the well known names of Chitty, Leblanc, Gurney and Tindal. The accusation was read, and then, what must have been the surprise, the consternation of the bystanders and the judges, when, in response to the call for a plea, were heard in an English court for the first time for centuries the words of demand of a trial by battel. "Not guilty, and I am ready to defend the same by my body!" and having said these words Thornton threw upon the floor of the court his glove, the gage of battle! The other side asked for time. It was granted, and the question of the right of the defendant to claim a trial by the strong hand was afterward solemnly argued before the four judges, who, after having taken time for consideration, unanimously decided that Thornton was right in his demand, and that the antiquated, barbarous practice was still the law of England. The Chief Justice, in giving his opinion, said: "The general law of the land is in favor of the wager of battel, and it is our duty to pronounce the law as it is, and not as we wish it to be. Whatever prejudices, therefore, may justly exist against this mode of trial, still as it is the law of the land, the court must pronounce for it."


The battle, however, never took place, as the appellants not desiring to fight, allowed such a course of proceedings to have way that the accused was discharged without any further trial, and the next year Parliament by an Act forever took away the right of wager of battel.

able man. If we consider him as Pope, he was a disgrace to his high and holy office; if we consider him as a man, he was an unscrupulous and bloody one; but, if we consider him merely as an Italian, he was a patriot. He had long beheld the foreign powers—France, Spain and Germany—making Italy their battlefield and contending for her rich provinces as their spoil, while petty monarchs and States within her boundaries leagued with the various invaders; and his soul swelled with indignation and patriotic fury, and the great, constant object of his policy was to detach the Italian States from their foreign engagements and drive the “barbarians” (as the Italians termed the foreigners) beyond the Alps. To accomplish this purpose the Pope spared no effort; he left no means, fair or foul, unresorted to. All those powers that he could he cajoled from their foreign alliances; upon those who remained firm to their treaties he waged merciless war; but, not betraying his ultimate object immediately, he used one foreign nation against the other only that he might, in the end, turn upon his own ally. Upon the French fell his first attack. Genoa was attached to France. The Pope stirred up the populace, so that it drove from the town the nobles and placed an anti-French doge at the head of the government. Intelligence of these actions being received by Louis XII, that warlike monarch at once started upon an expedition to restore the French supremacy, and with him went Bayard. A rapid march brought the French into the neighborhood of Genoa before reinforcements could be thrown into it; but they were surprised to find upon the top of the last mountain defense of the town a newly-built fort, well garrisoned and provided with artillery. At a council of war Bayard asked permission to take a few comrades and “see what they were doing at the fort.” At the head of 120 men he climbed the mountain. Compelled to crawl on all fours, they reached the top, burst upon the enemy, drove in the

advance guard, stormed the fort, though defended by three hundred men, and decided the fate of Genoa. The town surrendered. This failure of his plan at the outset compelled Julius to dissemble and defer the execution of his projects against the French, and, in 1508, he joined in a league known as the League of Cambrai, with Louis, the King of Spain and the Emperor of Germany, to destroy the Venetian republic. The French army assembled at Milan, and Bayard was given the command of 1,000 men, but his modesty was so great that he requested that the number might be reduced to 500, as he feared he was unable properly to manage 1,000. The French moved early in the spring, and in April overthrew the Venetians, at Agnadel, and till July enjoyed an almost unbroken current of success. In July, however, Padua, which had been captured by the French and handed over to a German garrison, was so carelessly guarded that it was retaken by the Venetians. Maximillian, the German Emperor, with an army assisted by a French contingent, marched for the town and laid close siege to it. Bayard served with French body, and were I to narrate his exploits during the siege and the rest of the time of the league of Cambrai, the parties cut off by him, the daring expeditions led against the enemy, the assaults upon the barriers, I should relate, perhaps, a series of very interesting stories, but it would take a small book to contain it; were I simply to mention the actions, I should weary you with a string of names. One thing, however, I will mention. The siege of Padua was an unsuccessful one, and the Emperor, after consuming a long time before the walls, ordered a retreat. The army had been quartered, to a great extent, in suburban houses and country seats lying near the city. As the army retired the Germans, in accordance with their custom, plundered and burned the houses they left; but Bayard was careful to protect the property he had used, and left a guard to preserve it from the ravages of the

other troops. This deed might not seem remarkable if done at the present day, but it was so at that time, for then the system of war was not, as at present, to inflict as much public and as little private injury as possible, so that the sack of a town is looked upon as a piece of barbarity, unworthy of a civilized warrior, but to ravage the enemy's country and cause as much suffering as possible, whether to belligerents or non-combatants. So that this care of private property by the Chevalier, which we find him exercising repeatedly, displays a mind far in advance of his age.

In 1511, while the allied army was at Montselles, preparing to return to renew the siege of Padua, Bayard was called to a different part of Italy by the intelligence that Julius II, true to his Italian instincts and his deeply-rooted design of expelling the foreigners from Italy, had suddenly declared war upon the Duke of Ferrara, an ally of France. The French King at once dispatched to the assistance of his threatened friend some 4,800 men, with several distinguished officers, Bayard amongst the number. The Pope, with a strong army, moved upon Ferrara, but was stopped at the town of La Mirandola by the spirit of the Countess of that place who gained time for the French to reinforce the town and made a stout resistance, delaying the advance of the papal army between one and two weeks. After the reduction of La Mirandola the Pope pushed for Ferrara; the Duke concentrated his forces and prepared to stand a siege. The Pope, not wishing to assault, determined to starve the place out. The key to the position was a little town named La Bastia, about twenty miles distant, which commanded a rich section of country, from which supplies in great quantity could be easily procured. By some strange oversight La Bastia had been left almost entirely undefended, its garrison being only twenty-five men-at-arms. The papal generals, aware of the importance of this post, resolved to take possession of it, and one



day Captain Forti, with some six thousand men, appeared before its walls. Fortunately the position was a strong one and the governor a brave man. A courier was dispatched in haste to Ferrara with the tidings of the siege. The news threw the Duke into great despondency; he deemed all lost, but his courage was revived by the counsel of Bayard. By Bayard's advice an expedition of somewhat less than three thousand men started out to attempt the relief of La Bastia. The expedition passed down the Po at night and by daybreak the next morning was quite near the enemy. Bayard's plan was to throw a small body of men upon one flank of the enemy to give the alarm, supported by some Swiss troops, while the rest of the forces should attack in front, so that, whichever column the enemy turned upon, the other should march straight for the town. The plan succeeded marvelously. The defeat of the besiegers was overwhelming. There was an immense slaughter, and sixty men-at-arms, 5,000 foot soldiers, 300 horses, all the artillery, and all the baggage remained in the hands of the victors. The siege of La Bastia was raised and Ferrara was saved, all owing to the plan and execution of Bayard.

Foiled here, Julius made another attempt to inflict damage upon the French, so disgraceful to his memory, and more especially to that of the Duke of Ferrara also, that one would desire not to mention it, but that the iniquity of these men only caused the moral worth of our hero to shine the brighter. Julius sent a man named Guerlo to the Duke to persuade him to betray his allies. He offered him peace, his niece in marriage for the Duke's son, and other glittering baits, if he would only dismiss the little body of Frenchmen from his service so that the Pope might, as they passed his territories, fall upon and utterly exterminate them. The Duke, to his credit, refused to abandon those who had saved him, but to his infamy persuaded Guerlo to undertake the assassination of the pontiff, by poison. This the Duke

communicated to Bayard. The soul of the brave man was struck with horror, he trembled, he expressed his astonishment that the Duke should entertain so base a design. The Duke reminded the knight of the Pope's intentions toward him, but, unmoved by personal resentment, looking only to the true and honorable course, Bayard threatened the Duke that, were the design persisted in, he would warn the Pope of the danger that menaced him, and, with regard to Guerlo, said Bayard, "if you will give up to me the man who wishes to commit this masterpiece of villainy, I will have him hanged in less than an hour."

In the next year (1512) the French were reinforced, and the Pope, retiring before them, met with a great defeat at Bologna. After the battle Marshal Trivulce, the French commander, declared, in presence of the assembled officers, that, after God, it was to Bayard that the victory was due.

When the Duke de Nemours, better known as Gaston de Foix, succeeded to the command of the French armies and began those campaigns in which he reëstablished the dominion of the French over those portions of Italy which, by a sudden outbreak of the inhabitants, had been wrested from them, Bayard was with him, and led the assault on the city of Brescia, where, as he leaped the rampart, the first man, he received a terrible wound in the thigh, and was carried to a house near the wall, believing himself mortally hurt. Fortunately he was not so, but his wound confined the Chevalier for a long time to his room. Here, for weeks, he lay, chafing with vexation and fear lest the decisive battle with the Spaniards should be fought in his absence. For a considerable time the Spanish and French armies lay near each other, skirmishing, but coming to no decisive action. In that time Bayard recovered sufficient strength to set out for the army, but before his departure distinguished himself by one of those deeds of generosity which we meet scat-

tered broadcast over his career. The people in whose house he was quartered (which his presence had preserved from plunder during the sack) were his prisoners, and, by the laws of war, his property, and to their ransom he was entitled. Knowing the Chevalier's proverbial generosity, the lady of the house came to Bayard and besought him to accept for herself and family 2,500 ducats, although a much smaller sum than would ordinarily have been demanded from people of their condition. At first Bayard refused the money altogether, but finally yielded to the solicitations of the lady and told her to send her two daughters to him. When the young ladies came, he divided the money into three parts, two of 1,000 ducats each and one of 500. The first two he gave one to each of the young ladies for her marriage portion. The last, he said, he intended to distribute amongst those convents which had suffered most from pillage, and, as his duties called him to the front, he appointed his hostess his almoner. When he reached the army it lay before Ravenna. The Spaniards were distant, in great force, about six miles, under Cardona, Viceroy of Naples. The position of the French was critical. Supplies were short, for the Spaniards, on the one hand, and the Venetians, on the other, cut off the approaches to the Romagna. On Good Friday the French assaulted Ravenna and were repulsed. On Easter day the great battle was fought, and resulted in a complete victory for the French. The Spaniards were nearly double in number and their loss was disproportionately great. Out of 20,000 men 16,000 were killed or taken; while on the French side over 3,000 fell, but amongst them was their commander, and his death, for he was one of the most accomplished soldiers of his time, rendered the victory a dearly purchased one; and this day, though a victory, marks the turning point in the tide of French success, for a large part of their army consisted of foot soldiers, loaned by the Emperor of Germany, who were now recalled by

their sovereign, and the French, depleted in numbers, were compelled to retire before the vastly superior forces of Swiss and Venetians who poured into the duchy of Milan. During the retreat, at the passing of the Ticino, Bayard, who was with the rear guard, was wounded in the shoulder. The retrograde movement continued until the French were driven from Lombardy, retaining only a few citadels.


After this campaign, Bayard took one of the few rests he is recorded to have taken. He went to Grenoble to visit his uncle, the Bishop, whom he had not seen for twenty-two years. His reputation had traveled before him, however, and on his arrival at Grenoble, Bayard found himself the object of universal admiration. Fêtes were given in his honor, and all congratulated themselves on having so distinguished a knight amongst them, and, when he fell ill, as he did, and was near to death, the prayers of all, nobles and commonalty, Bishop, clergy and nuns went up to heaven almost without cessation for the recovery of Bayard. After his recovery and a little time spent in social pleasures, for his hospitality was famous, he was sent with the army under the Duke of Longueville to the Kingdom of Navarre. Navarre was a frequent scene of contest between France and Spain, lying, as it did, peculiarly exposed, on the borders of both. At the time we are considering, the government was held by Ferdinand of Aragon, better known to Americans as the husband of Isabella of Castile, who had driven the rightful King, Jean D'Albret, from the throne. To restore D'Albret was the object of the invading army. The expedition was not successful, for the French were compelled to retire; but it seemed as though Bayard were destined to gather laurels, even where those of others withered, for his capture of a tower at the siege of Pampeluna, after the infantry had refused to assist the men-at-arms and left them to storm alone, was justly considered a remarkable exploit.

In the year of this unfortunate expedition (1512) Julius II died, and was succeeded by the famous Leo X, and the Venetians made peace with France.

In 1513 the French again burst into Italy, but were defeated by the Swiss, at Novara, and, immediately after this disaster, Henry VIII, having entered into a league with Spain and the Pope, broke into Picardy, near Calais. Bayard was with the army sent to oppose the English and Imperialists. It was in this campaign that the famous battle of Spurs, so called from the rapidity of the French retreat, took place. Bayard endeavored to stop the flight, but, unable to stem the tide, surrendered after having taken prisoner a Burgundian officer, for whom he afterward exchanged himself. While he was a prisoner, Henry VIII made him most tempting offers if he would enter his service. It was not the first time Bayard had been so tried. In 1503 the Pope had offered to make him Captain-General of his armies, but Bayard had the same answer for both: "I have only one Master in heaven, that is God, and one upon earth, who is the King of France, and I will never serve any other." The allies, after taking Terouana and Tournay, retired, and in October, 1514, peace was made between England and France, and Louis XII married Mary, sister of Henry VIII. He, a man well advanced in years, she a young girl. The marriage was the cause of the King's death, for, to please his young wife, he gave up his former temperate mode of life and plunged into fêtes and revelry ill suiting his years and strength. He died in the following January, lamented by his people, who were warmly attached to him. He was succeeded by a man of very different character, Francis I, gallant, brilliant, ambitious, yet stained with many vices, under whom the court took strides in the direction of that shamelessness which characterized it under the Louis. His coronation was conducted with unprecedented pomp and magnificence, and the young King indulged without

restraint in pleasure, but yet did not lose sight entirely of his ambitious projects.

In 1515, Francis sent an army into Lombardy to expel the Sforzi, who had regained the government. Here, at the outset, Bayard distinguished himself by capturing the enemy's general, Colonna. In July, Francis joined his army and, shortly after, fought the celebrated battle of Marignano, resulting in the terrible defeat of the Swiss, who, maddened by the exhortations of the Cardinal of Sion, a bitter enemy of the French, had attacked the French camp with unwonted fury. This battle decided the campaign. After the battle, says the chronicler, "all voices united in giving the palm to the knight Bayard," and the King conferred upon him a most signal honor. Francis, not yet having been made a knight, commanded Bayard to bestow upon him the accolade. In 1516, the German Emperor marched into the duchy of Milan, but was compelled to retire by the Constable de Bourbon. From that time until 1522 matters were comparatively quiet, peace was made, the armies reduced, and Francis remained at his court a prey to pleasure, and the court became a scene of voluptuousness. But in 1522 this tranquillity was disturbed, in consequence of an inroad by a French lord upon German territory. The Emperor, now no longer the weak Maximilian but the great Charles V, sent a large army, under the Count of Nassau and the Lord of Sickengen, to retaliate. They besieged Monzon, which they took, and then moved on Mezieres. If Mezieres should fall, the whole country of Champaign lay open to the invader, and Mezieres was but in ill condition to stand a siege. But the weakness of the place was compensated by the strength of a man. After the various members of the royal council of war had given their opinions in favor of abandonment and the devastation of the circumjacent country, Bayard spoke: "Sire, no place is weak where there are men capable of defending it," and he offered to




go and defend it. He was sent. The enemy, in two divisions, 35,000 strong, laid siege to the town. Bayard had about 3,000 only, and of these 1,000, of the Lord of Montereau's command, broke and fled on the first day of the bombardment, leaving him only two thousand men. With these he held out three weeks and, by a stratagem, which induced the enemy to believe that large reinforcements were approaching, compelled the Germans to raise the siege, and thus saved France. In acknowledgment of this great service Bayard was made a knight of the King's order and given a company of 100 picked men-at-arms. After spending the winter at Grenoble, Bayard was sent into Italy to overawe an anticipated rising of the Genoese. After accomplishing this duty he joined the main army under Lautrec. The campaign which ensued was an unfortunate one for the French, who were compelled to return home on account of the desertion of the Swiss, who composed a large portion of their forces. I will here remind you that you must not connect the idea of Swiss principles with the appearance of Swiss soldiers in an army, for the Swiss fought for whomever paid them and sold their swords to the highest bidder. A brave nation, hardy in constitution, considered at the time the finest infantry in Europe, they may be found now fighting with French, now with the Italians, now with the Germans nay, sometimes a body of Swiss on each side. They were mere mercenaries, and this fact was made a subject of great reproach to them by the leader of their reformation, Ulric Zwingle.

After this campaign we behold Bayard adding to his already rich coronal, laurels of mercy and compassion, of Christian virtue and loving kindness. He had returned to Grenoble, for which he seems to have had a great fondness, and found that the plague had there broken out with great violence. As dauntless in the face of death by disease as he had been on the battlefield, fearing its loathsomeness no more than its violence, he

at once applied himself to checking the ravages of the unseen monster; devoting his time to that object, pouring out his money lavishly; at his own expense he nourished the poor sick; he provided physicians, surgeons and medicines, established sanitary regulations, and exercised care in all ways to arrest the progress of the destroyer; and his efforts were crowned by Heaven with success.

In 1523 Bayard went with the army into Italy, as the King had determined to reconquer the Duchy of Milan. Francis had intended to command in person and to take with him a much stronger body of troops than he sent, but an unexpected treason deranged all his plans.

Charles, Constable de Bourbon, one of the nearest relations of the King, deeming his services not properly appreciated and being persecuted by the Queen Dowager, entered into a league with the enemies of his country, according to the terms of which, while Henry VIII entered France upon one quarter and the Emperor of Germany upon the other, Bourbon should summon his adherents to his side and raise the standard of insurrection in the heart of the kingdom. The plot was detected, before it could be put into execution, and Bourbon saved himself by flight and threw himself into the ranks of the Germans. But, though the plot was foiled, still a mistrust was created in the mind of Francis, and he could not leave his kingdom with confidence. Consequently a weakened army took its march into Italy under an incompetent commander, the Admiral Bonnivet. Bayard led the advance and achieved several successes while Bonnivet lay before Milan, but shortness of provisions and the fear of being surrounded by the greatly superior numbers of the enemy forced him to rejoin the main body. All this time the German and Spanish army in and about Milan was increasing in strength day by day, while the French army, from desertion and other causes, was becoming weaker and weaker. Bonnivet, whose



headquarters were in Biagras, ordered Bayard to occupy with some three thousand men the little village known as Rebec, quite close to the walls of Milan, and entirely untenable, being wholly without fortifications. Bayard went to this place, in spite of his remonstrances, and was left without reinforcements to hold the position in the face of an overwhelming foe. Pescara, the enemy's general, seeing the perilous position of Bayard, led a night expedition, with more than three times Bayard's force, against Rebec. The Chevalier was not to be trapped, and retreated with great skill, with the loss of only some 10 soldiers and 150 horses. When he reached Biagras he had high words with the Admiral, who he imagined had intentionally abandoned him. At Biagras a council of war was held, at which it was determined that a general retreat was necessary to save the weak forces of the French from total annihilation. Bayard and Bonnavet who, despite his incompetency, was a brave man, rode with the rear guard. On the second day of the retreat the latter was wounded and carried off in a litter, resigning the chief command to Bayard; but a few hours later, after Bayard had charged the Spanish advance and driven it before him to rejoin the main body, a ball from an arquebus struck him, fracturing his spine. When he felt the blow he uttered the name of his Saviour, and kissed the cross-hilt of his sword. His men tried to draw him from the field, but "No," said he, "it is all over, I am a dead man, and do not wish, in my last moments, to turn my back upon the enemy for the first time in my life." By his orders he was placed against the trunk of a tree with face to the foe. He sent forward his men and those about him, that they might not fall into the enemy's hands. For himself, he knew his end was near, and he wished to have his last hours occupied by no temporal thoughts. Then, under that tree, having confessed himself to his squire, since there was no priest near, his peace made with God, he calmly awaited death. But before

death came, the Spaniards were upon him and Pescara, with tears in his eyes, helped the dying hero to his own tent, and brought to him a priest to comfort him in his last hours. When it was known through the army that Bayard, the chevalier without fear and without reproach, lay dying, crowds flocked in sadness to his tent to pay to him the last regards of which he could be conscious. Amongst them was Bourbon, and when Bayard saw him all his spirit rallied within him. They were face to face, the true man and the traitor. In response to the Constable's expressions of pity, said Bayard: "My lord, I thank you; I don't pity myself. I die like an honest man. I die serving my King. You are the man to be pitied for bearing arms against your prince, your country and your oath." Yet, while he hated the sin, he loved the sinner. He besought Bourbon to return to his allegiance, to quit the Spanish ranks and to make his peace with his King. Then he was left, and his whole mind was turned to the approaching change. He recited the Miserere, and then broke out into a prayer. He acknowledged that he had sinned; "that by myself I should never have been able to merit an entrance into Thy paradise, and that no creature can obtain such joy but through Thy infinite mercy. My God, my Father, forget my faults, listen only to thine own mercy! Let Thy justice be softened by the merit of the blood of Jesus Christ —." He stopped. Death was upon him, and so, in humbleness of soul, in the fullness of faith, passed away the noblest spirit of his age. The voice that had shouted to the charge hushed; the eye that had flashed defiance to the foe dimmed; the arm that had struck for King and country nerveless; but the soul of honor and chivalry and faith in God strong to the last; and so he passed to the blessed rest of Paradise.

Such is a condensed account of the life of Bayard. Although meagre as it is, it has swollen, perhaps, to proportions too great for this lecture. Let us now see what

were his characteristics. Let us see what we may gain from him, for, though dead, he yet speaketh. His is one of those

“few immortal names
That were not born to die.”

In the first place he was incorruptible in an age of corruption, and how, in that particular, he speaks to us in these times of public and private corruption; these times of low ambition, mercenary partisanship, reckless abandonment of political principle for selfish ends. Never could bribe, never could proffered office tempt him from his duty. That was imperatively to be performed first. What happened afterward to him was a minor consideration. He was no flatterer. Had he stooped thus to conciliate those about him, there was, perhaps, no height to which his eminent merit, aided by favor, might not have carried him, but he scorned the employment of base means to rise, he was no Duke of Marlborough. He was a faithful lover, and his death is to be principally regretted in that it prevented his contracted marriage with one already his bride in all but the formal rite. He was perfectly truthful, with a most hearty contempt for falsehood. He would take no base advantage even of an enemy. He was courage itself, perfectly fearless of personal exposure; yet, in positions of responsibility, he was never rash. The lives of his men were dear to him if his own was not. His heart was as tender and merciful as a woman's. He was a genuine patriot and loyal subject, not one of the blatant class, but one who allowed his actions to speak, who made his arm save his breath. He was a polished gentleman, skilled in all courtly accomplishments, a favorite with the fair sex. His liberality was profuse, and prevented his ever amassing riches; his hospitality open-handed, free and magnificent. He poured forth his money in works of kindness and charity almost without stint. In Grenoble alone he dowered one

hundred orphan girls. His purse was always open to relieve suffering or want or to reward gallant deeds. We cannot find one mean or despicable action in his whole career, and then, united to all these, he was a sincere lover of God, imbued with all the characteristics of our holy religion; in him Faith, Hope and Charity abode continually.

What does the life of this man teach us? First, it teaches how true Christianity can be allied to action; it shows the utter falsity of the theory that Christianity necessarily cramps human action. A false, weak, sickly, selfish Christianity may justly be open to this reproach, but not that Christianity which bids us do all things in earnest and to the best of our abilities. Let no one say that St. Francis Xavier, Ignatius Loyola, St. Paul, or Martin Luther were not men of action, or that Bayard was a less gallant, noble soldier because he carried with him in the world constantly his religion, and was ever looking to God. Soldier as he was, used to the rough talk of camps, he could never bear to hear the name of his Maker taken in vain, and one of the few occasions of severity upon his part was when he heard two pages swear by the name of God. But did this deep reverence, fastidious as it was considered by his contemporaries, derogate from his martial ability? Did his firm faith, his tenderness of heart, his attention to religious duties?

It teaches a lesson of incorruptibility most useful to us, who are beset with so many temptations, of so many different sorts, to swerve from the true course in this time of what are called "tricks of trade," a softer name than roguery or cheating.

It teaches a lesson of readiness, for we have observed that while Bayard never rose to supreme command, disdaining intrigue, while his modesty was so great that he never pushed himself forward by boasts or recommendations of his own valor or prowess (in his letter to his uncle after the battle of Ravenna he does not mention

a single deed of his own), yet whenever hard work was to be done, danger braved, peril encountered, Bayard was always ready to do the work, brave the danger, encounter the peril. And the rest knew he was ready, and Bayard was the man sent to perform the necessary duty, from which others shrank, and the duty was always well, unfalteringly performed.

It teaches yet another lesson. Act from principle, and care not how your action is regarded by others. "Be just, and fear not." A poet has said: "It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame—about what the world says of us. If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves." This is true, and it is also true that there are others who go calmly on in the path of right and earnest endeavor, careless of the world's censure, be it of praise or blame, and to these belong the names that live after their possessor's death, and are borne on the wings of fame to the last syllable of recorded time. And of this Bayard is a noteworthy example. There were other men in his time who guided their actions by the opinions of others and the desire to please, and in their day reaped their reward; but where stand their names now? Some forgotten; others existing merely as names; some even as examples of pitiable failure or as exciting contempt. But Bayard went straight forward in the path of principle. He desired fame, too, doubtless. What generous soul does not? But he was not anxious, solicitous about it; not desirous of always being in the mouths of contemporaries or shining in ostentatious splendor. His first object was to do his duty, and what has been the consequence? The name of Bayard is synonymous with Honor, it stirs as the blast of a trumpet the souls of those whose endeavor here is to be in their vocations, as was Bayard in his, without fear and without

reproach, and it carries to the minds even of those who are ignorant of his deeds the idea of fearlessness and merit.

I can, perhaps, conclude no better than by relating one of the knight's own remarks, as showing his view of life and the true good thereof. Another knight had asked him what a gentleman should leave to his children. Said Bayard: "The father should leave that which fears no rain, tempest or the force of man, or the weakness of human justice; that is, wisdom and virtue, like, indeed, unto him who would plant a garden and put therein good seed and sound trees." Such was Bayard's belief, and with that belief was his life accordant!

Let us remember that there may be Bayards now, as there were in times past, and that there may be Bayards in the workshop, in the factory, in the store, as well as Bayards upon the field of battle or at the court, without fear and without reproach.¹

¹As this book goes through the press, there comes, in this our own prosaic time, the time of scientific rather than romantic warfare, tidings of an incident which shows that chivalry in its highest, its truest sense is still with us. I refer to the action of Captain Philip, of the Texas, after the naval battle off Santiago, when, in the very moment of victory, with the enemy's ships, after a brave struggle, lying conquered before him, that gallant gentleman checked the wild exultant shouts of his noble crew with the words: "Don't cheer—the poor devils are dying." I say nothing about the deeply religious character of the captain shown by his calling on his men, in the very flush of triumph, to render thanks to God—there is an impertinence, often, in speaking of a man's religion—but one cannot help feeling that the spirit which inspired the words quoted, which could, when the conflict had scarcely ceased to rage, feel tenderness for the vanquished, was that of the true Christian knight. No nobler words were ever spoken in action. And while, as Americans, we thank God for the noble conduct of our seamen after their victory, as shown notably in the rescue of the Spanish sailors from their burning ships, we may treasure the example of Captain Philip as a proof that the highest chivalry exists among men whose lives are not led amidst romantic surroundings but are inspired by a sense of duty and love to God and to the Republic, which has owed so much to His fostering care.

NORSE MYTHOLOGY.

(A lecture delivered at St. Mary's Hall, February 28th, 1896.)

MY DEAR YOUNG LADIES:—To-night it is my privilege to speak to you upon a subject to which there is, or at any rate was until very lately, comparatively little attention given in the scheme of scholastic education. You are taught the mythologies of Greece and Rome, if for no other reason, because it is necessary that you should know something about them in order to appreciate and, indeed, to understand at all, parts of your Virgil and your Horace, and because of the frequent allusion to gods and goddesses of Olympus and the deeds of the heroes to be found in the best English writers. But there is a mythology nearer to us, whose gods have claimed as their own four days out of the seven of the week, which is far more in harmony with the natural religious bent of our minds, and which should be far more interesting to us, about which little instruction is generally given. I mean the mythology of the Norsemen, to which we shall devote our attention for a short time.

We Americans are, and sometimes boast ourselves to be, a composite race—"the heir of all the ages" in a sense broader than that in which Tennyson employed those words. We find flowing in our national veins the bloods of all the western races. As we cast our eyes over our broad land we are made conscious of the fact, from what we see as well as by the records of history, that to no one nation, no one race, is it solely indebted for its settlement and population. We find that the French, the English, the Dutch, the Spanish, the Germans, the Swedes have all contributed to the making of this country. The Teutonic, Celtic and Latin races have all entered into the composition of the American. The Latin and Celtic

infusion have rendered him more mercurial than the Englishman, while the Teutonic base of his character has preserved to him a seriousness and steadiness which we are in the habit, at least, of considering as foreign to the French.


You will observe that I speak of the Teutonic base of the American character. This is advisedly done. In every composite race there must be some dominant component race; you cannot mix races in exactly equal proportions as you can chemical substances—the character of some one race, or even of some one nation, will be dominant in the new race; the character much modified, no doubt, by its intermixture with those of the other component nations, but still standing out clearly and distinctly as of and belonging to the original nation. An example of this is to be found in what is perhaps the best defined instance of the creation of a new people by the fusion of two others, the making of the English nation by the fusion of the Norman-French and the Saxon, after the conquest. That a new people very different from either had been formed was unquestionable, but it was equally unquestionable that the Saxon was the dominant characteristic of the new people. So, as we take the American people and resolve it into its component parts and resolve those parts into their elements, we find that the race which has dominated the English, and through it the American, character is the Anglo-Saxon. Everything, therefore, about the Anglo-Saxons becomes interesting to us. We regard them as our first ancestors, and everything which shows their character, their development, or throws any light upon what they were, possesses for us an attraction such as is possessed by information about no other people; and as we wish to know all that we can about any ancestor of distinction, not only his deeds, but his surroundings, his dress, his habits, his appearance, so we desire to know all that can be learned about the Anglo-Saxons, not only their deeds,

but their surroundings, their habits, their manner of life. All these things have a charm for us.

Who then were these Anglo-Saxons? A race of men who lived in the North of Europe; a wild, free, perhaps savage, but sincere race. Reared amidst marshes and in an inhospitable climate, nature presented herself to them in her sterner aspect, and their disposition soon partook of the character of the surrounding scenes and was rugged and earnest. These Saxons were warlike, they welcomed war, they rejoiced in it. It was not to them, as it is to us, a dreaded but sometimes necessary evil, the last resort to maintain national honor or national right; nought was pleasanter to them than its alarms. War for war's sake was good; nay, so great a virtue was warlike prowess accounted, and so detestable was its absence, that the man who died a natural death upon his bed was accounted base and utterly ignoble, and was denied entrance to the Scandinavian heaven, which was meant only for the brave. The Saxon love of war was not confined to the land, as for so long time was the Roman valor. The Romans, whose legions were the best soldiers of antiquity, were for a long time afraid to fight at sea,—and why? Not on account of fear of their enemies, for the Roman soldiers were strangers to fear and their fidelity to duty under all circumstances and all hazards is well known, but because of the superstition that prevailed, according to which those who were drowned at sea, and whose bodies were lost, could never obtain admission to the Elysian fields, but must go wandering about, miserable outcasts, to all eternity, hopeless and wretched;—and was not this a prospect sufficient to cause the boldest to tremble, the most gallant to become a coward? And it was a long time before the Roman mind was disabused of this superstition, and the Consul Duillius was enabled to show to the Carthaginians that Rome could conquer on sea as well as on land.

The Saxons were held back by no such superstition. The only death terrible to them on account of its future consequences was the straw death—the natural death—and to escape it many an old warrior, feeling his end draw nigh, called upon his son to slay him, and so the Saxons ranged the seas in their barks and, under the name of the Vikings, became the terror of all the neighboring nations. Their ships were called Dragons, from the figure they bore at the prow as an appropriate symbol of the vessel's character.

These men were so warlike, fighting was so dear to them, that their very sports were of that description. They delighted in the chase, and, spear in hand, pursued the wild beasts with the same fierce, unrelenting fury, which in time of war, or of predatory excursion, had for its object men. Otherwise, these Saxons were simple in their habits, tastes and fare. They did not care for gaudy or magnificent clothing, or for delicate viands. They loved, it is true, good cheer, but it was good cheer of a hearty sort. The more wealthy Romans, in the decadence of the Empire, we know indulged in most outlandish dishes to excite and gratify a pampered and perhaps enervated palate, peacock's brains and tongues, for example; but one can well imagine what would have been the disgust of a Saxon monarch had peacock's brains and tongues been placed on the board before him. No, he wanted boar's flesh, and as for Falernian wine in elegant goblets—away with such stuff! Give him mead in a hollow horn. So these Saxons were rude, uncouth, rugged, brave and simple minded men, and their religion, as might be expected, partook of the same qualities. As might be expected, I say, for what is religion (natural religion I mean, the religion which man left to himself and to his own reasonings forms, and not revealed religion) but the embodiment of the workings of nature upon the mind of man and the



reaction of the mind of man upon nature? A man with no religious instruction, without the light of revelation, finds himself in the midst of the created world; he sees the fair prospect around him; hears the music of the birds; feels the cooling influence of the breeze; beholds the sun rise in his splendor, bringing warmth and light into the world; and, again, beholds the heavens, darkened with clouds, vomiting forth fire and terrifying with the loud resounding long rolling thunder, or, again, the azure of the sky changed into a deeper hue and spangled all over with the twinkling stars, while the queen of night, ever changing, seems to rule the wide expanse. He sees also the seasons change, the temperature change, the face of the earth change, and the man must think, and his first thought is, "I did not cause all this. I cannot control this. Nay, the changes often take place when I am least desirous that they shall, and, frequently, when I long for change, it is delayed. There is a power without me greater than I am!" And so comes the idea of a god; but what is the god? If the man be timorous, a coward, he makes his god one of the terrifying manifestations of nature, the thunder for instance, and trembles before it and implores its mercy; or if he be the reverse, one of nature's kindlier manifestations, say the sun, and pray for its blessings; or if, as is more likely, the man be neither wholly brave nor wholly coward, he may make gods of manifestations of both classes, and so keep on until he has a separate god for everything, with, perhaps, one, superior to all, as an overruling power; and so did many nations of antiquity. Some even carried this idea so far into practical development that every tree of the wood, every wave of the sea had its own particular indwelling deity. From the worship of the power to the worship of the personification of the power is but a short step, and from that to the utter forgetfulness of the god's origin a shorter one, and this step taken it becomes

easy for a nation, to whom a god is a person with many human or merely heroic attributes, to turn into a god a deceased hero. This was the history of the development of the Roman mythology. Jupiter was originally the upper atmosphere, but he soon became an actual person to his worshippers, and how absurd would sound the tales told of Jupiter, if told of the upper atmosphere. Imagine the upper atmosphere with a jealous wife, the upper atmosphere transformed into a white bull and carrying off a fair maiden and swimming the sea. We have here in the case of Jupiter an entire forgetfulness of origin or symbolism, and after the forgetfulness of origin came the deification of the Emperors. Of course, some minds, higher and more spiritual than others, would retain the idea of the informing deities of nature and the superior god for a longer period than the masses, but the nations, with no assurance of certainty from revelation, and held in check by no positive enactment, would gradually drift farther and farther from the original pure idea, and be led into different fantastic beliefs and superstitions, depending for their character very much on the circumstances of each individual nation. If a nation were licentious or trifling, its religion would be of a licentious and trifling character; if the nation were earnest and warlike, the religion would be earnest and warlike. Accordingly we find the Scandinavian religion like its professors, rude, uncouth and rugged, and yet withal not without a certain homely poetry in its myths and beliefs.


I shall not attempt to trace the progress of the Scandinavian creed, but shall simply consider some of its features, some of its gods, perhaps some of the stories about them, and the constitution of the world as believed in by your Norse ancestors before their conversion to Christianity—consider the religion, at what, if you will pardon the expression, may be called its height. But before we proceed, please to remember that the Scandinavians worshipped no idols; heathens they were and blind, but

they did not "bow down to wood and stone;" secondly, that they elevated to the rank of gods some of their heroes; and, thirdly, that they had no fine spun system of philosophy; by reason of which facts, at any rate of the first and third, and I am not sure but of the second also, their conversion to Christianity was more easily brought about than that of the more polished nations of the south.

The chief of the Scandinavian gods was Odin or Wodin. As war was the highest idea in the Saxon mind, so Odin was god of war, although he had been at first thought of as simply the supreme being, the All-father. He still retained in the popular mind his preëminence, but he was god of war. He delighted in war and bloodshed, but was yet the creator of the very men in whose deaths he found pleasure. He is called, in the Icelandic Edda "The terrible and severe god; the father of slaughter; he who giveth victory and reviveth courage in the conflict; who nameth those that are to be slain," and again the same book speaks of him as one who "liveth and governeth during the ages; he directeth everything which is high and everything which is low, whatever is great and whatever is small; he hath made the heaven, the air and man, who is to live forever, and before the heaven and the earth existed this god lived already with the giants." One peculiarity of Odin was that he had but one eye. This came about in this way: by the roots of the great tree of the universe Yggdrasill, of which we shall speak later, was the well of wisdom, Mimir's well, whose waters gave wisdom. Odin went there and begged and obtained a draught, but the price was that he leave one of his eyes with Mimir. It is to be remarked also that according to the belief of many, including Mr. Carlyle, the original Odin was a man, a hero, deified after his death. As in the Grecian mythology Hera was allied to Zeus, so in the North we find Odin provided with a wife Frigga, and if the poet-musician

Wagner is worthy of belief, this goddess, whom he calls Fricka, and introduces into his trilogy, possessed much of the jealous and interfering and nagging character of Juno, at least if we may judge from the duet in the second act of *Die Walküre*. It may be noted in passing, however, that Wagner has taken great liberties with Norse mythology, and used the poet's license very freely, and while he professes to set forth the *Nibelungenlied*, has changed it in very many respects; all of which however, does not prevent his work, both from the view of the poet and the musician, being great indeed; but one is reminded of the remark of the French officer after the charge of the light brigade at Balaclava, "*C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" So, perhaps, Frigga is a much slandered deity, and was in fact, a model of all the virtues that should distinguished good Norse matrons.

The god next in importance to Odin was his son Thor, about whom clustered many legends. He is called the defender and avenger of the gods. His weapon, with which he battled against the giants, was his terrible hammer or mallet, which, when thrown, returned of itself to his hand. He was a very busy god—too busy to live with other gods at Asgard; he dwelt in a mansion, called *Bitskirnir*, in the densest, gloomiest part of the clouds, and when he issued thence on his chariot, the wheels set the thunder rolling, while from his hammer flashed the lightning, mountains were cloven and imprisoned streams and fire set loose. Then there was Freya, goddess of pleasure and love. She dispensed all pleasure, enjoyments and delights, and as war was the great pleasure of the Norseman, she went to war, battled by the side of Odin, and divided with him the souls of the slain. Beside these, there were Baldur, the wise, eloquent, and bright-visaged god, symbolized by the sun. Tyr, the protector of warriors; Njord, the ruler of the seas and waves;



Bragi, god of poetry; Heimdall, the porter of heaven, and several others, whom we call the gods, and who, united and all subordinated to the great All-father, Odin, represented the good principle. Heimdall was a rather important personage. The gods had bridged the space between heaven and earth with the rainbow, and Heimdall was placed on guard at one extremity to prevent an incursion of the giants, and a fine guardian he was. He slept more lightly than a bird; he saw at night as well as day for a hundred leagues; he could hear the grass grow in the fields and the wool on the backs of the sheep.

Now there is scarcely any religion without its devil; not necessarily the Devil in the Christian sense, but the representative of the evil principle, and he always plays a very important part in the religious thought of the people, sometimes, especially amongst nations of a very low stage of advancement in thought, he is worshipped, in order that he may be induced not to harm those who fear him. Indeed, sometimes the evil spirit receives more worship than the good. Thus Mr. Parkman, resting upon the authority of the Jesuit missionaries Brebeuf, Sagard and Charlevoix, in his account of the religion of the Iroquois, while he tells us of the sacrifices offered to powerful and sometimes malignant deities, says that to Jouskeha, the sun, the god of fruitfulness and the father of the human race, no prayers were offered, "his benevolent nature rendering them superfluous."

Now as every well regulated religion must have its devil, we find this being in the Scandinavian mythology in the person of Loki. The Edda, a Scandinavian religious book, thus describes him, "the calumniator of the gods, the grand contriver of deceits and frauds, the reproach of gods and men. He is beautiful in his figure, but his mind is evil and his inclinations inconstant. Nobody renders him divine honors. He surpasses all

mortals in the acts of perfidy and craft." We thus see that this rather interesting person resembles our Christian idea of the devil; he is the calumniator, from which character our name devil is derived; he is deceitful and malevolent; but the old Norsemen did not paint their representative of the evil principle with a repulsive exterior; they did not, as did the Christian Church in the middle ages, give him horns and a black skin and forked hoofs and a long barbed tail and make him breathe forth fire, so as to leave no excuse at all for associating with such an altogether unpleasant and repulsive monster. No; being aware that evil frequently presented itself under a most attractive exterior, and that to discover its real character was often a work of time, they gave to Loki a beautiful exterior. They also gave to him great cunning and great skill. Indeed, so marked was this part of his character that I have heard him described by Prof. R. E. Thompson as a combination of the devil and the American smart man.

Loki waged constant war against the supremacy of the gods and against the happiness of man, and in this contest his great allies were three monsters, his own children—the wolf Fenrir, chained until the last day; the Midgard serpent, cast into the sea to await a contest with Thor but who encircles the earth, and Hela or death.

Besides these and other deities, there were some beings, inferior and yet immortal, and of these probably the most interesting were the Valkyrs. The Valkyrs were maidens whose duty it was to select the candidates for Valhalla, or heaven, and before each battle the old Northman warriors believed that these lovely maidens, for they were lovely—the warrior feared not death—were, unseen, flitting in and out of the ranks, and putting their mark upon the brow of each gallant man who was shortly to be called away from earth and received into the presence of Odin. Once in the pres-

ence of the All-father, the Valkyrs became the attendants and companions of the heroes; they served them with the flesh of the boar Saehrimnir, and regaled them with mead, the milk of a goat, Heidrun. Daily the heroes sallied forth to the wild delight of conflict, as in the time of their earthly sojourn, and, after cutting each other to pieces and being miraculously made whole again, returned to the banqueting hall and the companionship of the Valkyrs. As we are now speaking of Valhalla, we may note its opposite, the place of gloom as opposed to the place of joy, Nifheim, to which went, not as we might suppose, the sinful and the violent, but those who died of disease, of old age. There Hela reigned. Her palace was Anguish; her table Famine; her knife Starvation; the threshold of her door was a Precipice; her bed, Care; the hangings of her apartments Burning Anguish; and in place of Valkyrs, her guests were attended by Slowness and Delay. Is it any wonder a Norseman sought to avoid a natural death?

Besides Valkyrs¹ there were the inferior celestials, the Norms, or destinies, of whom the principal were Urd (the past), Verdandi (the present), and Skuld (the future).

The other race of inferior immortals was the race of the giants, the foes of the gods, the coadjutors and assistants of Loki.

So much then as an account of the principal persons of the Norse religion. Let us now look at some of the principal events narrated in the sacred books, some of the principal matters of belief of a pious Scandinavian, and some of the legends and stories about his gods. As is most natural, we turn first to the creation of the world.


In the beginning there was chaos, thus in the *Voluspa*, or *Song of the Prophetess*, beautifully described: "In

¹ It may be of interest to note that Heine regards the witches of Macbeth as originally Valkyrs, stripped of their beauty and attractiveness.

the day-spring of the ages there was neither sea, nor shore, nor refreshing breezes. There was neither earth below, nor heaven above to be distinguished. The whole was only one vast abyss without herb and without seeds. The sun had then no palace, the stars knew not their dwelling place, the moon was ignorant of her power."

After this, two worlds were formed; a burning, flaming world toward the south, a cloudy and dark one toward the north. From the northern world flowed into the space between the two worlds torrents of venom, which were gradually congealed and filled the abyss with scum and ice, overhung by icy vapor. There came a soft southern breeze and melted the vapor into living drops, and from them a giant, called Ymir, was born. His progeny were the giants, who soon became so evil and corrupt that the gods slew Ymir, and the blood flowed in such profusion from his wounds that all the giants but one, who, with his family, saved himself in his boat, were drowned. We may here see a distant and distorted recollection of the deluge, which is of value as strengthening the proof of the historical accuracy of the Old Testament. Some of you will remember an allusion in one of the odes in the first book of Horace to Deucalion and his story, which doubtless rests upon the same original as the Norse belief. From the body of the giant, a new world, the present earth, was made; his blood made the seas and rivers, his flesh the land, his bones the great mountains, his teeth and splinters of broken bones the rocks, his skull the vault of heaven, lighted by vapors and fires ordained to run through certain spaces. The earth was made round and surrounded by a deep ocean, on the outward banks of which were placed the giants, and, one day, the gods found two pieces of wood floating upon the water, out of which they made a man and a woman, Ask and Embla.

We must not suppose, however, that this was the only account of the earth. Our ancestors seem to have antici-



pated us in the matter of scientific and religious divisions, and some among them were no more content with one account of the world and its origin and composition than in our time some of our restless scientists have been, and, as we have the Mosaic and Darwinian theories of creation, so the Norsemen had the Ymirian and Yggdrasillic theories. According to the latter the earth was a disc in the midst of a vast ocean, encircled by the great Midgard serpent, who held his tail in his mouth; beyond the ocean, and encircling it, was the Jotunheim, the mountainous home of the giants. The disc rested upon a three-stemmed ash, some of whose branches reached to Asgard, or Heaven. At the roots of the tree, monsters gnawed, but the Norns sprinkled them with water from the fountain of wisdom, which gushed out in the neighborhood of the roots, and so preserved them. It may be noted in passing that these two theories may be reconciled. There was nothing to prevent the gods putting the world, made out of Ymir, on the boughs of Yggdrasill. We may note in passing that Mr. I. A. Blackwell, in his "Critical Examination of the Leading Doctrines of the Scandinavian System of Mythology," finds in Yggdrasill the original of the English Maypole and the German, and our own, Christmas tree.

Let us now look at two of the mythological stories, before we contemplate the end of the world from a Norse standpoint. The first story drawn from the Edda is the journey of Thor to Jotunheim. One day Thor set out in his car, drawn by his two goats, accompanied by Loki. After skinning and eating his goats, and having them come to life again at a peasant's hut, for his goats were even more remarkable than the proverbial eel, which is said to get used to skinning—Thor, on foot, with Loki and two attendants, Thjalfi and Röskva, found himself in a dense forest, in which, after some search, he came to a large hall, into which he and his companions went. Toward midnight the place was shaken as by an earthquake,

followed by a terrible groaning. At dawn Thor went out, and observed near him a creature of enormous bulk, snoring loudly. On awakening he announced that he was the giant Skrymir, and asked what had been done with his glove, and then picked up that which Thor had taken for a hall. It was the giant's glove, and the travelers had slept in the thumb of it. Skrymir then proposed to join them. His offer was accepted and the provisions were all put into a wallet, to be carried by the giant. At dusk Skrymir lay down to sleep, first handing the wallet to Thor, and then began to snore lustily. Strange to say Thor could not open the wallet. This doubtless angered him, and the snoring—snoring in one's immediate neighborhood is sometimes very annoying—adding to his wrath, he grasped his hammer with both hands and hurled it at the sleeper's head. Skrymir awoke, asked whether a leaf had fallen on him, and whether his friends had supped, and went to sleep again. Again he snored and the wood reëchoed with the noise. Thor again hurled his hammer, this time so hard that it sunk into the giant's skull. "What's the matter, did an acorn fall on my head? How fares it with thee, Thor?" said Skrymir, awaking and stretching himself, while Thor moved rapidly away, saying it was only midnight and that there was still time to sleep, but resolved to make away with the giant before daybreak, if there were left any virtue in muscle and hardness in mallet. And so he watched and, toward daybreak, seeing Skrymir again asleep, doubtless enjoying that early morning nap which all of us like, and none the less if it comes at a time when we ought to get up, Thor hurled his mallet with such force that it forced its way into the giant's cheek up to the handle. There was effect this time, for Skrymir sat up and stroked his cheek, it had evidently been stung, and said: "Are there any birds perched on this tree? Methought when I awoke some moss from the branches fell on my head. Oh, art thou awake, Thor? Methinks it is time

for us to get up and dress ourselves. But you have not now a long way before you to the city called Utgard. I have heard you whispering to one another that I am not a man of small dimensions, but if you come into Utgard you will see there many men taller than myself. Wherefore, I advise you when you come there not to make too much of yourselves, for the followers of Utgard Loki will not brook the boasting of such manikins as ye are. The best thing you could do would probably be to turn back again; but if you persist in going on, take the road that leads eastward, for mine now lies northward to those rocks which you may see in the distance." So saying, he left them and disappeared in the forest, and, to quote Har, the speaker in the Prose Edda, "I could never hear that Thor wished to meet with him a second time."

The friends proceeded to Utgard, and there courteously presented themselves before Utgard Loki, as he sat attended by prodigious giants in his hall. Mockingly were they received by the King, who asked, addressing Thor: "What are the feats that thou and thy fellows deem yourselves skilled in, for no one is permitted to remain here who does not in some feat or other excel all other men?" First answered Loki, Thor's Loki; he offered to eat more quickly than any one else, and forthwith Utgard Loki called forth one of his followers, Logi. A trough filled with flesh was set on the hall floor. Loki was set at one end of it and Logi at the other. The signal given, both champions started in merrily to eat, and met at the middle part of the trough. Loki had eaten all the flesh between his end and the middle, but Logi had eaten the flesh and the bone and the trough in the bargain. All voices hailed Logi as the conqueror, and Loki retired crestfallen. Next stood forth Thjalfi and offered to run a foot-race, and to run with him stood forth as the home champion a young man named Hugi. In the first course, Hugi finished first, turned back and

met Thjalfi not far from the starting point; in the second, Hugi was victor by a full bow-shot; in the third, he reached the goal before Thjalfi had got half way.

Now the King turned to the mighty Thor. What would he do? Thor proposed a drinking match. Utgard Loki ordered to be produced a large horn, it did not seem to Thor of extraordinary size, although somewhat long, and said: "Whoever is a good drinker will empty that horn at a single draught, though some men make two of it, but the most puny drinker of all can do it in three." Thor raised the horn and drank long and deeply without drawing breath, that he might prove himself within Loki's definition of a good drinker, but, when he set it down, the liquor had been scarcely perceptibly diminished. He returned to the assault, and, when he had finished his draught, the horn could be carried without spilling. A third time he essayed, but the liquor was but little lower in the cup, and he sadly gave the horn back to the cup-bearer and asked for another test. "We have a very trifling game here," was the reply, "in which we exercise none but children. It consists in merely lifting my cat from the ground. I should not have dared to mention such a feat to Asa Thor if I had not already observed that thou art by no means what we took thee for." The cat came forward. Thor clasped him, but with all his efforts, the cat making what wrestlers call "a bridge" of himself with curved back, Thor could do no more than lift one of his feet. With a sneer, said Utgard Loki: "This trial has turned out just as I imagined it would. The cat is large, but Thor is little in comparison to our men." Angrily cried the Aesir: "Little as ye call me, let me see who amongst you will come hither now I am in wrath and wrestle with me!" No man came forward, and Loki sent for his old nurse, Elli, and bade her take hold of the god, saying, "she has thrown to the ground many a man not less strong than this Thor is!" Thor and Elli grappled, and, after a struggle,

the toothless old crone forced down upon one knee the defender of the gods. At Loki's command the battle ceased, and the night was passed in good cheer. On the morrow Utgard Loki led his guests beyond the gates of the city, and at parting said to the dejected Thor: "It behooves me to tell thee the truth now thou art out of the city, which, so long as I live and have my way, thou shalt never reënter; and, by my troth, had I known that thou hadst so much strength in thee and wouldst have brought me so near to a great mishap, I would not have suffered thee to enter this time. Know then that I have all along deceived thee by my illusions; first in the forest, where I arrived before thee, and there thou wert unable to untie the wallet because I had bound it with iron wire in such a manner that thou couldst not discover how the knot ought to be loosened. After this thou gavest me three blows with thy mallet; the first, though the least, would have ended my days had it fallen on me; but I brought a rocky mountain before me which thou didst not perceive, and in this mountain thou wilt find three glens, one of them remarkably deep. These are the dints made by the mallet. I have made use of similar illusions in the contests ye have had with my followers. In the first, Loki, like hunger itself, devoured all that was set before him, but Logi was, in reality, nothing else than ardent fire, and therefore consumed not only the meat but the trough which held it. Hugi, with whom Thjalfi contended in running, was Thought, and it was impossible for Thjalfi to keep pace with that. When thou, in thy turn, didst try to empty the horn, thou didst perform, by my troth, a deed so marvelous that, had I not seen it myself, I should never have believed it. For one end of that horn reached to the sea, which thou wast not aware of, but when thou comest to the shore thou wilt perceive how much the sea has sunk by thy draughts, which have caused what is now called the ebb. Thou didst perform a feat no less wonderful by lifting

up the cat, and to tell thee the truth, we were, all of us, terror struck, for what thou tookest for a cat was in reality the great Midgard serpent, that encompasseth the whole earth, and he then was barely long enough to enclose it between his head and tail, so high had thy hand raised him up toward heaven. Thy wrestling with Elli was also a most astonishing feat, for there was never yet a man, nor ever shall be, whom Old Age, for such, in fact, was Elli, will not sooner or later lay low if he abide her coming. But now, as we are going to part, let me tell thee that it will be better for both of us if thou never come here again, for shouldst thou do so, I shall again defend myself by other illusions, so that thou wilt never prevail against me." In a rage Thor laid hold of his mallet, but Utgard Loki had vanished. Thor then would have destroyed the city, but he saw nothing before him but a verdant plain. So ended Thor's visit to Jotunheim.

The other story to which I shall call your attention is called the Death of Baldur the Good.

Baldur was tormented with dreams, which indicated that his life was in peril. He told them to the assembled Aesir who, as they loved Baldur, resolved to conjure all things to avert from him the threatened danger. So Frigga traveled the world over and took an oath from everything, from fire, from water, from metals, from stones, from woods, from all things animate and inanimate that they would not injure Baldur. The oath was taken from all things except a little shrub called Mistletoe, which Frigga thought too young and weak to crave an oath from. After this a favorite amusement of the gods was to have Baldur stand up as a mark, while they hurled stones and darts at him, and hewed at him with their swords and battle-axes. They could not hurt him, and the whole performance was regarded as showing great honor to Baldur. But one day Loki, whose soul was vexed at the honor showed to Baldur, and learning that there was one plant which had not sworn to do him

no harm, cut a piece of the mistletoe, and, repairing to Valhalla, found the gods merrily pelting their brother, and some distance apart the blind god, Hoder. "Why," said Loki to Hoder, "do you not throw something at Baldur?" "Because I am blind and see not where he is, and, beside, I have nothing to throw." "Come, then," said Loki, "do like the rest, show honor to Baldur by throwing this twig at him, and I will direct thy aim." Hoder took the mistletoe and, guided by Loki, threw it. It struck Baldur, pierced him, and he fell dead. Horror and grief fell upon all the Aesir and a messenger, Hermod, son of Odin, was sent to Hela to offer her a ransom, if she would allow Baldur to return to Asgard. When Hermod, after a journey of nine days and nights, reached Hell, he found his brother Baldur, and besought Hela to allow him to return with him. Hela replied that it was now to be tested if Baldur were so much beloved as he was said to be. "If, therefore," she said, "all things in the world both living and lifeless weep for him, then shall he return to the Aesir, but if any one thing speak against him or refuse to weep, he shall be kept in Hell."

Hermod returned to Asgard, and messengers were sent throughout the world to exhort, to implore all things to weep for Baldur, and it seemed as though all the world had complied with the entreaty; and the messengers were returning with a joyful conviction that they had been successful in their mission when, by a cavern, they found an old hag named Thaukt. To their request for her tears on behalf of Baldur she answered:

"Thaukt will wail
With arid tears,
Baldur's bale fire.
Naught, quick or dead
By man's son gain I;
Let Hela hold what's hers!"

The Edda adds: "It was strongly suspected that the hag was no other than Loki himself."

Many are the tales told of Loki who, in most of them, gets the advantage of the gods, but vengeance finally overtook him. One of his devices was to assume the likeness of a salmon, and one day the gods, having constructed a net, after a model obtained from Loki himself, they threw the net into the river in which Loki was, Thor holding one end of the net and all the rest of the gods the other end, and they carefully drew the net to catch him, but, Loki concealing himself between two stones, the net passed over him. They dragged it again, but Loki jumped over it into a water fall and took his course toward the sea. The gods followed, still dragging the net, and Loki saw that he had two chances of escape, one to swim out to sea, the other to leap again over the net. He tried the latter, but Thor caught him as he jumped and held him by the tail, "and this," says the Edda, "is the reason that salmon have had their tails ever since so fine and thin." The gods then took Loki and bound him, in his own shape, to the points of three rocks within a cavern, while the goddess Skadi, the wife of the sea god, Njord, suspended over him a serpent, so placed that its venom should fall upon the face of Loki drop by drop. So he was to be until the end of the world, but the wife of Loki, Siguna, came to his aid and, standing by his side, received the drops of venom into a cup, thus sparing the sufferer; but when the cup was full it had to be emptied, and while that process was going on the venom would fall upon Loki, making him howl and twist so that the earth was shaken, "and this," says the Prose Edda, "produces what men call earthquakes."

So much as an example of the Norse mythological stories. Let us now turn from history to prophecy and take from the Edda the account of what is to come—the end of the world, called in the older writers Ragnarok—by some of the writers of the Nibelungenlied and by Wagner, the *Götterdämmerung*—the Twilight of the Gods. According to the Edda the events of that great

time will be as follows: There shall be three winters untempered by a single summer, then three more, during which war and discord shall spread over the earth, brethren slaying each other for mere gain, and ties of blood affording no protection against slaughter. Then the sun and moon shall be devoured by wolves, the stars be hurled from heaven, trees be torn up by their roots, mountains totter and fall headlong. Then the wolf Fenrir breaks loose, and the Midgard serpent, turning with giant force, causes the sea to rush over the land. Fenrir and the serpent advance together against the gods; heaven is cleft in twain and, through the breach rides Surtur, a being as to whom it is not clear whether he is a giant or not, but who is an enemy of the gods, and who carries a sword which outshines the sun, and before and behind him is burning fire, and who is accompanied by his hosts. They ride over the rainbow Bifrost, and it breaks to pieces. They go to the battlefield Vigrid, and are joined by Fenrir, the Midgard serpent, Loki, the followers of Hela and the giants. Heimdall rises, and blows a blast upon his horn to warn the gods. They assemble. Odin goes to Mimir's well, the well of wisdom, under the root of Yggdrasill, and consults Mimir. The great ash shakes; the Aesir and the heroes of Valhalla take the field, led on by Odin. Odin ranges himself against the wolf Fenrir, Thor against the Midgard serpent. Frey encounters Surtur and, after a hard fight, is killed. A great dog, Garm, attacks Tyr, and they kill each other. Thor slays the Midgard serpent, but, in dying, it vomits forth venom which overwhelms the god, and he falls in the hour of victory. Fenrir swallows Odin, and is himself rent by Vidar. Loki and Heimdall die by each other's hand. Then Surtur darts flame and fire over the earth, and the universe is consumed and from the conflagration, is seen a new abode of bliss, Gimli; a new place of misery, Nas-trond, and a new earth, to which shall come Baldur and

Hoder and Vidar and Vali and the sons of Thor, bringing their father's mallet; and two human beings, Lifth-rasir and Lif, who have lain concealed during Surtur's fire, who shall feed on morning dew, and whose descendants shall cover the earth.

Here we leave the sacred books of our ancestors. I have tried to take enough from them to give an idea of the spirit of the Norse religion without taking too much time or wearying you. You can read the Norse character in its religion; you see how marked it is by simplicity; see how thoroughly sincere it is; how strong is the contrast in that respect between it and the southern mythologies; how warlike it is; and yet you can see in it much of a homely kind of poetry. Examine, analyze the stories, and you will find many allegories. The stories given you are fair examples of the many that you will find to repay research, if you make it, as a profitable employment of part of your leisure hours, into, for example, such a book as that treasure-house of Scandinavian learning, "Mallet's Northern Antiquities," which good Bishop Percy, ever dear to us as the collector of Percy's Reliques, translated so long ago as 1770, and which has been added to by Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Blackwell. I have done little more than tell you stories, stories that delighted our ancestors in the infancy of our race. The subject is a delightful one, and if, by what has been said, there has been excited among you any curiosity with reference to the Norse Mythology, considered either as an exponent of the character of Norseman or as explanatory of much that we meet with in modern history, this evening has not been wasted.

THE USE OF A JURY.

(A lecture delivered before the Northeastern Workingmen's Club, of Philadelphia, March 7th, 1874.)

I intend to speak to you upon a subject which lies continually before us, and yet one which we do not, as citizens, properly or sufficiently consider, and whose vital importance to the preservation of our rights and liberties we by no means adequately appreciate.

The Jury is, perhaps, the most ancient institution of a free country, and as such it claims the attention of every one who would understand the conditions of his political life and the safeguards which the wisdom of ages has thrown about him, as well in his individual as in his political capacity, and, therefore, I have chosen it, or more especially the use of it, as the subject of my lecture this evening. I have been especially impelled to this choice by a knowledge that there is at present a tendency on the part of people of all classes, except, perhaps, men of that class which, from its intimate connection with the workings of a jury, might be expected to know most about it, to underestimate the value of the jury. Those of us who hold firm faith in the institution are assailed upon all sides by questions such as these: "What good after all is a jury? How can twelve men, unlearned in the law, drawn helter skelter from the mass of the community, pretend to decide knotty points of right and wrong?" And, again, "why drag men, artisans, merchants, from their daily labor and compel them, day after day, shut up in close, disagreeable court-rooms, to listen to tedious evidence and troublesome cases?" "Why," ask some, "must we neglect our business to serve on a jury?" To answer some of these questions, and others which arise, naturally enough, in the minds of persons,

who either have not carefully considered what a jury is and what are its powers, its peculiar province, or who have been led away by superficial views of comfort or even of propriety, is my object this evening, and especially to answer the question, "What good?" In other words, I propose to say something of the use of a jury.

Before, however, taking up the subject proper, you will suffer me to say a few words upon the natural origin of the venerable institution of which you men form a part.

In the earliest stages of a nation's history, the administration of justice is found to be connected with religion; the same man is, at one and the same time, priest and lawyer and judge. It is very natural that such should be the case, for when society is but rudely organized, when the coercive powers of government are in a low state of advancement, when, in fact, the idea of a State or nation, properly so called, has hardly begun to have place in the mind of man (and the family idea, let us recollect, comes long before the national idea; it was, for instance, a long time before the Scotch learned that there was something beyond and superior to the clan); the idea of the state, as we comprehend it, is a proof of an advanced stage of social organization, under such circumstances man will not readily submit himself or his ideas of right and wrong to the judgment of his fellow-man, just or unjust, and of submission to the state he, as yet, knows nothing. Nor is it easy to compel him to submit, to coerce him. Public opinion, that tremendous engine in a civilized community, is not strong enough in a rude state, and even say that a number of people should unite together, rise in arms to force an offender into obedience to law, form themselves, so to speak, into a sort of rude posse comitatus; the culprit on his part, the family tie being stronger than the national, is aided by all his kinsfolk and friends, who likewise take arms; so that in an uncivilized state, if it depended upon natural power alone, every lawsuit would

be a civil war on a small or large scale, according to the power and importance of the parties to the action. To remedy this comes in the mysterious power of religion, and the superstitious reverence which all barbarous nations have for the ministers of religion, and the priest comes in between man and man; he makes his regulations and gives judgment, and in giving judgment declares that judgment to be the will, the decision, not of a man, or even of a magician, but of the Almighty. To this the barbarian will submit. A principal reason for his resistance to the authority of men about him has been that they were his equals; should he, a free man, yield to that which is in no whit superior to himself! No! let him perish first. But that reason is now removed, the superior is found, and the proudest warrior, the chief of a thousand, bows in deep humility to the will of the gods, and to the dictates of their ministers.

We find this to have been the case historically as well as theoretically. I shall not allude in illustration to the Jews, for their government was, as we all know, a direct theocracy, and God did speak through His appointed ministers in Israel, to His people, guiding them always; but I shall come nearer home and instance the Druids amongst the Britons and Gauls. These Druids were the priests of the Britons. They offered their sacrifices; they taught them the laws which they themselves had made; they were the judges of our ancestors, and often their executioners also, since criminals were at times offered up as propitiations to the offended deities.

But priestly government cannot last forever. As a nation increases in size and knowledge, the national idea, the idea of the State, begins to develop, families become more intermingled and, hence, dispersed, by marriage, by change of home, and by other causes, and the people begin to discover that there is a broader bond of union than that of mere relation by birth, and a wider, higher allegiance than that to the chief of the family or clan.

What we call patriotism and public spirit begins to spring up. The power of the priests has until now rested, in a large degree at least, upon the belief in their absolute perfection and fallibility as representatives of the divinity and on the monopoly of learning and science which they have maintained. The belief now begins to die out, and the monopoly is invaded by the general spread of enlightenment. The people dares now to think for itself, and some bold spirits even to question the authority to which they have hitherto looked up with awe, and obeyed with deep submission, and even to determine that in some cases it has erred. Property, too, increases, and its possessors begin to give themselves more anxiety as to its preservation. It is one thing for a barbarian to lose, either by force or by an unjust or capricious judgment, his all, when that all consists of a bow, a spear, a mud hut and a few skins of wild beasts, easily replaced by his own labor, and it is quite another thing for a man in an advanced state of civilization to lose his all, the accumulation of years of his own life and of his ancestors before him, a loss which may be irreparable. So a better organization of society manifestly becomes necessary. Some settled rule must be laid down to govern all cases arising within its provisions. That rule must be obeyed or it is worse than useless, for an unexecuted, unenforced law brings the law-giving power into contempt, and accordingly men lay down rules, or laws, bind themselves to obey the laws, and compel others of the community to do the same. In this state of progress the necessity still remains for decisions on points in dispute. Has this or that man violated this or that law or has he not? Has this or that man done such or such a deed or has he not? Some one must decide. Shall people still go to the priests? Alas! as civilization, with its more complicated interests, advances, disputes increase, and the poor clerics would be hard-worked if obliged to decide them all; and alas, too, the priests have no longer that repu-

tation of ineffable sanctity and justice and wisdom which formerly gave such weight to their decisions. And yet, unless you wish to go back to a condition of barbarism and anarchy, some decision upon each point of dispute must be made. What then is the most natural course for free people to take when they have learned that, for the sake of order, of advancement in the arts, and of security of property, it is necessary that some little of that personal freedom, so dear to the heart of every man, and especially every Anglo-Saxon, must be sacrificed to the common good and man? Manifestly to have the disputes which arise decided by the people, to let the nation, for whose sake a part of personal liberty is yielded, do justice amongst her children. We have a record of this in our legal forms of pleading, for when a man submits himself to the judgment of a jury, he is said to put himself upon the country. In the English form a man elects to be tried "By God and by my country!" an appeal to God as to his own rectitude and to his country as fully and ready to do justice. But, of course, it would be impossible that the whole nation, *en masse*, should decide every case, and it must, therefore, do it by representatives. And what shall these representatives be? Shall they be a body of men especially set apart to decide causes? To this several objections at once arise. As the questions that a jury decides are questions of fact, involving the veracity or perjury of the witnesses and parties, it is throwing a terrible burden on any men to compel them to sit constantly in judgment upon another man's motives and morals, and from the very fact of their being constantly so employed, becoming used to spectacles of perjury and deceit, there would be a tendency toward carelessness, let alone the facts that a body of men, so sequestered from the ordinary walks of life, would not have the necessary acute knowledge of the dealings and manners of men, that such a body might be chosen or appointed from political motives and, being a

known body, might be readily approached and influenced. Manifestly this hardly suits the genius of a free people. What then remains? It remains to take the jury, as we now take it, from the body of the people by chance. And see the advantages. We have a body of men who represent all interests of the community, broad-cloth beside fustian, capital beside labor, who come to sit in judgment upon the dealings of men in ordinary life, fresh from that ordinary life themselves, who come fettered with no theories as to the usual behavior of a truthful witness on the stand, but bringing with them the experience of how truthful men act in general. They have no interest to promote, no popularity to make while they serve, for, when the few days for which they are summoned are past, they again subside into the mass of the community, and their names are forgotten, while their work remains. They bring with them knowledge of the various trades and businesses to which the suitors who appear before them belong, and it often happens that upon a question of mechanism or trade more light is thrown in the jury-room by a few words from a juror, whose life has given him the full and practical knowledge of matters akin to that under consideration, than has been afforded by the labored explanation and argument of the counsellor who, with great effort and great ingenuity and great learning, has endeavored to make plain to the jury that which he himself has but recently, and at cost of great pains, mastered. Besides this fitness, the chance system gives to every man the privilege of being judged by his peers or equals, while a body of men set apart for the purpose of sitting in judgment on matters of fact, would soon come to be regarded by the community at large as a superior sort of persons, to be conciliated in every way on account of their power.

So now I will take it for granted, though I have merely touched upon a subject upon which books might be written, that you are satisfied that the origin of our sys-

tem of the jury is a perfectly natural one, and will pass on to speak cursorily of its duty.

The duty of the jury is to decide matters of fact. With questions of law it has nothing to do. The Judge pronounces what the law is in a given state of facts—he is responsible for that, not the jury—and the jury find whether certain facts exist, and then apply the law as given to them by the Judge to these facts as they find them to be. You can easily see the propriety of this division of labor, the Judge deciding the law, the jury the facts, since to speak intelligently with regard to the law and its refinements and its delicate shades of right and wrong requires a certain amount of professional training and learning, such as it would be impossible for a person to acquire without long and arduous study, while as to questions of fact nothing is required but the common sense which almost every man possesses, joined to the business knowledge which men who serve on juries are almost all forced to acquire in their every-day avocations. Another advantage in a jury trial is that a man, in a measure at least, may be said to select his own judges, by means of the challenge which excludes all improper jurors, and which shows in a high degree the care which is exercised in our jury system to secure to every man a fair trial. Either party to a cause may challenge individuals of the jury for supposed unfitness to try the particular case before them, and if the reason is sustained that challenged juror will not be allowed to serve or, if the jury has been improperly empanelled by the sheriff, either side may object to the whole jury, and if this objection is sustained the whole panel will be discharged and a new one called. This is called challenging the array. In challenging the array, however, it will be well not to fall into the error of an Irish colonel of dragoons, of whom Sir Jonah Barrington speaks. The colonel's brother had been killed in a duel, and the victor was on trial for the murder. The jury

brought in a verdict of not guilty, greatly to the disgust of the gallant officer, who sat moping and complaining that justice had not been done, that the jury had been packed, etc., etc. A legal friend said to him: "Why didn't you challenge the array; it's allowable?" Challenge smote on the soldier's ear with a familiar sound. The colonel rose and left the room, and shortly after returned in much better spirits, saying: "Well, I've done it; you couldn't expect me to fight the whole dozen of them at once, but I've picked out that big fellow and challenged him for to-morrow."

Now, then, seeing what a jury is, let us ask what good? I have already alluded to its use for the purpose of deciding matters of fact, but it has a further and greater use, namely, that by making the people a part of the machinery for the execution of law it familiarizes them with the course of justice, and gives to them a confidence in its correctness which otherwise they would not have. You know we are always better satisfied with a thing when it is done under our own supervision. Besides, the presence of a jury is a constant check upon arbitrary conduct on the part of the judge, and this leads to the consideration of its great political use, to wit, as a constant conservator of public liberty. "Eternal vigilance," it has been well said, "is the price of liberty," and it is through the jury that the people exercises that eternal vigilance, for almost every form of human wrong, or species of injustice, is sooner or later brought before a tribunal, and when there is present then a jury, it not only hears of the wrong and injustice coming from high quarters, or of insidious invasions of popular liberty itself, but holds it in its power to prevent oppression; nay, each single jurymen holds it in his power, for juries, let us be thankful, must arrive at a unanimous conclusion before a man can be deprived of life, liberty or property; and besides, when the jurymen return to the body of the people from whence they came, they carry with them

the knowledge acquired during their term of service, and can warn their fellow-citizens against any approach of despotism. Take away the great bulwark of our liberties—the jury, and what remains? The Executive? Alas, popular liberty has been most frequently invaded from that quarter, and the examples of the Roman Emperors, of the French republic, prostrate at the feet of the First Consul and afterward at the feet of the President, the late Emperor, of England, crushed, after overthrowing one tyrant, under the heel of another who was merely a wiser tyrant, though he called himself the Lord Protector, warn us that no reliance can be placed upon that department of government, unchecked, for the lust of power is a growing one, and when a man has once tasted it is indeed.

“As if excess of appetite had grown
By what it fed on.”

The Legislature? Do we remember the assembly in the French Revolution, followed by the denunciations and the guillotine, the edicts tearing from the emigrant nobles all their property, the edict confiscating the lands of the Church? And, besides, in later days have we never heard of a corrupt Legislature; have we never heard it rumored that certain great corporations are able to control the Legislature of our own Commonwealth; that members of Congress even have been charged with corruption in matters upon which the Congress acted? Have we forgotten Oakes Ames and the Credit Mobilier? No! the Legislature cannot be our sheet anchor. The Judiciary then? Surely those learned and able men, skilled in the knowledge of the law, will never assault the foundations of that law! We might trust the Judiciary farther than the two foregoing branches of government. But even the Judiciary must not be relied on too far. Judges are but men, and while I am thankful that the judges with whom we in this Commonwealth are

acquainted, are a learned, high-toned, honorable and pure body of men, who would scorn to degrade their high office, and shrink from corruption as from the leprosy, yet upon the pages of history we do find instances of judges who have prostituted their offices to their greed or their desire to keep well with those in power. There have been on the bench, though, as a lawyer, I am proud to say rarely, men like Jeffreys, whose progress through England after the overthrow of the Monmouth rebellion, in the battle of Sedgmoor, we still call the bloody assize, when Colonel Kirk, at the head of his regiment of cut-throats, called "The Lambs," and the representative of impartial justice vied with each other in their bloody work. Nay, we need not go back so far into history or to a foreign land to find examples of danger from the Judiciary, and while in this country we have as yet had no Jeffreys, yet the recent sad experience of a sister Commonwealth warns us that even in this land a corrupt judge is a possible thing. What then remains to us? Manifestly the Jury. And recollect that the Jury is the representative of the people-at-large. As long as the body of the people is pure, law-abiding and liberty-loving, so long may we look for pure and independent juries and may rely upon them to uphold popular rights. When the body of the people becomes corrupt, cowardly or inert, nothing short of the miraculous interposition of God can save that people; it will lose its liberties, and it most emphatically deserves to lose them. "Who would be free, himself must strike the blow," says the poet, and so he who would maintain his liberties must himself guard them, or he is fit for nothing but a slave. But has the Jury ever proved itself to be, what it is claimed it is, the defender of popular liberty and of popular rights and the conservator of law? Yea, verily it has, and under most trying circumstances, circumstances of great and imminent danger and peril when, had the Jury failed the people, there would have been nothing left

but abject submission to the tyranny of the ruling powers, or the last, the very last resort of a nation, and a terrible one it is, to be used only in the direst extremity, insurrection. I shall give you but two examples, but they are striking ones; two examples where the Jury has said to the ruling authorities, "Stop! you are transgressing your bounds, you are invading our freedom; thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!"

The first example I shall take is what is known as the famous trial of the Bishops in the reign of James II, in England. The laws of England in the reign of that monarch, in accordance with the narrow spirit of the times,¹ laid under disabilities, political and personal, all persons who happened to differ from the established Church. These laws bore most severely upon the Roman Catholics, but inflicted at the same time upon Protestant dissenters, Puritans, Baptists, Quakers, etc., many and great inconveniences. James, not a member of the established Church himself, naturally had very little sympathy with the penal laws, as they were called, and made an endeavor to have them done away with and to introduce toleration. Now I find no fault with his object, for I will not willingly agree with those who look upon James's actions as betraying an intention to introduce a worse tyranny than that which he wished to destroy, but with the means he took, which, in their consequences, were fraught with fearful danger to the whole body of the English nation. You can easily see how a man's main object may be good and yet the means which he uses to accomplish his object may be in the highest degree criminal. As in the case of John Brown. His main object, the liberation of an oppressed race of men, was undoubtedly a generous and noble one, and rightly gone about would have entitled him to high honors, such as

¹ One may notice that the said narrow spirit exists also in this country, in New Hampshire, which has just (1877) refused to abolish the religious test for the purpose of office holding.

we delight to render Wilberforce; but when John Brown collected a body of men in arms and levied war against the State of Virginia and against the United States, he was guilty of treason, and when, in the course of his attack upon the United States arsenal, he and the desperate men with him killed some of those opposed to them, they committed murder, and I hope that none of us here, no matter how great friends we are of human liberty, and no matter how greatly we rejoice that the reproach of slavery no longer can be attributed to us, can deny that John Brown met upon the scaffold the rightful doom of a traitor and a murderer. So with James II. I hope we all condemn heartily religious persecution and approve universal toleration; that we do not approve of any refusal to remove the disability to hold office from members of any church. But while the penal laws remained they were laws, and could only be done away with by law. But James attempted to abrogate them otherwise, by the exercise of what he called the dispensing power. On the 4th of April, 1687, he issued his Declaration of Indulgence, in which he, by his own sole authority, set aside a long series of laws and granted full and free liberty of conscience to all the people of England. Now see the danger; if the King could set aside any law, once solemnly made and passed by the people in Parliament with the assent of the King, without the assent of Parliament to that repeal, where was there left any safeguard whatever for the people? Did not then all laws exist only by and during the pleasure of the monarch? If the King could set aside in favor of freedom so he might, when so minded, do in favor of oppression. The only reliance of the people would have to be on the King's good nature; and wherein would such a state of affairs be better than a despotism? On the 27th of April, 1688, the King followed up his former declaration by another containing the same sentiments, and this he commanded should be

read in all the churches at the time of divine service. This order roused the sleeping lion. The clergy of the Anglican Church had from the start regarded the declaration as illegal, but here they were, so to speak, to be forced to join in the commission of this illegal act. This could not be borne, and meetings of some of the most distinguished prelates of the Church were held and prayers offered to God for His guidance in the straight into which they were brought. After conference a paper was drawn up which, while it assured the King that its signers were loyal subjects, denied his authority to dispense with statutes in ecclesiastical matters, pronounced the declaration illegal, and maintained that the signers could not in prudence, honor or conscience be parties to the publication of an illegal declaration in the house of God and at the time of divine service. This paper was signed by Archbishop Sancroft, Bishops Lloyd, Turner, Lake, Ken, White and Trelawney. Notice these men, for it is to be remembered that, while they were the men who dared to meet royalty face to face in the commission of an illegal act and to say, "Thou hast sinned!" some of these very same men, notably the Archbishop and the noble Ken, suffered deprivation and obliquity for their loyalty in adversity to the very monarch whom they now, at the height of his power, checked. With the paper the six bishops waited upon the King and presented it to him, along with earnest and, in most cases, sincere protestations of loyalty. Reading it, the King passionately pronounced it rebellion; and, after an interview in which the King displayed great and violent anger and the Bishops most praiseworthy moderation and reverence for their sovereign, the prelates withdrew from the royal presence. In a short time after the Bishops had retired the paper was published, how was never known, as the Archbishop declared that he had taken every precaution to prevent publication and the King retained the original paper in his possession. The conduct of the

fathers of the church being known, it was heartily approved of by the body of the clergy and people, and the declaration was by no means universally read. In London it was read in only four parishes out of a hundred. Foiled thus, the King determined to punish those who had resisted his mandates, and he accordingly summoned the prelates to appear before his council on the 8th of June. They appeared, well fortified by the advice of the ablest counsel in England. To the honor of the English bar be it said, that it has rarely failed the nation in the hour of its need. Before the council the Bishops, after, for a little while, refusing to criminate themselves, acknowledged their hands as affixed to the paper, and were informed by the Lord Chancellor that a prosecution for libel would be begun against them in the Court of King's Bench, and, at the conclusion of the sitting, the prelates were sent under strong guard, but followed by the blessings of the populace, to the Tower of London, where they were incarcerated. In prison these holy men remained until the 15th of June, when they were brought into court and arraigned on a charge of libel. To the arraignment the prisoners pleaded not guilty. The 29th of June was then fixed for the trial and, till then, they were suffered to go at liberty on their own recognizances. The 29th day of June came, and with it the trial. I shall not describe it to you, although it is one of the most interesting incidents in English history, and English history, in a very great measure, is our history, too. Suffice it to say, that in a case tried before a bench of judges appointed by the Court and holding their offices at its mercy, with the issue squarely before them, knowing fully the attitude and desire of the government and being aware also of the determination of the government to procure the conviction of the prisoners at the bar, the jury found a verdict of not guilty, pronouncing thereby that it was not libel for the citizens of a free country to memorialize against an illegal act, and

pronouncing at the same time against the declaration as illegal and the dispensing power as tyranny. See what a blow was struck in defense of liberty, see from what perils it was saved! When that verdict was brought in all England rejoiced. Let me give you Lord Macaulay's account of the scene that took place when it was rendered:

"At ten the Court officers met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in their box, and there was a breathless silence.

"Sir Samuel Astry spoke: 'Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanor whereof they are impeached or not guilty?' Sir Roger Langley answered: 'Not guilty.' As the words passed his lips Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. At that signal benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons, who crowded the great hall, replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack; and in another moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water and another and another, and so in a few moments the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge and to the forest of masts below."

The other case I shall give you occurred a considerable time after, and while the instance I have cited exhibits the jury defending the constitutional and political rights of the country against the power of the executive, the one I am about to cite exhibits the jury defending the sacred right of personal freedom and free discussion against not only the crown but a popular minister, and in the midst of an excited state of public feeling. You all know that the French Revolution unsettled not only France, but all Europe; that in many places, would be imitators of the French Jacobins established their

clubs and held their discussions, corresponding with France, and that others, while they did not go to the extent of agreeing with the French in the extreme to which they had pushed matters, still had their views of the rights of the governed very much enlarged, and that the feeling of popular liberty was strongly indulged in by large masses of people, while, on the other hand, many, recoiling from the excesses and horrors of the reign of terror, saw no safety for their respective countries but in limiting the powers of the people, in the reducing greatly their ability to question, criticise and control governmental measures, even going to the length of endeavoring to throw closer fetters about the freedom of the press. This was the case in England, as elsewhere. The government, alarmed at what it saw being transacted across the channel and fearing the spread of republican sentiment amongst the Britons, took prompt and active measures for the suppression of such sentiment. Spies haunted the public place, and convictions were frequently obtained by means of false witnesses. If you want to obtain a good idea of the surveillance of the government, and the danger in which every man of liberal principles stood in England toward the close of the last century, read the early part of Mr: Dickens's novel, "A Tale of Two Cities." And not only the government but the majority of the people of England looked with great suspicion and disfavor upon the advocates of popular rights. Nevertheless, even under these untoward circumstances, there were men in England who raised their voices in behalf of popular liberty, and who clamored for a reform in Parliamentary representation, and formed themselves into societies to accomplish their object. Alarmed, or pretending to be alarmed, the government, at the head of which was Mr. Pitt, the son of the great Chatham (who had he been alive might have blushed for his offspring), began a vigorous campaign against the agitators, charging them with high treason,

asserting that the object of the societies was to bring about a revolution, and insisting, therefore, that all who belonged to them ought to be considered as conspirators compassing the death of the King. To strengthen the case the government, with Parliament at its beck and nod, procured the passage of an act, suspending the habeas corpus and reciting that a conspiracy existed for subverting the constitution of Great Britain and for substituting the system of anarchy and confusion which had disgraced France. This recital was made proof, a most flagrant violation of the rules of law and justice. Things being thus prepared, the government set to work and had twelve friends of parliamentary reform and members of the societies indicted for high treason. But yet the government did not dare, or was not yet so utterly dead to the rights of freedom, as to suspend the right of trial by jury and keep its victims shut up for long periods of time without trial on mere suspicion and vague charges of treason, and on the 28th of October, 1794, the first of the trials of the indicted men began. The name of the defendant was Hardy. Able counsel appeared on both sides. The case was tried with great care. You may judge of what the trial was when I tell you that Sir John Scott (afterward the great Lord Eldon) spoke for nine hours in opening the prosecution. But the result was that the prisoner was triumphantly acquitted, and, refusing to be overawed by the attitude of Mr. Pitt and his colleagues, the jury maintained the right of every free man to work in a legal way, in combination with his fellow-citizens or otherwise, for the amelioration of the political condition of his country even if, in so doing, he should use extravagant phrases and indulge to a certain extent in utopian ideas. Extravagance,—said that jury by its verdict,—even if it take the shape of abolishing rotten boroughs which, with the parliamentary votes attached thereto, land-owners have for years regarded as their own property, and of spread-

ing suffrage amongst those now excluded from it, is not treason.

This trial broke the back of the governmental aggression upon English rights, and after it the other prisoners were either acquitted (in this class was the celebrated Horne Tooke) or never brought to trial.

Now I have given you these examples to satisfy you that if I call the Jury the bulwark of our liberties, I speak of a bulwark against which the assaults of power have been directed and which has stood firm under those assaults; if I call it the eye by which a free people keeps a watch over the conduct of those who guide its destinies, and the arm of the popular will in matters of right, I speak of an eye which has ere this detected the insidious approaches of the enemy and of an arm which in its might has hurled that enemy back defeated, foiled, staggering; if I call it a sentinel, it is a sentinel whose voice is heard constantly upon the ramparts with its warning cry. But the jury is frequently called, as you are aware, the Palladium of our liberties, and we use the name so often that we almost, if not entirely, forget what it means; but it is a well-chosen claim, and the epithet may be well applied to the Jury. Let us see. What was the Palladium? Years ago in the fabulous, or rather the undefined, ages of the earth's history stood on the shores of the river Scamander, in Asia Minor, the famous city of Troy, and in the midst of it stood a temple which contained a statue of the goddess Minerva. Legend said that this statue was not the work of human artificer, but that in the early days, when the city's walls were being built, this statue had fallen from heaven, the gift of the gods. This was the Palladium. And the legend further said that so long as the Trojans preserved this wondrous statue, so long would their city be free from any danger of capture and so long would its enemies waste their strength in vain, unavailing endeavors to overthrow the city protected by the gods. Well for a time did the

Trojans guard their talisman. The Greeks came. They laid close siege to Troy, and battle raged constantly between the besiegers and the defenders of the wall, and gallant heroes on both sides lay low in death, but yet Troy fell not, the Palladium was still within the walls. But one night two wily and courageous Greeks—Diomed and Ulysses—crept within the city and, making their way to the temple, stole from above its altar the Palladium. Then Troy, no longer defended by supernatural aid, fell an easy prey to the prowess and stratagem of the Greeks, and the foe, once within the walls, the Trojans fell by thousands upon the destroying blade of the Hellenes, and their temples were polluted and their houses and palaces turned into heaps of ashes, their wives and children carried off into captivity to be the slaves of the conquerors, and the few surviving Trojans wandered forth over the seas fugitives and outcasts.

Now to us the Jury is our Palladium of Liberty. Take it away and what, let me ask, remains in its place? Nothing. And therefore I conjure you resist every effort to deprive you of it. Cheerfully be a part of the jury yourselves when called upon to serve, and regard every man who would advocate the abolition of the jury either as an insidious enemy or as an unwise counsellor. I know that there is a large number of persons who can bring specious objections to the institution, but its imperfections, such as they are, are those to be looked for in any human contrivance, no matter how wise, and we are not so infinitely superior to our forefathers that we can afford to throw away the instrument which in their hands wrought them such signal deliverance, and which has preserved intact the liberties and safeguards which they have transmitted to us. And I trust I shall never see the day when, on going into a court of this Commonwealth, I shall see the jury box empty and void, deserted by its former occupants, as the household gods of the heathen removed when the house was to be left desolate, and

counsel trying their questions as well of fact as of law before mere technical judges. Not that I mean to underestimate technicality. As a lawyer, I know how important and how valuable technicality is; but technicality cannot decide matters of fact, or,—for remember upon juries sometimes comes even the awful responsibility of looking into a man's very heart and of discovering what is there,—of intention. There you want, not the technical mind, trained to run in one especial groove, but the united effort of many minds working together, fresh from various departments of life, replete with the varied experience and information acquired in varied occupation. In so trusting, I by no means undervalue either the Bench or the Bar, for I tell you, gentlemen, that the Bar is of more value to you than many of you think, and that a pure, independent Bar is one of the most powerful engines for good that can be well imagined; but I merely wish to see each of the three great parts of the machinery of justice—Bench, Bar and Jury—doing, and thoroughly, manfully doing its own appropriate work, and because you all, gentlemen, have either already, or probably will at some future time, be part of the last grand division, I have spoken to you as I have. I hope I have not wearied you, but if I have unfortunately done so, please say no harder thing of me than that my zeal has outrun my discretion.

THE CONTRAST OF THE ANCIENT AND
MODERN DRAMA AS ILLUSTRATED
BY THE PROMETHEUS VINC-
TUS AND MACBETH.

(Delivered at St. Mary's Hall, March 26th, 1897.)

I propose, this evening, to say something to you about the contrast between the ancient and modern drama. By the ancient is, of course, meant the Greek drama, and more especially the Greek tragedy, for the Roman was a mere imitation of the Greek, and while we recall the names of Plautus and Terence we can mention no great Roman tragedian. Seneca, if we may believe Polonius, was not great but heavy, as, in his commendation of the players whom he presents to Hamlet, the worthy Lord Chamberlain at the Court of Claudius, King of Denmark, says: "Seneca cannot be too heavy or Plautus too light" for them, and Dr. Anthon, speaking of the plays attributed to Seneca, says: "It is hardly possible to find a good play among them. They are modeled after the Greek tragedies, but are far from being good copies, and are generally fatiguing by reason of the exaggeration and emphatic tone which reigns throughout"—and beside Seneca what Roman tragic writer do either you or I remember at the present day?

Of course, there are many points of contrast which are obvious. You will remember the immense size of the ancient theatres, open to the sky with rows upon rows of seats, rising amphitheatrically and accommodating thousands upon thousands of spectators and auditors, as contrasted with the small and compact character of our modern playhouses. You will remember the augmented size of the ancient actor, brought about by the use of the buskin

and head-dress, made necessary by the size of the theatre and to render the hero of heroic size, while with us the character takes the size of the actor. The use of the mask also gave rise to another contrast. This use was due to two causes: First, the size of the theatre, which made it necessary that something should be invented to carry the voice of the performer to the distant parts of the auditorium, and accordingly the mouth of the mask was practically a speaking trumpet; and, second, the feeling of the Athenian audiences, which would not tolerate the appearance of a mean or homely-looking person in the rôle of a god, demigod or hero, which accordingly compelled the presentation of a form and face which bodied forth the idea of the character. As a result the ancient player had always a fixity of expression instead of appealing to his audience by means of that play of feature which makes up so much of the art of the modern actor.

You will remember all these things and more in which the ancient and modern drama are utterly unlike, but it is not of contrasts of the character suggested, contrasts in the means of dramatic presentation, to which your attention is now invited, but to the contrast between the essence, the controlling spirit of one and that of the other drama.

It is intended, therefore, to speak of the prime characteristic of the two schools of the drama, and we shall find that the characteristic of each is derived from the circumstances under which the school to which it belongs arose.

The tragic drama of the Greeks—I say nothing about their comedy, for it was not truly dramatic, but satyric, and in its later stages resembled the burlesque as we knew it in my boyhood, or, indeed, as the writer of the "Child's History of Greece," Mr. Bonner, well said, "One of our newspaper articles put upon the stage." The tragic drama of the Greeks had not only a religious origin, but was part of a religious ceremonial. In the

midst of the orchestra stood an altar, upon which the sacrifices which preceded the play were offered, and which served as the central point to which the movements of the chorus were referred. The Choragus, chorusmaster, was regarded as the religious representative of the whole people, and his person and the ornaments he procured for the occasion were sacred. Naturally, then, we find the Greek religion dominating, or, rather, inspiring, the Greek drama in a peculiar and essential way.

Now over all the Greek religious ideas brooded the overmastering idea of fate. I do not mean the fate of mortals as fixed by the three Parcæ, who spun, measured and cut off the thread of the life of each man, but a fate which compelled even the gods, which had already overwhelmed Uranus and after him Kronos and the Titans and was yet to overwhelm Zeus and the gods of Olympus. Therefore, in the Greek drama the supernatural entered into every play, the characters were gods and heroes, and over all hung the idea of an all-controlling, resistless fate, whether manifested in the appearance of the *deus ex machina*, or in the shape of gods masquerading in human form and bringing things to pass, or, as was more common, in the working out of the decrees of fate in spite of the futile struggle against them of man, vainly imagining himself free, while fate, itself unpersonified, remains in the background, an awful power ever present, although never obtruding itself upon the sight. Yet the Greeks, with all their belief in fate, were brave and honored courage, fixity of purpose, resolution in the face of certain destruction. Consequently the true hero among the Greeks was the man who, conscious of the omnipotence of fate, nevertheless held on his course, in proud independence, no matter what calamity might be in store for him. As said by Augustus William Schlegel: "Inward liberty and external necessity are the two poles of the tragic world. Each

of these ideas can only appear in the most perfect manner by the contrast of the other. As the feeling of internal dignity elevates the man above the unlimited dominion of impulse and native instinct and, in a word, absolves him from the guardianship of nature, so the necessity which he must also recognize ought to be no mere natural necessity, but to lie beyond the world of sense in the abyss of infinitude, and it must consequently be represented as the invincible power of fate."

The period of the Greek tragedy in its greatness, at least so far as concerns the production of dramas, was quite brief, and is represented to us by three great names—Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides—who are all bound together in our memories by a glorious event in Grecian history, the battle of Salamis. Æschylus, a man, fought in that battle, Sophocles was one of the chorus of youths who performed the pæan in honor of the victory, and Euripides was born on the very day of the conflict. While in some respects the tragedies of Sophocles rank higher than those of his older rival, yet the Greek tragedy appears in all its virility in the works of Æschylus, and it is one of those works which has always seemed to me to be the one most thoroughly imbued with the fatalistic spirit of the Hellenic tragedy and its hero the very personification of the Greek ideal of the hero. The play is the *Prometheus Vincetus*—the Bound Prometheus. Let us look at it.

See the grand and sombre opening!—to the uttermost part of the earth, the Scythian tract, and to the naked rock has been brought the demigod who, to benefit the race of man, has stolen fire from heaven, and we behold him chained to the rock by the hand of the unwilling Vulcan, compelled thereto by the emissaries of Zeus, Kratos and Bia. Though taunted, Prometheus remains silent in the presence of his tormentors. Only when left alone, does he burst into complaint, with a wail of agony, yet with fixed, undaunted fortitude.

"Thou firmament of God and swift-winged winds,
 Ye springs of rivers and of ocean waves
 That smile innumerable. Mother of us all,
 O Earth, and Sun's all seeing eye, behold,
 I pray, what I, a god, from gods endure.
 Behold in what foul case
 I for ten thousand years
 Shall struggle in my woe
 In these unseemly chains.
 Such doom the new-made Monarch of the Blest
 Hath now devised for me.
 Woe, woe! The present and oncoming pang
 I wail, as I search out
 The place and hour when end of all these ills
 Shall dawn on me at last.
 What say I? All too clearly I foresee
 The things that come, and nought of pain shall be
 By me unlooked for; but I needs must bear
 My destiny as best I may, knowing well
 The might resistless of necessity,
 And neither may I speak of this my fate,
 Nor hold my peace. For I, poor I, through giving
 Great gifts to mortal men, am prisoner made
 In these fast fetters; yea, in fennel stalk
 I snatched the hidden spring of stolen fire,
 Which is to men a teacher of all arts,
 Their chief resource. And now this penalty
 Of that offence I pay, fast riveted
 In chains beneath the open firmament."

To him come the Oceanides, and these sea nymphs
 and, afterward, their father Oceanus condole with him,
 and the latter urges him to yield to the will of Zeus and
 proffers himself as an intercessor. He is dismissed with
 scorn; but to his gentle, sympathizing daughters Prometheus
 is more open, and tells the cause of his enchainment.
 Soon comes another visitor, one who, like
 Prometheus, is the victim of the cruelty of Zeus, the hap-
 less Io, still persecuted by the gadfly. To her he fore-
 tells her wanderings, and then defiantly proclaims the
 fate that shall eventually overwhelm Zeus.

"Yea, of a truth shall Zeus, though stiff of will,
 Be brought full low. Such bed of wedlock now
 Is he preparing, one to cast him forth
 In darkness from his sovereignty and throne.
 And then the curse his father Kronos spake.

Shall have its dread completion, even that
 He uttered when he left his ancient throne;
 And from these troubles no one of the gods
 But me can clearly show the way to scape.
 I know the time and manner; therefore now
 Let him sit fearless, in his peals on high
 Putting his trust, and shaking in his hands
 His darts fire breathing. Naught shall they avail
 To hinder him from falling shamefully
 A fall intolerable. Such a combatant
 He arms against himself, a marvel dread,
 Who shall a fire discover mightier far
 Than the red levin, and a sound more dread
 Than roaring of the thunder, and shall shiver
 That plague sea-born that causeth earth to quake,
 The trident weapon of Poseidon's strength;
 And stumbling on this evil, he shall learn
 How far apart a king's lot from a slave's.

* * * * *

My care for Zeus is naught and less than naught.
 Let him act, let him rule this little while,
 E'en as he will; for long he shall not rule
 Over the gods."

Quickly comes Hermes, the messenger from Olympus, demanding in the name of Zeus to know the secret hinted at by Prometheus, he bears threats which are heard unmoved by Prometheus; and now, the messenger having withdrawn, the play closes with the hurling of the thunderbolt from heaven; the rocks above Prometheus are blasted, his body is thunder riven, but yet he is unyielding; he cries out against the injustice to which he is subjected and remains proud and defiant, resting on the knowledge that fate, from which he now suffers, shall in time destroy his persecutor.

Yea, now in very deed,
 No more in word alone,
 The Earth shakes to and fro,
 And the loud thunder's voice
 Bellows hard by and blaze
 The flashing levin fires;
 And tempests whirl the dust,
 And gusts of all wild winds
 On one another leap
 In wild conflicting blasts,
 And sky with sea is blent:

Such is the storm from Zeus
That comes as working fear
In terrors manifest.
O Mother, venerable!
O Aether! rolling round
The common light of all
Seest thou what wrongs I bear?

So that we have before us the free spirit and external necessity; the mind free in spite of fate, but fate, relentless, working its will. This is the idea, the notion of the Greek tragedy, sprung from the Greek religion.

Now the modern drama has also a religious origin. It can be traced directly to the miracle plays, through the mysteries, and hence it partakes of the characteristic of Christian belief, so far as it concerns itself with the conditions of human action, which is, that while God is sovereign, man is free. Man is no slavish subject of fate; he is not constrained to do good or ill; he is, however, subject to the law of cause and effect. He may act as a free agent, but by his free act he may set in motion a train of events which he cannot control and of which he must bear the responsibility and the consequences. A train of powder is laid to a magazine. A man need not light that train, but, if he do light it, he cannot check the swift-running fire or prevent the awful catastrophe which follows as the legitimate consequence of his application of the match. Accordingly the modern drama does not represent the hero as bearing up, a free spirit, against an overwhelming fate which he cannot resist or evade or in any way affect, or in bringing about the fulfillment of which he has had no share; but it does represent man as subject to temptation, no doubt, but able to resist such temptation, and if he yield thereto bringing upon *himself* the consequences which follow—and follow with the certainty of effect from cause—in the moral as in the physical world. The moral spirit of the modern drama seems to be expressed in the speech of Cassius to Brutus:

"Men at some time are masters of their fates;
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves."

Now, to illustrate this characteristic of the modern, as opposed to the ancient, drama, let us take *Macbeth*. Let us take it because there enters into it the idea of the supernatural, and because there enters into it the idea of fate, and therefore it seems to have a point of contact with the ancient drama, and we shall see that the very fact of the existence of that point of contact emphasizes the contrast between the two schools of the drama.

The supernatural appears in *Macbeth* from the very beginning and is present all through the play, giving a significance to many scenes which they would otherwise lack. On the rising of the curtain, revealing the blasted heath, there stand the three weird sisters, who, Heine tells us, are properly the Valkyrie of the Norse Mythology, the choosers of the slain, ready to prophesy to the soldier of Scotland that which, when acted upon, shall prove his ruin. Let us look for a moment at that soldier *Macbeth* before he meets the sisters. Many critics, especially in Germany, have held *Macbeth* as entirely innocent, even of unduly ambitious thought, before his march after the battle, but, as has been well pointed out by the Rev. D. J. Stafford, of Washington, the probabilities are the other way. The Kingdom of Scotland was not hereditary, but elective within certain lines. *Macbeth* and *Duncan* were both within these lines, being grandsons of the late King, and the choice of the nation had fallen on *Duncan*. Now *Duncan* was a good man, a kindly King, but not a strong ruler.

"This *Duncan*
Has borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office."

Troubles and insurrections arose against his government, and *Macbeth*, as the commander of his cousin's

armies, had been employed in putting them down, in sustaining the throne. Naturally enough the thought would arise in the mind of a man, possessed by even ordinary ambition, that he, who was putting down rebellion for another and steadying that other upon his throne, could preserve the peace better than that other, and as the chief office of a King in those days was military and repressive, that he would make a better King than that other—that he (Macbeth) would make a better King than Duncan, and that, as he had the same claims of blood as that monarch, it would have been much better had the choice fallen upon himself. How such a line of thought would naturally develop we all know; so that we have, when the witches meet Macbeth in the day of his triumph, with prophecies of the crown, a soil already prepared for the seed that is to be sown in it.

The greetings are made:

“All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!
 All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!
 All hail, Macbeth, that shall be king hereafter!”

Followed quickly by the justification of the first two salutations. Then the aside of Macbeth shows that a guilty thought has presented itself to his mind, a thought undefined, not yet moulded into purpose, but still guilty.

“Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme—
 This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good; if ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor,
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature?”

There is in his mind a struggle; the temptation is before him. His power has increased. Fate is in his favor, and yet his own actions have coöperated with it.

His thaneship of Cawdor, although unsought, has come to him by reason of his gallant deeds, his military prowess. Now, shall he not hasten the "hereafter" of the sisters? In rude times how easy to put out of the way a King. And the King removed, to whom would the sovereignty come so soon as to Macbeth, of the blood royal, the idol of the army, Bellona's bridegroom?

The struggle in his mind is manifest not only through the speech, but through the silence which calls forth Banquo's, "Look how our partners rapt," and comes to a temporary end, at least, in the utterance:

"If chance will have me King, why chance may crown me
Without my stir."

Now there are two ways of reading this; the one:

"If chance will have me King, why *chance* may crown me, without my stir," indicating that Macbeth has, for a time at least, put to flight his wicked thought and has determined to dismiss it from his mind, to go on in his own way, leaving the matter entirely to chance, with which he will in no wise coöperate; the other:

"If chance will have me King, why chance *may crown* me without my stir," indicating that he earnestly desires the consummation of the promise—the crown—but hopes that in some way he may be relieved of any actual or active part in bringing it about, that it may be unnecessary for him to do anything, actually, positively wicked.

Which of these two readings is the correct one it is hard to say. To myself, sometimes one has appeared true, sometimes the other, possibly in accordance with the prevailing mood. Just as that great actor whom we call the elder Booth, because he was the father of the Booth whom we have known, (although the annals of the British stage present a still older Booth, Barton Booth, a great tragedian in the time of Betterton) was accustomed, as Iago, to give sometimes one sense and

sometimes another to that well-known passage, "I am not that I am." The first reading is one to which, personally, I feel strongly inclined; but it requires courage to maintain this position in face of the fact that Vice-Provost Henry Reed, who has seemed to many of us to have a deeper insight into the moral character of the creations of Shakespeare than any other of his critics, without considering or mentioning the first theory at all, said, allying the speech already quoted with the one that follows: "He rallies from his agitation, not into the composure which would have been gained by a dismissal from his thoughts of the promises of witchcraft, but by a self-abandonment to his destiny. He clings to the temptation, but seeks to commit himself to the uncontrollable tide of fate.

'Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.'

But whether he tries to dismiss the thought or simply hopes to escape the actual commission of crime, the terrible, luring phantom comes back to him and he, at least, dallies with it, as is shown by his aside, after receiving the assurance of Duncan's favor to himself and the naming of Malcolm as Prince of Cumberland.

"The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
On which I must fall down or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies! Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires!
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see!"

He acknowledges to himself the horrid nature of that which he contemplates; nevertheless, he wills that it shall come to pass—is prepared to bring it to pass. Observe it is not that he must by fate or chance be carried over the step between him and the throne. It is "I must o'erleap." He will not trust to fate alone, but interprets the prophecy as meaning that if he will put forth his efforts

he shall have the crown. There is nothing that I recall in the Greek drama like this.

So far we have had to consider Macbeth as moved by his own thoughts solely, except so far as he has been quickened or prompted by the weird sisters; the man assaulted by temptation known only to himself, without the voice or spirit of another to goad or lure him into closing with the offers of sin or the warning of a virtuous friend to strengthen his resistance. His struggle, so far as he has made any, has been solitary, but now comes upon the scene one who is to overrule whatever scruples still hold Macbeth from the resolve to attain power and the empire at the cost of his honor and innocence. Lady Macbeth, that wonderful creation of the poet, appears. About the character of Lady Macbeth both critics and actors have differed. Mrs. Siddons, according to Dr. Doran, imagined the lady "to be a delicate blonde, who ruled by her intellect and subdued by her beauty, but with whom no one feeling of common general nature was congenial; a woman prompt for wickedness but swiftly possessed by remorse; one who is horror struck for herself and for the precious husband who, more robust and less sensitive, plunges deeper into crime and is less moved by any sense of compassion and sorrow."

Charlotte Cushman made the lady almost rough in her imperiousness. Her idea was harsh and, if one may be pardoned for saying it, her performance was more disagreeable than impressive. Adelaide Ristori was regal, and even in her guilt never quite lost your sympathy.

Perhaps the kindest estimate of the wife of the guilty thane is that of Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faucet), as described in a letter written by William Carleton, the Irish novelist, he is speaking of Miss Faucet's performance of the character: "This woman, it seems to me, is simply urging her husband forward, through love for him, which prompts her to wish for the gratification of his ambition, to commit a murder. This, it would appear, is her sole

object, and in working it out she is naturally pursuing a terrible course and one of singular difficulty. She perceives that he has scruples, and it is necessary that she should work upon him so far as that he should commit the crime, but at the same time prevent him from feeling revolted at the contemplation of it, and this she effects by a sanguinary sophistry that altogether hardens his heart. But this closes her lessons of cruelty to him. In such a case it is not necessary that she should label herself as a murderess and wantonly parade that inhuman ferocity by which she has hitherto been distinguished. Her office of temptress ceases with the murder and the gratification of what she considered her husband's ambition." And further on in the same letter, speaking of the same actress in the supper scene: "Her conduct in this scene was different from anything I have witnessed before. In others there was displayed the predominant passion, or passions, now without a motive, namely, a hardened and blood-thirsty ferocity, mingled with a wish to conceal her husband's crime. In Miss Faucet's acting there was visible the latter motive, which was, indeed, natural, together with the ill-suppressed anguish of a gentle spirit and a perceptible struggle to subdue the manifestations of that guilt whilst attempting to encourage and sustain her husband." Lady Martin herself says: "I could not but admire the indomitable will which could unite itself, with fate and metaphysical aid, to place the crown upon her husband's brow. Something, it seemed to me, was also to be said in extenuation of the eagerness with which Lady Macbeth falls into his design and urges him on to catch that crown the nearest way. If we throw our minds into the circumstances of the time we can understand the wife who would adventure so much for so great a prize, though we may not sympathize with her."

This view of the character was, doubtless, to a very great extent at least, prompted by the fact that Lady

Martin, a good woman, did not like to play a wholly wicked part, and so sought, in her love of good, for something which should make the part lovable. All good women crave love, and bear in themselves the love that gives rather than takes or demands. It is the breath of woman's life. It has been said that love to man is an episode, but to woman it is her life;—and, while this is probably an understatement on the one hand and an exaggeration on the other, it is, nevertheless, true that in the case of a man the masculine sense of honor, ambition, duty, make the passion of love far less dominant in his actions than in the case of the woman, unless, since the advent of the new woman, we are to have a race proclaiming with Moliere's Dr. Sganarelle, "Nous avons changé tout cela."

There is much that is very attractive in this view of the character, something very nearly akin to which I once saw very beautifully brought out by an actress whose fame has not endured according to her desert, Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker. Yet neither it nor that attributed to Mrs. Siddons seems the true one. Lady Macbeth is ambitious, unscrupulous, not necessarily cruel or heartless; nay, she is far from heartless; but her very first speech shows that she is deliberately and boldly wicked; that she recognizes the questionings, the remonstrances of conscience and deliberately and at once silences them; that she fears that her husband's less determined character and his habit of thought may prevent him "catching the nearest way," and she resolves deliberately to pour her spirits in his ear and chastise with the valor of her tongue all those gentler and weaker parts of Macbeth's nature which, to her, seem to stand in the way of his attainment of the crown. The deliberateness of her acceptance of the wicked prospect is shown by the speech, after the messenger, who speedily follows Macbeth's letter, gives her the news, "The King comes here to-night." The promptness and subtleness of her

mind is shown in her reply to Macbeth's answer to the question: "And when goes hence?" "To-morrow, as he purposes."

"O never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters; to beguile the time
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom."

Macbeth is staggered. "We will speak further." He is still hesitating. The murder of Duncan is in his mind, but he is not ready to start upon his career of blood yet; but she is resolved;

"Only look up clear,
To alter favor ever is to fear;
Leave all the rest to me,"

and coöperating as an additional force in the temptation, the bad woman with the luring of the supernatural powers of evil, overtempers, not overwhelms, Macbeth, until he yields, yields with his eyes open, with full knowledge that he is yielding to the suggestions of sin, and with the consequences of crime before him. This is shown by his speech when he has, to his wife's dismay, withdrawn from the banqueting room, doubtless because he cannot bear to be so close to, to look upon the man he has resolved to slay.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly; If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time—
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught, return

To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
 Upon the sightless coursers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other."

He consents to be a murderer, to murder his kinsman, sovereign and guest, and on his way to perform the deed there comes to him the apparition, the coin of his own mind, the air-draw dagger.

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle towards my hand? Come, let me clutch thee—
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes."

Now notice two things. This scene emphasizes the deliberation of the crime. "Thou marshall'st me." The marshal is an officer who heads a procession and leads it in the direction foreordained by a superior authority.

He does not compel the adoption of the route; so the dagger is not a supernatural, overpowering influence which leads Macbeth in the path of murder, whether he will or will not. It is the instrument of his own will. It merely, as his servant, shows him more clearly the path he had chosen for himself and leads him along it. This, therefore, in one way emphasizes the fact that Macbeth's crime is willful, not fate-compelled.

"Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going."

Again, the instrument itself is a warning, as it were, to Macbeth, a fearful reminder of the character of the deed he is about to do. What is the instrument? A dagger—the instrument of the assassin. The hand of Macbeth is used to the sword, the weapon of open, honorable warfare, and now there is presented to it the dagger. As it would say, "Use this and your character is changed, the soldier is become the murderer," but the warning is in vain. The kinsman, subject, host, nerves himself by a fell effort, rushes to the chamber of his cousin, King and guest, and comes back to the courtyard where his wife awaits him—she anxious but bold, he already timorous. "I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?" Comes back, already a prey to remorse, so swiftly does the consequence of that which he has done overtake and fall upon him. But his work is only half done. The King is killed, but the means of casting suspicion where it will not touch the lord and lady of the castle are not yet provided. Macbeth cannot return to the sleeping grooms and place in their hands the bloody daggers which he has thoughtlessly carried off with him. That has to be done by his wife, whose fearful courage seems, on that awful night, to rise to unexampled heights, and, a woman, she braves the sight of the murdered, gory King, whose resemblance to her father as he slept had, but a short while before, prevented her from anticipating her husband's bloody deed.

"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done it."

But Macbeth—hear him as he realizes what he has done:

"There's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried murder! that they did wake each other;
I stood and heard them; but they did say their prayers,
And address'd them again to sleep.
One cried God bless us, and Amen, the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fears, I could not say Amen,
When they did say, God bless us!
But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen!
I had most need of blessing and Amen.
Stick in my throat.
Me thought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep—the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher of life's feast.
Still it cried, Sleep no more! to all the house;
Glamis has murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!

* * * * *

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again, I dare not.

This is pitiful! But worse is to come. The one crime is to lead to another, to a whole succession of others, the whole nature of the man becoming cruel, treacherous. While Macbeth and his lady are in conference, is heard the knocking of Macduff and Lenox. Then that awful pause in the action of the play, that silence, that hush, rendered the more manifest by the knock, knock, knock at the gate of the castle, rousing the drunken porter. Then come Macduff and Lenox asking for the King, their courtly reception by Macbeth. Shortly after, follow the discovery of the murder of the King; Macbeth's killing the stupefied grooms and proclaiming it as an evidence of his love to the murdered Duncan; the flight of the princes; and the crowning of Macbeth. So far suc-

cess has apparently crowned Macbeth's efforts. True, he has fouled his mind, but he is King of Scotland. Nevertheless there is a drawback to his joy. The witches had prophesied not only that Macbeth should be King, but also that the children of Banquo should be Kings. Kings of what? Of Scotland? This would mean the exclusion from the throne of the line of Macbeth, and this thought poisons all the joy which otherwise Macbeth might have felt in being King. He, therefore, resolves that this prophecy shall not come to pass. There is no blind belief in fate as an absolutely overruling power here. Encouraged by the prophecy with regard to himself, he has brought it to fulfillment by deeds, by his own deeds, and by deeds he will prevent the fulfillment of the prophecy with reference to Banquo.

"Come Fate into the list,
And champion me to the utterance,"

that is, to the outrance in the old duelling sense.

He accordingly resolves to have both Banquo and his only child, Fleance, slain, and for that purpose sends for two assassins and employs them to work his will. Now in the scene with the assassins there is a passage which shows that, while Macbeth has not faltered in his guilty purpose, he is not yet altogether lost to the sense of shame, for he is ashamed of and loathes his instruments, although, after his first burst of disgust, policy makes him veil his feeling. To the words of the murderer, "We are men my liege," comes

"Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and grey-hounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves are cleped,
All by the name of dogs."

How natural! How often have we seen in public life a man shrink in spirit from the means which nevertheless he uses? The attempt is made. Banquo is killed, Fleance escapes, and just as Macbeth at the banquet has

heard the news of the failure of his plan and has just hypocritically expressed regret for the general's absence, comes to him Banquo's ghost, stern and reproachful. After Macbeth's first horror has, with the assistance of his wife, been controlled, the ghost disappears, but when Macbeth, the King, gives the toast, "Our dear friend Banquo!" again the ghost! and from the fear-stricken King bursts forth:

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!
What man dare, I dare;
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit them, protest me,
The baby of a girl. Hence! horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery hence!"

From this time on, events follow most rapidly. The course entered upon, one crime follows another, breaking upon it like the waves in the rapids as they near the precipitous descent of a great waterfall. Now the formerly brave, resolute man turns, as in helplessness, to the occult powers, to force, if possible, their aid. He will go to the weird sisters. They shall show him the future. They shall support what, now he is glad to think, it is they that have given. They tell him to beware of Macduff; that

"Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him."

But they show him also the procession of Kings closed by Banquo. Still, Macbeth goes from the witches' cavern with hope; Macduff has passed beyond his reach, but he has the thane of Fife's castle stormed and his wife and children slain.

But now comes the hour of vengeance. Temptation has been yielded to; opportunity sought to accomplish the wicked purpose; the crime has been completed; the inevitable course of moral law has been put in motion—Sin, Remorse, Punishment—put in motion by the free will of the sinner. He has trampled down the better part of his nature, he has put aside all the restraints of his conscience. The crime committed, he has not pretended to himself that it was not a crime, but has deliberately resolved that the consequential crimes must be committed to make good that which he has sought, otherwise he will have defiled his mind without gaining anything, and his “eternal jewel given to the common enemy of mankind” for the service of another.

Macbeth's first remorse was transitory, it was rallied from and fresh crimes followed; and we look in vain, up to this time, for any evidence, at all, of remorse on the part of Lady Macbeth; but now the final act, the final stage in the course of the moral law of cause and effect is approached by both Macbeth and his consort in crime. They are both to break and they are both to die. The wages of sin is death. And the first to break is the one who up to this time has been the bolder, the stronger of the pair, Lady Macbeth, she who resolved that Duncan should not leave her castle, who took the blood-stained daggers from her trembling husband and herself alone placed them in the hands of the sleeping grooms, whose faces she gilded with the blood of Duncan, and returning said to her awe-stricken lord:

“My hands are of your color; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.”
“A little water clears us of this deed,
How easy is it then;”

who, when the usurper trembled at the spectre of his murdered friend, with high courtesy and subtle majesty covered her husband from detection and then, in her talk

with him, endeavored to persuade him that all he needed was sleep, rest, that his brain was overwrought. Yes, strange to say, this woman of power, of intellect, of resource, breaks first. We see her in that wonderful sleep-walking scene, in which she recalls incidents, words, of that dread, that terrible, night; the fear of Macbeth, "Fie, my lord; fie, a soldier and afeard;" her own presence in the chamber of assassination, "Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him;" the dreadful knocking at the gate after the murder; the murder of Banquo; the murder of Lady Macduff, "The thane of Fife had a wife, where is she now?" And, all the time, the wringing, the washing of the hands, and that thought of defiling blood breaking in upon everything. "Yet here a spot. Out, damned spot, out, I say! What, will these hands ne'er be clean? Here's the smell of blood still, all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!" And then that agonizing, despairing sigh; that groan! And so revealing, to the waiting gentlewoman and the physician and to us, her sin, and revealing the remorse which is preying upon her, she passes from the scene. We behold her no more, but as her husband, in the court-yard of great Dunsinane, marshals his hosts to withstand the avenging armies of Malcolm and Macduff, there comes from within the castle the cry of women, and to Macbeth the announcement: "The Queen, my lord, is dead."

And Macbeth—his punishment has begun already, active remorse seems to have passed, but he has recognized that, after all, his crime has failed to produce that for which he committed it.

"I have lived long enough; my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not."

His sensibilities seem blunted. Even the Queen's death calls out no more than this:

"She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to-day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

But he is roused by the news of the approach of Burnam wood:

"Blow wind; Come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back."

With the courage, not of determination but of desperation, he goes forth to meet the foe. He encounters Macduff; his last hope, fostered by the lying promise of the witches, vanishes, and he falls under the good blade of the noble Earl of Fife, the avenger of his own and of his sovereign's wrongs.

Such is a summary of Macbeth. I have not discussed any of the minor characters or called your attention to any of the many poetical beauties of the play, because the object has been to show the play simply as a type of the modern tragedy as contrasted with the olden, and the examination bears out the assertion with which we started, namely, that in it, the religious, moral law is supreme; that cause must produce effect; that one cannot, having put in motion the cause, by his own caprice or his own mere will stop the effect. He can, however, either put in motion the cause or abstain from so doing. Macbeth could have dismissed, at once and finally, the tempting of the sisters. Nowhere are we told

that he ceased to be a free agent. He could have rigorously forbidden any attempt upon Duncan's life, notwithstanding his wife's urgings; he could, even after the supper had begun, have persisted in, "We will proceed no further in this business;" but he did none of these things. His will assented, the deed followed; he then could not trammel up the consequences. This is the spirit of the modern drama, as opposed to the spirit of the antique tragedy, which is that of human or heroic suffering; passivity instead of activity. Prometheus does not act; he is chained to his rock, and there, chained, suffering heroically, defying his tormentors and fate and finding consolation in the thought that fate, now so cruel to him, shall some day, without action on his part, overwhelm the author of his suffering, is the type of the ancient tragedy, as Macbeth tempted, yielding, murdering, remorseful, despairing and dying, but all the time the master of his own fate, until he has himself determined what that fate shall be, is the type of the modern.

THE GROUND WORK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

(A lecture delivered at the Spring Garden Institute, Philadelphia, January 4th, 1871, and at St. Mary's Hall, May 20th, 1892.)

¹ The study of the literature of England is at once one of the most profitable and interesting of kindred pursuits, as well, as at the present day, highly important to any man of culture. There seems to be a disposition in the world at large, and in no place is it more apparent than in this country, to slight, to despise the productions of our ancestors, to pass by as of little value all that does not accord with the peculiar spirit of the age, all that does not bear upon the practical purposes of the acquirement of food, raiment and wealth. We see inventions daily which improve the material part of life, but the intellectual, the spiritual parts do not keep pace.

The ages of iron, of silver, of gold, are passed. This is the age of bread and butter. It has not the sterling qualities of gold, the purity of silver, or even the stern, unyielding strength of iron. It is the age of bread and butter. "Let each man get what he can of the world's goods, honestly, if convenient to him, but at any rate let him acquire wealth; let there be a general contest for money, as though salvation depended upon it; sacrifice principle to expediency!" Such seems to be the mandate of the world. Reverence for antiquity is dead; irreverence toward all things seems to be springing up! Doubt assails everything that is not tangible; things held by us heretofore as cardinal truths are now rudely assaulted. Hollowness seems to prevail. With old forms

¹ The introduction to the lecture is omitted. The conclusion, of course, refers to St. Mary's Hall and not to the Spring Garden Institute.

old substances are almost swept away, so that one feels tempted to ask with Lowell, a New England poet, a poet from the home of Puritanism, arch-hater of form and ceremonial:

“Is old Religion but a spectre now,
Haunting the solitude of darkened minds,
Mocked out of memory by the skeptic day?
Is there no corner safe from peeping doubt
Since Gutenberg made thought cosmopolite,
And stretched electric threads from mind to mind?”

How important, then, in an age like this, that we should turn back into the past and drink in from its fountains the spirit of reverence. Reverence will never injure any man's character, it will never unnerve him for glorious, noble deeds. The Crusaders were none the less brave and gallant knights because they revered the Hermit. Godfrey, of Bouillon, at no time seems nobler than when refusing to wear a diadem in the place where his Saviour had been crowned with thorns. Let scholars especially go back into the past, in order not only that they may accord justice to their forefathers, but that they may feel strengthened by their example to bear their part in the advancement of the world's mind now, as their fathers did before them; that they may feel resting upon them the awful responsibility of doing something, of contributing their moment of force toward the progress of their species, and be aware that, as scholars, they are under a dire accountability for the use of their minds and learning, that they must not waste or squander, but improve them, and impart of that improvement to others! Nor does this responsibility rest upon professed scholars; it rests upon all of us to whom have been given minds capable of and opportunity for improvement. We have no right to allow our minds to remain stationary. A mind stationary will soon become a mind retrograde. We must go on, and with this object in view let us go gladly back into the literature of the past, for as we bring

into our mind the glorious creations of the mighty souls who have gone before us, we make for ourselves an ideal world into which we can retire for refreshment when occasion offers. When disgusted with the material, with the meanness, with the pettiness, with the contractedness which everywhere present themselves in the outward world, we are almost ready to cease to struggle against it, to lay down our arms, then we can retreat to an inner world and there find Nobility, Truth and Virtue, and from thence reënter upon our appointed duties of life, purged and strengthened. With this ideal world of happiness we can set the misfortunes of outward life almost at defiance. Lovelace, the gallant cavalier poet, felt this when he, in prison, gave utterance to those words so often quoted, and yet we do not grow tired of them:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty."

And George Wither, who fought against Lovelace, felt this when, also in prison, at the age of seventy-three, he could still exclaim from his stout heart:

"My mind's my kingdom, and I will permit
No other's will to have the rule of it;
For I am free, and no man's power, I know,
Did make me thus, nor shall unmake me now,
But through a spirit none can quench in me
This mind I got and this *my* mind shall be!"

These remarks will, of course, apply to the study of any literature, but it is most natural for any one to study first the literature of his own nation, and especially should we be willing to do so when our own, the English language, possesses the grandest and most extensive of any literature on the face of the globe. In every de-

partment has it produced a master mind. In theology it can bring forward its Jeremy Taylor and its Hooker; in philosophy its Bacon and the martyr Sir Thomas More; in history its Gibbon; in epic poetry its Milton and its Spenser, and, greater than all, in the drama, it can proudly point to its Shakespeare as the poet of all nations, of all times.

But its high state of excellence was not contemporaneous with the first lisps of the language. English literature did not spring forth, like Minerva from the head of Jove, in the fullness of its wisdom and power. No, as Lord Coke says: "*Nihil simul inventum est et perfectum.*" English literature had its humble origin, its "day of small things," from which it advanced to greater; nor was it allowed to develop itself, simply by the force of its own internal strength, but was affected in each age by every contemporaneous change, social or political. Could we watch it, it would appear to us as a stream. We should see it rise, see it swell by the absorption of tributary branches, until from the slender, meandering rillet, it became the majestic river, sweeping on proudly and grandly, and of whose waters all might drink and be refreshed.

It is necessary, in order to understand properly the spirit and range of English literature, to consider the circumstances under which each author wrote, such as the age in which he lived, his social position, etc., and also the structure of the language which was the vehicle of his thoughts, and the composition of the nation of which he was a member.

Upon the consideration of the first head I cannot enter. It would spread itself over a long course of lectures and then not receive its due. To the other two heads, or the Ground Work of English Literature, I propose to direct your attention.

We will look first at the language, which I have called the vehicle of thought, and afterward at the national

character which, by way of keeping up the metaphor, we may style the driver.

The English language is no simple tongue. Its vocabulary is made up of contributions drawn in various proportions, from almost all the languages of the civilized world. Yet, in spite of the excessively composite quality of its lexicon, it seems in its spirit and syntax to stand alone, separated from the Romance and other continental languages, even from those to whom it owes many of its words, by broad and well-defined boundaries. It seems, as it were, a very distant relation, almost a stranger to the family of European languages.

When we ask why this is so, a reason presents itself immediately. The Romance languages (Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Limousin, and others) were derived from one common stock, from the Latin, not from the Latin in its purity, but from the various corruptions of it, the *lingua rustica*, which prevailed in the various provinces of the empire, and which, in course of time, developed into the present speeches. It is well here, however, to note that Latin itself was not originally a simple language; on the contrary it was formed by the fusion of the various languages of Italy; but it is, for practical etymological purposes, to be considered as a simple tongue. As, after several streams have united to form a great river, we lose the traces of the waters of each and regard only the one body of water; so it is with Latin and the Romance languages, as if the Italian streams had united to form the Latin, which, after spreading itself over a vast expanse, broke up into several minor rivers, all of which, although flowing over different soils, bear a resemblance to the great stream, and consequently bear also a resemblance to each other. Now English bears no such relation to the Latin—I mean in structure and spirit. It is composite from the start.

Before proceeding to the consideration of its composition, let us stop for a short time to notice the salient

points of difference between the English and Romance languages. In the first place English is not an inflected language; the terminations of its words give you but little clue to the meaning of its sentences; you can never learn it by tables and paradigms. The reverse is the case with the Romance languages. Take, for example, a Latin sentence, write it on paper, cut the words out separately, throw them into a hat and pick them out at random, and you will have, in whatever order they come, a sentence conveying the same idea, with but slight variation, perhaps only a variation of emphasis. Now try the same experiment with an English sentence, and you may have in three or four trials, three or four different sentences; or, what is quite as probable, a mere collection of words conveying no idea at all, "sound and fury signifying nothing." On account of the lack of inflection, in English the preposition in a certain position performs the work of the Romance termination. From the foregoing facts we may readily see that in English the meaning of a sentence depends upon the position of the words composing it, while in the Romance tongues the sense is gathered from the form of the words. To express this differently and more briefly, we may say that English is a logical, and the Romance tongues are formal languages. You will thus see that it would be vain to attempt to build up English upon a Latin scaffolding, as we can nearly all the continental tongues. To expect English to conform with Latin rule and measure, would be like criticising a Gothic cathedral of the middle ages, according to the regulations of Greek architecture, expecting to find a strong resemblance between the Strasbourg Cathedral and the temple of Diana of Ephesus.

Though a stranger to the greater part of the European languages, English, nevertheless, bears a slight relation to a group of languages, collected about the north, and is regarded by Philologists as a member of the Gothic family, which is thus divided (I use Mr. Marsh's table):

Gothic.	I. Germanic.	1. Moeso Gothic, into which Ulfilas translated the Scriptures.
		2. Anglo-Saxon.
		3. Low German.
		4. Dutch.
		5. Frisic.
		6. High German.
	II. Scandinavian.	1. Old Northern.
		2. Swedish.
		3. Danish.
	III. English is accounted a Gothic tongue, although less than half its words are Gothic.	

It will be seen from this table that, although English probably owes some allegiance to this family, still it has strong claims to be considered *sui juris*, of its own right, independent.

English, in its origin, is a compound of Anglo-Saxon and Norman French, having in the process of fusion gradually lost the inflexions of both. The Anglo-Saxon is the base. This being so, it may seem strange that there does not exist a greater affinity in English with the continental Germanic languages, but the reason why there is not is, when once discovered, very simple, and is to be sought in the history of the Germanic tribes. The best place to study a language is not in its grammar and dictionary, but in the history of the nation using it. At the time of the Saxon conquest of England, the Saxons were still pagans, and the effect of their paganism was to keep apart neighboring tribes, even if of kindred manners and blood, to render them suspicious of each other, thus preventing any amalgamation of race, and hence of tongue. This suspicious regard of strangers is shown by the early words of nearly all languages, wherein stranger and enemy are synonymous, sometimes expressed by the same word as the Latin *hostis*.

It is not until after the conversion of the Germans to Christianity that we see old jealousies growing weaker and consequently languages amalgamating. Christian-

ity is a great centralizer; it first draws men's religious hopes and aspirations to the one great centre—Christ, and then, the example set, naturally minor and lower hopes cluster around mind and lower centres. And, besides, Christianity abolishes the feeling which taught the Greek to regard as Barbarians all not Hellenes, breaks down the dividing line between nations and, in place of the narrow idea of citizenship, brings into view man as God's creature.

The Saxons were converted about the end of the sixth or the beginning of the seventh century, but then the English Saxons were separated from their continental brethren, the sea rolled between. Thus I think the weakness of affinity in the English for the Germanic languages is accounted for.

Anglo-Saxon furnished the trunk of English; the branches and leaves, were derived from other sources.

The composite nature of our language is brought forcibly under our notice when we turn to its vocabulary and demand of each word its parentage and native clime. We find there many words of Celtic origin (by which we mean not only those derived from British, but from Gaulish and other Celtic sources). These words have not altered in the least perceptible degree the structure of the language. Next we meet with Latin words, which constitute three-fifths of the language. These words, not all of which have come directly to us, have been introduced at various times, many by the Norman conquest, but, in all probability, a large number by the Christian missionaries, who converted the isle long before William the Conqueror cast longing regards in its direction; some also, but a very small number, indeed, owe their introduction to the Roman occupation; in all likelihood the words thus brought in comprise very few in addition to military terms. The Greek words possessed by English were naturalized also by the clergy and missionaries, but are not sufficiently numerous to

constitute a class. Thirdly, we have the Saxon words. We also find a few Scandinavian terms, whose presence is accounted for by many from the fact that the Saxons came from the neighborhood of Denmark. The theory opposed to this, viz., that the Scandinavian words were engrafted upon English during the Danish dominion in England is, I think, equally satisfactory and direct. A third theory here suggests itself which I have not yet met with elsewhere. Perhaps many of these Scandinavian words were brought in by the Normans. The Normans were originally from Scandinavia, and had, probably, not lost all their original speech during their sojourn in France; we know that they had not lost their national feeling, for they scorned being classed with the inhabitants of the land upon which they had descended, and for a long time the name "Frenchman" was bitter insult to their ears and would cause the hand of many a proud Norman, instinctively, to seek his sword hilt. Since then the Normans for a long time preserved their national feeling, what more probable than that they also preserved many of their old words?

In addition to the words falling under the above-mentioned classes we have a few stragglers from other climes, hardly more worthy of mention for their practical influence or importance than are the few Indian terms which we in America have adopted.

So much then for the composition of the English language. Let us now come to the second division of our subject, the composition of the English nation and the races which have held sway at different times in England.

The characteristics of race are always strongly defined and are never without great influence. Centuries upon centuries appear to be unable to obliterate either the effects or marks of race; centuries of foreign intercourse as centuries of isolation. For example, take the familiar instance of Calais and Dover, but a few hours apart, almost in sight of each other, and, to make the case still

stronger, one for a long time in the possession of the nation of which the other forms a part, and yet how different their inhabitants; or take England and Ireland, and, though speaking the same language and bound together politically for centuries, the Saxon and the Celt still confront us, each with his national peculiarities boldly prominent. But, perhaps, a better illustration than any is afforded by that race which, scattered over the surface of the earth, has its representatives in every nation and in every grade of society, and yet who cannot tell a Jew wherever he is domiciled, whatever language he speaks, his peculiarities clinging to him in many instances even after he has abandoned the faith of his fathers?

The influence of race seems to be almost ineradicable. No amount of education, no political change seems able totally to free the individual from his nationality. In the French revolution we see the same haste, the same impetuosity in all grades; in the nobles who deserted their country, in the deputies who fought in the Legislative and Constitutional Assemblies, and in the National Convention, as well as in the rabble who stormed the Tuileries, who one day worshipped Mirabeau and Danton and the next proclaimed them traitors. We see it in Charlotte Corday who struck the tyrant as in Marat, who fell beneath her blow; in the Girondists as well as in the Jacobins. Time does not seem to eradicate the influence of race. It was the same English race which forced the *magna charta* from John and which expelled James. The same gallant Irish race which conquered under Brian Boroihme and which fell in the battle of the Boyne.

Race then being so permanent and important in its effects, we must not slight it in the consideration of the component parts and active formative agencies of a literature.

Europe possessed four great races—the Celtic, the Latin, the Teutonic and the Scandinavian. All of these

racés have been at different times in England, though the Scandinavians never maintained a foothold for a length of time sufficient to acquire any ponderable influence upon its literature or to influence, save in the slightest degree, its language.

The Celts were the original inhabitants of the isle and were a barbaric race, in which, however, could be recognized, even as early as the time of Cæsar's invasion, various degrees of civilization. We must not suppose that then the Celts were all naked savages, tattooed and clothed only in the skins of wild beasts thrown carelessly over their shoulders, and, perhaps, like the costume of the Patagonian Indians, which covers but one side, shifted from back to front in accordance with a change of wind. Cowper's

"Time was when clothing sumptuous or for use
Save their own painted skins our sires had none,"

must be either referred to a very early period or confined to the forests of the North. It does not fairly represent the Britain. On the contrary, the use of war chariots and of a rough kind of pottery would tend to show that the Celtic civilization was, at least, as high as the Teutonic of the same era. Indeed, there is every reason to suppose it superior, and on this account, the Britons were a more settled people and paid more attention to the tillage of the earth than the Teutons, and an agricultural people is always in advance, in civilization, of a nomadic tribe of hunters. The Celts were a brave, simple-minded people, loyal to their sovereigns, attached to their land and completely under the control of their Druids, whose religion, while it presented many beauties, such for instance, as worshipping God but in the open air, since no temple, no contracted space, could confine Him, yet retained the horrible rites of human sacrifice. This race had no written language; even the Druid-

ical hymns were handed down by word of mouth in the school of the Druids. The little writing done is said to have been in the Greek character, but the existence of any such writing is to be regarded as extremely doubtful, and it seems much more likely that the Druids should have had a hieroglyphic, had they considered it necessary to commit writing their records. The Celtic race in course of time was driven from its home and has left no memorial in our literature, except a few songs of the bards and the feeling which prompted Mr. McPherson to forge Ossian.

To the residence of the next race which held sway in England we owe, if possible, even less.

For five hundred years the Romans occupied England; for five hundred years their armies and camps, the remains of which have lasted to the present age, were to be seen spread over the country. During that time arose their municipia, or towns enjoying privileges of internal self-government, and colonies (amongst which were London, Colchester, Lincoln, Chester, Gloucester and Bath, which still exist). The language of the Romans was one which easily assimilated with others, and yet their influence was inconsiderable. Latin, strange as it may appear at first blush, had a much greater effect upon English literature after the removal of the Romans from the island than in the years during which they there sojourned. Now why should this be? Why did not the conquerors force their language on Britain, as they did on the nations of the continent, whether victorious or beaten? The answer to this question will, I think, be found in the relative position of the two races inhabiting the island. The Romans were conquerors. The Britons, it is true, a vanquished race, but for a long time, unbroken in spirit, though forced to yield to the superior discipline of their adversaries, hating their oppressors, clinging to their nationality and religion, and missing no opportunity of making their discontent effect-

ually known and their hatred felt. By a short reference to history these facts will be established.

Julius Cæsar landed B. C. 55. From that time, ninety-eight years elapsed before Britain was declared a province of the empire. Eighteen years after that occurrence, one hundred and sixteen after Cæsar, seventy thousand Romans were massacred by the justly enraged and indignant barbarians, who thus fearfully avenged the insult offered to their Queen, Boadicea. Later, A. D. 83, Agricola's Ninth Legion was almost cut to pieces by Britons, who still maintained their spirit of independence, which was not entirely broken until the fourth century. That it was then extinct is shown by the invasions of the Picts and Scots and by the piteous appeal of the Britons for protection after the withdrawal of their Roman masters early in the fifth century. Such then being the relations to each other sustained by the two contemporaneous races, there was little room for their amalgamation and a consequent literary birth, where one race affected to despise a conquered people, and the other, without any affectation, hated its tyrants. This bitterness of feeling continued until the spirits of both nations had so far decayed that there was not vital force in either sufficient to make any movement; and we shall find, I think, on glancing over the world's history, that where a nation is active in one direction it generally is in all, and that, in a majority of instances, the reverse also will hold.

That eras of political and literary activity generally co-exist is a truth so strikingly displayed upon the pages of history that, I think, I shall be pardoned a short digression, in order to mention a few, a very few, of the more prominent exemplifications of this doctrine; no new one, in truth, as one the same in effect, or capable of being rendered so by one step in development, was announced by the Roman centurion, Paterculus, who published his "History of Rome" about the year of the

Crucifixion. With this object in view, let me first call attention to the fact brought into prominent notice by De Quincey, that the literary activity of Greece was collected around two points, the ages of Pericles and Alexander. In the time of the first arose and flourished the Greek tragedy and comedy, in it lived Socrates and Plato, Thucydides and Herodotus. In the second era Aristotle reasoned and Demosthenes and Æschines contended. Both of these eras were also times of intense political activity and excitement. The first was the period of Athenian supremacy, and over its earlier stages hung the retreating shadows of the Persian war. The second was that in which Greece sallied forth to conquest and in which the Persian invasion was repaid.

Leaving Greece, we find contemporaneous with the golden age of Latin literature the Catalinian conspiracy, the first and second triumvirates and the establishment of the empire; and, as if to add to the force of our illustration, the foremost man in political life, the man whose next movement was expected with anxious heart and throbbing brain by the whole republic, Julius Cæsar, was also one of the most prominent in the literature of his day. Cicero, too, the consul, the unmasker of the Catalinian conspiracy, is also famous not only for his forensic and senatorial orations, for this we might expect in a man of political attainments, but also for his philosophical works, for his books upon Friendship, upon Old Age, upon Immortality, as well as from his orations against Cataline and in support of the Poet Archytas.

In modern times, we find the age of Louis XIV, in which took place the wars of the Fronde, the war of the Spanish succession and the acquirement and loss of European supremacy by France, ornamented by Corneille, Racine, Des Cartes, Le Sage, Voltaire, Massillon, Bossuet and other great minds.

In English history, the Elizabethan era and the age of Queen Anne at once occur to all as additional cumula-

tive evidence of the truth and stability of our position—that an era of political activity is accompanied by one of literary motion, as if there were a certain electric quality in genius which caused it to communicate its promptings from one department of human life through all the various rounds of existence.

The converse of this position appears to have been true at the time which we are now considering. There was no social or political activity in Britain, therefore there was a corresponding literary deadness; there was no breaking up of the fountains of the deep, consequently on the surface everything tended to stagnation.

When the Romans left the island, the intellect of Britain was decaying, had, indeed, reached a high state of decay. It needed regeneration; nor did it wait long or in vain. A third race came. Originally invited, so saith legend, as a defender, it soon became conqueror.

Now it is to this third race, the Anglo-Saxon, that we owe nearly all that is peculiarly English in our literature. These Saxons then deserve our attention.

In the northeastern part of Europe there is a small tract of land formerly known as Frisia and corresponding nearly to what is now known as Schleswig-Holstein, marshy, inhospitable, with a damp and gloomy atmosphere. Here were our fathers born, here they grew to man's estate; wild and savage they delighted in the chase, pursued, with breathless anxiety, their prey and laughed with savage glee as it expired, wounded to death by their arrows or died under their blows. They delighted also in war, endured, without a murmur, its hardships and privations, bravely and relentlessly pressed upon the foe and rejoiced as he fell before them. Their idea of heaven even was of a warlike place where the blessed should enjoy military pleasures. Let us hear upon this point the Edda, or books of Northern Mythology. They say: "The heroes who are received into the palace of Odin have every day the pleasure of arming

themselves, of passing in review and of cutting one another to pieces, but as soon as the hour of repast approaches they return on horseback, all safe and sound, back to the hall of Odin and fall to eating and drinking. Though the number of them cannot be counted, the flesh of the boar Sæhrímnir is sufficient for them all; every day it is served up at table, and every day it is renewed again entire. Their beverage is ale and mead. One single goat, whose milk is excellent mead, furnishes enough of that liquor to intoxicate all the heroes. A crowd of virgins wait upon the heroes at table and fill their cups as fast as they empty them."

But this delectable heaven no coward penetrated, no one who had not died bravely and by violent means could enter there. Its portals were forever barred against the man of peace, or even against such as died by natural means; so that we have instances of brave old Saxons, on the approach of death, calling upon their sons to slay them and so preserve them from straw death.


With such a belief it is not wonderful that the Saxons were not averse to war; it was their joy. Nor did they make expeditions by land only, but putting off from their cold, bleak shores in their light boats, they visited neighboring and more highly-favored countries, and rendered the name of the Saxons terrible by their piratical excursions. There was nothing in the country of the Saxons to excite in them the love of the beautiful, nothing to call forth the finer passions, the gentler feelings; life presented itself in all its rugged earnestness, in its most stern, unyielding aspect. So the Saxons took the like traits. They became hard, stern, above all, earnest. Such were the Saxons in their own land. They came to Britain, and there was little in the country itself to change their disposition; they left marshes, they came to forests. The land was still, in a measure, savage, and they hunted the poor Britons implacably over the isle. The Britons may have made some resistance, but it was

slight, and they, enervated by a long course of subjection and rendered unused to war by the long guardianship of the Roman legions, were soon routed and driven before their terrible adversaries, and the Saxons soon reigned in undisputed possession of a land wilder and ruder than when their sails were first seen by the expectant Britons.

But if there was nothing in nature to transform the Saxons, their hearts were, by another influence, changed; their passions not eradicated, but given a new direction. Unlike many of the surrounding nations, the Saxons worshipped no idols, they deified their heroes, from whom their kings were descended. Worshipping no idols and, in addition, being simple minded and unaccustomed to exercise their brain in high matters, their conversion to Christianity was the more readily achieved. The enthusiasm with which they had followed their hero-gods was given a gentler manifestation, and the sword hilt thenceforward symbolized to them the cross. Their nature was childlike and felt deeply, so that if their old gods raised the Saxons into fury, the true God descending and suffering for His people, that their sins might be washed out in His blood and they saved from everlasting perdition, the Holy Jesus, filled them with awe and reverence and wonder at His love. They could not understand why He should suffer and not, like their old gods, smite. How well this is shown by the story of the Teutonic monarch to whom came the missionary and preached Christ. The King listened, he grew interested, he believed the man of God. The narrative of our Lord's ministering continued, but when the missionary told of our Lord's betrayal, of the indignities to which He submitted, down came the barbarian's hand upon the hilt of his sword, as in a mighty voice he exclaimed, "Had I been there with my Franks!" They could not understand the truth; but they believed with childlike minds and, as children, were easily persuaded. Their conversion, besides being more easy,

seems to have been more sincere than the conversion of many more cultivated peoples. We have no instance among the Teutonic races like that of the Roman Emperor who, in a time of public danger, after beseeching the protection of God, allowed also the performance of heathen rites to propitiate the Fates, nor do I know among barbaric monarchs a case like that of Julian the Apostate, or even an example of superstitious, half-souled temporizing like that of Constantine the Great, who deferred his baptism until his death, believing that the water of baptism washed away all previous sins but had no prospective operation, and acting as though his unbaptized condition gave him a special license to commit crime.

The Saxon race, hard, rugged, earnest and brave, became the substructure of the English nation. The literature of the nation owes its finer fancy, though not its ardent, masculine imagination, to its intercourse with the continent and the Norman conquest, but its main characteristic is Saxon. It is, therefore, as might be expected, distinguished for its earnestness. There is less of the flippant style of writing in English, in proportion to its age, than in any other literature. England's writers have loved to deal with subjects which required them to stretch the wings of thought and, rising far above the concerns and anxieties of this life, to soar aloft in regions, dangerous from their altitude and yet fascinating even by their danger. In what other nation would have dared to come forth a Milton to justify the ways of God to man in lofty verse? Even of the professedly light works of our language many possess an undercurrent of deep thought and intense feeling and earnestness which, were it not in such complete harmony with the genius of the language and people, would seem to jar discordant with the subject. What I mean may be easily seen by referring to the beautiful poem of Mr. Tennyson, "The Princess, a Medley," or to many of Shakespeare's



comedies, as "Twelfth Night" or "The Tempest." There is an earnestness even in the humor of English which we in vain look for in other tongues, and the union of which, with seriousness, would, in many of them, be incongruous. Imagine if we can a comic personage introduced into a Greek tragedy, where the main idea is that of an overruling fate, and see how the beauty and unity of the play would be destroyed. But look at an English tragedy and see whether the comic part injures its effect. Does the fool in King Lear injure the hearth scene? Even with the spectacle before us of the poor old man driven forth into the pitiless storm, breasting the inclement elements as less cruel than his daughters, his mind wandering but ever and anon recurring to his outrages, does the rude wit of the fool seem misplaced, does his banter jar upon our ears? I think not. On the contrary, I also think that there is scarcely any one who, after a careful study of this great play, has witnessed King Lear at the theatre and seen the part of the fool erased, leaving no relief to the highly-wrought character of the piece except the trifling part of the steward (and that only when an actor pushes it into undue prominence by a comic rendition), but has come away muttering curses deep and, in some instances, loud, too, against the conceited Tate who, in obedience to the taste of the French ideas of the theatre prevailing in his day, banished from the stage the cap and bells and motley of the poor King's jester, and feeling contempt for the servility to the traditions of the stage which has forbidden the fool's introduction. We, too, can mourn with Lear, "My poor fool hanged!"¹ We miss entirely in English that pretty

¹ It is only just to say that since this was first written some managers have had the good taste to restore the fool, once so sadly missed, and, having seen the piece so played, as one recalls Mr. Forrest's wonderful impersonation of Lear, one cannot help feeling how the effect of even his magnificent performance of the hearth scene would have been enhanced had he had with him his poor jester—how the lesson


trifling wit which is so noticeable a feature in French literature, and which the English character seems unfitted not only to produce but even to duly appreciate. English literature is earnest.

Another distinguishing characteristic of English literature is its freedom. It ranges over all grounds, touches all subjects, even those which would seem by their sanctity to repel; it deals with politics to an extent and with a freedom elsewhere unknown, the arena of political writers being filled with men of all ranks, from the throne down, the honors of authorship being claimed for the unfortunate Charles, who died at the hands of traitors. It examines into religion with a coolness that would cause many pious minds in other countries to shudder, and yet is guilty of no irreverence; it has not the wild skepticism of the German mind, perhaps not its subtlety, nor has it the low flippancy of the French infidels, but it proposes the bold inquiry, boldly follows it out, and if it sins, sins honestly and openly.

This freedom has been fostered by the insular position of England. Cut off from the continent, she was not entangled in continental troubles or embroiled in continental wars, except during the period of her possession of part of France, the short time between the coronation of Henry VI, at Paris (1422), and the expulsion of the English by the great Du Guesclin (1435), and even during that period in a limited degree only. The European

“Take physic, Pomp,
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel
That thou mayest shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just,”

comes the more fully home to us when we see with the King the former minister to his laughter, now his poor attendant friend, still fantastically arrayed, and see him sent into the hut first, or see him, shivering, creep under the King's scanty robe, held open to receive him, and nestle there close to the master, once so imperious.



system of policy and the theory of the preservation of the balance of power, weaving all Europe into one network wherein a strain brought to bear upon one part is felt to the very farthest corner of the frame, did not make its appearance until the sixteenth century, by which time the English spirit and language were very nearly, if not quite, formed and only needed the minds of the Elizabethan era to fix them forever. This effect of the non-existence of policy during the formative ages of English must not be underestimated. The result of political intercourse is, that the nations concerned therein by degrees imbibe each other's ideas and principles, to the improvement of their general knowledge but at the expense of individuality. Now the peculiar idiosyncrasy of England was its love of free inquiry, and there not being any very weighty counteractive influence during the formative period on account of the political non-connection of the States of Europe, it was too firmly established, too deeply imbedded in the national mind to be swept away when the European countries began to act upon each other as members of one family, with one common interest. Besides this the distance of England from the centre of the world, Rome, promoted the daring qualities of thought. The nations on the continent all looked, naturally, toward their chief city, the city which not only held the earthly head of their religion, but which had once been the temporal mistress of the world. The nations had, indeed, overthrown the armies of Rome, but Rome, in spite of that fact, held them in awe by her antiquity and grandeur, as at an early stage of the world's history the Gauls, captors of the city, breaking into the Senate House, were overawed by the solemn and majestic aspect of the ancient Senators, who sat, staff in hand, calmly expecting death. From this city also had sprung the languages of the European nations; there was collected or thither tended the greater part of the learning of the continent, and to this city the learned, scattered

over the face of Europe, looked longingly. The priests and other holy men regarded it as an earthly token of their joy above; the school-men and others looked toward it as the place where their learning, their genius, would be appreciated, and from whence would come reward and honor. Under such circumstances what more natural than that Rome should wield a powerful influence, I had almost said mastery, over the mind of the continent? Nothing could be more natural than that the judgment of Rome should be anxiously awaited by every writer publishing a new work, every philosopher bringing forward a new doctrine. And it behooved a writer to be very careful what he advanced and with what skill he advanced it, since Rome could not only refuse her approval to his sentiments and burn his books, but could often put a champion in the field to controvert him, as she did St. Bernard against Abelard (that wreck of genius, as Hallam calls him), who was met and vanquished in argument at Soissons.

The situation of England was different. Being farther from Rome she was not under so direct a control as were the continental nations. Even before the rupture under Henry VIII, which severed the connection of Rome and the English Church, she had exhibited a restless, insubordinate spirit, which was not unseen by the Popes, but which they had, to a degree, neglected, not taking the same pains to enforce their authority upon the island as upon the more important continent.

In addition to this insular position, the institutions of the country powerfully bore their part in the preservation of a manly independence of thought. *Magna charta*, jury trials, a parliament, though only assembled to vote taxes, until it had acquired greater power in the time of public dissension, all bore their share in the preservation of free political thought, while the outbreak of the Lollards, though quenched in blood, kept alive the spirit of religious liberty and constancy which showed itself in the



Anglican victims of Mary, as well as in the Romanist victims of Henry VIII and Elizabeth.

From these facts we see that history coöperates with the nature of the race in accounting for the daring spirit which is spread over the pages of English literature.

I may here, however, be charged with having anticipated much, which, if spoken of at all, should have been reserved for a later period, with having adduced, as examples of the Saxon spirit, events which occurred after the Norman conquest, but I do not think I have fallen into error, as the instances cited by me are clearly instances of the Saxon spirit which, do not forget, forms the basis of the English nation, and which lost none of its strength by the Norman admixture.

I now come to speak of the Normans. This part of our subject need not occupy us long, since the effect had by the conquerors of England upon its literature has, indeed, been slight. As a proof of this, one fact will suffice. William the Conqueror gained the battle of Hastings, 1066; until the close of the fifteenth century we have hardly a name of any repute whatever in English literature. We have some monkish historians, some theological writers, all in Latin; we have a series of writings in Anglo-Norman-French, copied from French sources, but nothing English. This may at first seem to argue simply a dearth of mind, of ability, but when we turn to the history of the times we find another interpretation at once placed upon this fact. Immediately after the conquest the Saxon proprietors were ejected from their lands and Norman barons installed in their place, and England was considered as a mere appanage of Normandy, as is shown by the conqueror's disposition of his lands—Normandy to the eldest, Robert, England to William, the second son. But, on the death of William Rufus, Henry Beauclerk, usurping the throne to the prejudice of his brother Robert, in order to strengthen his title and with a view also to raise the people in his

behalf, married Maud, a Saxon. Here, then, in 1100, the Saxons were given some hope of being restored to political privileges and of receiving some consideration in the government. The civil wars, which succeeded the death of Henry I, gave them farther opportunity of making their weight felt. They improved it, not slowly, and in 1162 we find Thomas à Becket, a Saxon, Archbishop of Canterbury. The crusades, entailing the absence of a great part of the nobility from the kingdom, also assisted the Saxons in their progress toward its rights, and so, about 1240, we find a poet or rhymster in English, Robert of Gloucester; in 1265 we find the first regular parliament; in 1299 Roger Bacon, a man so learned in every department that he was charged with being in league with the Devil; and then soon came the wars with France, in which the British yeomanry showed to their Norman masters what they really were, and the lords learned that these poor, stupid peasants, these dullards, as they considered them, were men of valor and resolution. So that, strange as it may seem, Cressy and Poitiers have had an important influence upon the destinies of English literature; for the French wars, acting as an intense heat, fused the races. The jealousy on the one side and the contempt on the other disappeared. The two races, burying their animosity, became one great nation. And when this occurred there arose great men in her literature, Gower came and Chaucer—and were but the beginning of a list which has continued to the present day. Now, as we see literature progressing in proportion as the Saxons rise in the social scale, and retaining in its advanced state the Saxon characteristics, especially of earnestness, we shall be justified in saying that the Norman influence upon our literature has not been great, and that to it we owe little besides the light pleasing fancy which has so happily blended with the Saxon earnestness and freedom. The Norman conquest enriched our vocabulary with many Latin words, ren-

dering it, by its conjunction with the Saxon terms, probably the most copious in the world, but it did not divert the spirit of the literature from its old sublime paths.

So much then as a general view of the component parts of our subject; but the purpose of a lecture of this kind would be but imperfectly attempted should I close without saying something upon the study of English literature, especially as I shall presume that there are those before me who feel in the literature of their language a deep interest, and to whom upon that subject no remarks, however weak and unsatisfactory, if well intended, will come utterly amiss.

With regard to the study of English literature, at the start let me warn you that you must not expect, if you would make your study profitable and thorough, to saunter through it as you stroll through a garden, picking only the more beautiful flowers, neglecting the unattractive and carefully avoiding all those whose thorns must sting you before you can become possessed of their sweets. No, the study should rather be compared to a jewel mine in which the rewards of your labor will be rich and splendid, indeed, but to obtain them you must delve. You must labor through much that is dry and hard, but you will be amply repaid; it may be that when you have found a costly jewel, you will at first not recognize it as such, it will require closer contemplation, perhaps a little rubbing off of the circumjacent dust, to reveal its true splendor.

In order to study English literature properly, we should not be content with the mere perusal of a book; we should endeavor to learn the circumstances under which it was written, examine the political events, and see how far contemporaneous civil and political history affected the literature of the day and how far they were affected by it in turn. And, looking at literature in this way, shall frequently see an entirely different construction placed upon a book and an entirely different meaning

given to its import, than when considered merely in and by itself. For instance, when we look at the popular German romance, Reynard the Fox, by itself, we see nothing but, according to whose vision we read, a pleasing, rather childish story, or at most, a fable, containing questionable moral instruction, but when we remember that Reynard the Fox was the form used by German satirists from early ages for the purposes of attacking the abuses of the day, and especially those of the clergy (whose vices are always most carefully attended to), then you at once perceive what a different position Reynard occupies in our eyes.

In selecting authors, of course take those upon whom the world has set the stamp of its approval. Read them, but not them only; read, as time and opportunity are given you, authors to whose merits and works has been denied fame, and who, although unheard of by the world at large, have much in them to improve and to elevate, and there are such; and read those, too, who have had the misfortune to have been outshone by some greater light shining in the same era, and who have, consequently, been neglected by the succeeding generations; the names comprised in this category also are indeed numerous. The stars are always in the heavens, they always shed a light, but while the luminary of day bathes the world in a flood of radiance we see them not; it is only when the sun sets that we can enjoy the pure, tranquil beam of the star.

Here, then, I must pause. It would be, indeed, a delight to me to travel with you through such a fertile, such a luxuriant country as the domain of English literature, but it is impossible; so I close with an earnest exhortation to all of you to study the literature of your language, its historians, its novelists, its philosophers and its poets. And especially to my young friends who have had such exceptional advantages in beginning the study of literature would I say, by no means let your

study end with your graduation. Regard yourselves as but equipped with means for further progress. Perhaps you exclaim we have not time, we have, or shall have, other more important things to do. With regard to time take what you have, waste no time, and, however little you have at your disposal, improve it. And with regard to the other part of your objection, remember that in addition to any other duties incumbent upon you there is the duty of self-development. Development in all directions. So that while all should go on in the endeavor to develop themselves in their chosen work in life and socially, we should remember that there is a higher duty than all of these, the development of man as God's creature, the constant and never-ceasing elevation of his mind, and remember that the literature of our language is a powerful aid put into our hands to enable us to fulfil this great duty. Man must progress, man individually as well as man socially, if he would not retrograde. From time to time there have been those who, in advance of the eras in which they lived, have left their words to serve us upon our journey over the same ground over which they have traveled. Let us then lay to heart their words, imbibe their noble ideas, that they may refresh and aid and strengthen us in our upward march, a march which will end only with our lives.

But such exhortation seems hardly necessary in this place—hallowed by the traditions of its great founder who established St. Mary's Hall, that there might be implanted in the minds and hearts of his dear young charges the never-dying germ of true Christian culture, and from whence, cared for by him and by his Apostolic successors, so many have gone forth fitted by the instruction, both religious and secular, here received, to carry joy and blessing to those about them and to grow steadily in mind and soul,—while every association of the place, its past, its present, its memories, its sweet daily chapel service, its daily work, and the tone which pervades it

throughout impress upon its pupils the excellence of that humility, that modesty, which is the accompaniment of all real intellectual and spiritual elevation, and which is summed up in the words of the Blessed Virgin, who, we know, pondered the deep things of God in her heart, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

PHILIP MASSINGER AND HIS PLAYS.¹

The history of literature abounds with instances of authors, meritorious in themselves, neglected on account of the excellence of a close successor; but perhaps no better example is afforded than is given by the Elizabethan dramatists.

In the Elizabethan era, there existed many bright geniuses who labored in the walks of the drama, who might well, did they stand alone, form the boast of the literature of any nation, but who, owing to the immense superiority of their great coeval, are almost, if not entirely, forgotten by the mass of readers, and are enjoyed but by a few critical or scholarly persons.

These dramatists are indeed stars shining in obscurity; and amongst them are few whose light is more brilliant, the overpowering sun being removed, than that of Philip Massinger.

Critics may differ with regard to the exact position which Massinger occupies in a graded scale of dramatic authors,—each may have his favorite, whom he struggles to place in the foremost rank,—but, with the exception of Hazlitt, all agree in assigning him a high place,—one of the chief seats at the feast. Charles Lamb has treated him, perhaps, with less consideration than most critics; Gifford has placed him above Ben Jonson; and Hallam declares that, as a tragic writer, he is second only to Shakespeare. This is high praise, especially from such a critic as Hallam, and doubts of its justice may arise in our minds, even when it is backed by so great a name. For our own part, when we recollect the great scene in “Faustus,” where the doctor, his life’s thread almost spun out, abandoned by the fiend who has served, only to

¹ Written about 1872; first published in 1881.

betray, him, awaits his end, awaits the arrival of the demons who shall come to drag him away to everlasting torment,—while his friends are vainly praying for him in the adjoining chamber, almost against hope; and he, giving full sway to a wild feeling of agony, mixed with the faintest ray of hope, which only heightens the acuteness of his misery, bursts out into that terrible soliloquy, begging for a delay of time, a chance for repentance; then not even that, but for a restoration, after fearful punishment and years of torture, and finally, abandoning all hope, plunging into the depths of despair; when we remember this, we must consider Massinger, in tragic power, inferior to poor Kit Marlowe.

But, whatever may be Massinger's relative place, his actual merit is great, undeniably great; and an attentive study of his works will amply repay the student of that glorious period of literature in which he wrote; and, to know them at all, it is necessary to study them, for in the present condition of the stage and popular taste no opportunity is given us of witnessing them, except one,—the "New Way to Pay Old Debts,"—in which the late Mr. Davenport achieved so enviable a reputation.

But the "New Way to Pay Old Debts" is not the best of Massinger's plays; there are others nobler in tone and more exalted in poetic sentiment; and those whose knowledge of the drama is confined to that acquired at the theatre, can form but a poor opinion of what Massinger is.

We shall not pretend here to discuss Massinger's plays in detail,—to take them up, as they deserve, one by one, and examine the structure and note the action of each; but shall merely take a general view of his life and works, and, performing the part of link-boy, endeavor to throw some little light upon the pathway leading to the enjoyment of his beauties.

First, then, let us look at Massinger himself; and if in so doing we find that his life was no unbroken course of

prosperity, but that into it adversity and privation entered in no small degree, he will be an additional example of the theory,—a favorite one with us,—that greatness is best acquired through suffering.

Philip Massinger was born in the year 1584, at Salisbury, as would seem from a letter of the Earl of Pembroke to Raleigh, of gentle parents. Of his early education not much is known, but, from the dedication of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and from the minute knowledge of household duties displayed in several of his dramas, as, for example, the "Bashful Lover," it has been conjectured that he was brought up as a page in the household of the Countess of Pembroke, at Wilton. This, however, though highly probable, is still but conjectural; and the first authentic information we obtain of him is that on Friday, the 14th day of May, 1602, "Philip Massinger, *generosi filius*," was entered at St. Albans, Oxford. There he conducted himself, we know not how. A host of critics and biographers have fought over this question, from which little good is to be extracted, and about which nothing is harder than to discover the truth; and little light is shed, little assistance rendered, by the controversy; for in it, as in all such debates, there is a tendency on the one side to magnify genius at the expense of application, and on the other to claim for the subject of discussion a union of all good qualities, and to superadd industry to genius. According to the one, Massinger neglected entirely the academic studies; according to the other, he was a proficient in scholarship; neither side produces extrinsic evidence, and, in the state of the evidence, we should decline to judge between them, being content to take what we may be able to know of any man's life, and to draw instruction from thence, and endeavoring to avoid the pernicious habit of building up a character to suit one's own ideas of what a certain man should be, and then arguing from that as from an ascertained fact.

Massinger left Oxford in 1606, without his degree. About the same time, his father died, and Massinger, thrown upon his own resources, suffered additional deprivation, in that his former patron, the Earl of Pembroke, now neglected him. To account for this latter occurrence, Gifford declares that Massinger had turned Roman Catholic, in which opinion Mr. Shaw agrees with him. This position is combated by a recent editor of Massinger, Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham, and successfully, so far as it would account for the Earl's neglect; but we do not think him equally successful in showing that our poet had not been and never was reconciled to Rome. On the contrary, there is evidence which would draw us to the opposite conclusion. Apart from the opinion of Gifford, to oppose whom, Cunningham admits, requires a bold man, there is intrinsic evidence. There runs through Massinger's works a spirit of, to give it the mildest name, regard for Roman sentiment and practice, at that day somewhat remarkable in any one not a professing Romanist, if we may receive the laws in force against members, and especially priests, of the Roman Church, as proof of the popular sentiment toward them. As instances of this regard, as we have called it, the "Virgin Martyr," one of his earliest productions, is in many respects a miracle play, and in the "Renegado" (produced in 1624), the noblest character of all is a Romish priest,—nay, more, a Jesuit. On the whole, therefore, we do not argue one way or the other, only *non constat*, from Cunningham's successful argument as to his first position, that his second is established also.

Having left Oxford, the struggle of life began in earnest; the bark had lain long enough in the dock-yard, and was now launched forth to cleave its way amidst the billows. Massinger went immediately to London, like most literary adventurers of that day, when the rewards of literary merit flowed from the court, desiring to be

near the source of patronage, and in that great city, as he himself says, enlisted himself amongst "divers others whose necessitous fortunes made literature their profession;" and a rare set those same "necessitous" men were. Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Ford, Webster, Dekker, Chapman, Marston, Middleton, were either at work or were shortly to come upon the scene. The lives of many of these men were, themselves, romances as interesting as their plays; indeed, could we only recover fuller particulars concerning them, I can hardly imagine a more interesting book than a collection of the biographies of the Elizabethan dramatists. Nay, we might be content with less; and, when we think what stores of wit, humor, learning and poetry were lavished at the "Mermaid," it is a source of regret that there was no Boswell at that tavern as well as at the "Turk's Head." How almost invaluable such a book as Boswell's Johnson would be, with the dramatists for its subject! What would we give for a well-authenticated conversation of Shakespeare? But at that day such a book would have been an impossibility. The world did not truly recognize who its really great men were, and, taken up with the observance of ministers, soldiers and favorites, could spare but little attention to such poor chaff as players and poets.

The literary men of Massinger's time seem to have had a very hand-to-mouth existence, as a rule, for at least a great part of their careers, and to have led lives of a not very regular character. Dissipated, to a certain extent, they probably were, but yet by no means idle, as the works produced attest; at times having scarcely enough money to buy them the necessary food or keep them out of prison; again, revelling on the proceeds of a dedication, and spending the reward of long and arduous toil in short debauchery; but withal, strange to say, preserving throughout their writings that high moral tone which, when contrasted with some portions of their lives, seems perfectly marvelous to us, and which can only be

accounted for on the ground that they were men of strong natures, and able to abstract their minds from the transitory to the lasting, and that, though they erred, their errors were the fruit of overpowering temptation, rendered more potent by previous suffering, and not the offspring of minds radically bad. Then, with regard to their works, these authors at times were the favorites of great men, and at others fell under the condemnation of the dramatic censor, which was a rather more serious matter in England than now. At the present day, it is true, the Lord Chamberlain may suppress an obnoxious portion, or, in a very rare case, prohibit the production of a play, as, some years ago, "*Camille*," and, more lately, "*La Vie Parisienne*," were prohibited; but in the Elizabethan time the production of the play was not only forbidden, but the authors might be thrown into prison or otherwise punished. Chapman, Ben Jonson, Marston and Dekker were imprisoned and sentenced to have their noses split, for an attack on the Scotch in "*Eastward Ho!*" but this barbarous punishment, it is a relief to learn, was not inflicted.

The meagre accounts that we have of the Elizabethan poets fully bear out our assertion that their lives were checkered and would furnish in themselves material for many a romance. Take, for instance, Ben Jonson, the son of a clergyman, the pupil of Camden, then a bricklayer, next a soldier serving in Flanders, then an actor, and as such an utter failure; then we see him killing his adversary in a duel, and in prison on a charge of murder; in prison becoming a Roman Catholic; after his release, marrying, returning to the Anglican fold, and draining the whole chalice in token of his sincerity; then follows a course of prosperity, such as was vouchsafed to but few of his contemporary poets. There, if you please, is a comedy; but the lives of others would supply material for most touching dramas,—many of tragedies. Think of poor Marlowe, the creator of "*Faustus*" and the "*Jew*"

of Malta," dying in a tavern brawl, and only thirty years old!

The scene of Massinger's labors, the theatre of the Elizabethan age, has been so frequently described, with its partial roof, its absence of scenery, the gallants sitting upon the rush-strewn stage, that I will not reiterate what has been so often said, and we will return from our hero's associates to the man himself.

From the time of Massinger's leaving Oxford until the year 1621, we have but little information concerning him, except that in the interval he wrote twelve plays (of which eight have unfortunately perished), and that during that time he fell into the same distress which befell so many of his associates, as is witnessed by an earnest appeal, signed by Massinger, Field and Daborne, and addressed to one "Philip Hinchlow, Esquire," praying for a small loan to effect their release from prison. Sad, indeed, is it to think of three such spirits mewed up, and for a petty, trifling debt. Perhaps they made their cage their workshop, as others have done; perhaps the prison may have witnessed them writing plays, as Cervantes wrote his "Don Quixote," Ockley his "Saracens," and, stranger than all, the unknown barrister "Fleta," in prison. The appeal, however, was not unanswered; the money was loaned and the captives were released, and we have no other record of like distress; but, as a further evidence of the straightened circumstances of one, or perhaps two, of the three, we have a bond signed by Massinger and Daborne, conditioned in the sum of three pounds, from which we may conjecture the state of the poet's circumstances, when he was obliged so carefully to secure his creditor for so small a sum. The rest of Massinger's life seems to have been passed at hard work, without being characterized by any particularly noteworthy incident, always, of course, excepting the writing of plays. The authorities for this portion of his life are the office-book of the Master of Revels, wherein are reg-

istered the dates of production of his plays, and the dedications of the plays themselves.

These dedications are written in an humble yet manly tone; there is nothing servile; there is some consciousness of worth manifested; but still we can see how necessary patronage was to him, as to others of his time; how necessary was the stamp of the patron's approbation (if, indeed, more substantial aid were not also needed, as I fear in many cases it was) to enable the author to make a respectable appearance in the eyes of his contemporaries. The time had not yet come when the man of letters could emancipate himself from patronage, and, boldly putting himself upon his merits, appeal to the reading public at large. Samuel Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield had yet to be written. What a lesson is taught, what an historical revelation is afforded us by the mere consideration of the different positions occupied by the author in the Elizabethan era, and at the present day; how, in the former case, it causes indignation to stir within us at the sight of a noble intellect dependent for recognition—nay, almost for a subsistence,—upon an inferior more highly gifted with the world's goods. And yet we do wrong when we blame patrons, as some have sneered at Mæcenæ; for, although many of them did nourish men of letters simply to add to their own grandeur and importance, yet many of them were enlightened gentlemen, whose approbation was valuable in more senses than one. Of the latter class seem to have been the Earls of Montgomery and Pembroke, and Lord Mohun, by whose kindness the latter years of Massinger's life were cheered, while, in the dedication of the "Maid of Honor," Massinger thus expresses his gratitude to Sir Francis Foljambe and Sir Thomas Bland: "I heartily wish that the world may take notice, and from myself, that I had not up to this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies and favors." He also possessed, in Sir Aston Cockayne, more than a

patron—a friend. Massinger died in March, 1639, and was buried at the priory church of St. Saviour.

So much, then, as a brief notice of our author's life. Let us now consider briefly what he has left us; and, while his body has returned to the dust from which it originally came, and the exact place of his burial can no longer be pointed out, yet his spirit is still amongst us, and speaks to us from his pages whenever we turn to them, and speaks in tones that cause us to mourn that it no longer addresses us through living exponents from the stage. For, alas! the might geniuses of yore, with the exception of the one too great to be banished, have been exiled, and there are now no giants to take their places, but only a race of pigmies, whom we admire and praise if occasionally one reaches the height of the human form.

Massinger's plays are thirty-seven in number,—or, rather, we should say, *were*, for of that number only nineteen remain, viz.: "The Old Law," "The Virgin Martyr," "Unnatural Combat," "Duke of Milan," "Renegado," "Bondsman," "Parliament of Love," "Roman Actor," "Great Duke of Florence," "Maid of Honor," "The Picture," "Emperor of the East," "Believe As You List," "Fatal Dowry," "New Way to Pay Old Debts," "City Madam," "Guardian," "A Very Woman," and "The Bashful Lover."

The remaining eighteen plays have perished. It is sad to think how many works of genius have been lost to the world. Of the orations of Hyperides, esteemed by his contemporaries the most brilliant of speakers, scarce a specimen remains. Of Livy, we possess but fragments; the connecting links are gone. The amount of learning destroyed in the Alexandrian flames, it will ever be impossible to estimate; but the majority of the lost works of Massinger perished in a way peculiarly base and ignoble. They whose object and end it was to minister to the mind and fill it with noble thoughts and images,

were compelled to minister to that part of us, far lower, indeed, but which has been declared, upon good authority, to be the nearest way to the heart,—namely, the stomach. It came about in this wise. There was a certain man named John Warburton (whom, although rejoicing in the appendages F. R. S., and F. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel Cunningham does not hesitate to style “a vulgar, illiterate, sordid and unprincipled ex-excise-man”), who had a passion for collecting old English dramas. In the course of his life, he became possessed of fifty-five old plays in manuscript, including the following works of Massinger: “The Forced Lady,” “Noble Choice,” “Wandering Lovers,” “Philenzo and Hypolita,” “Antonio and Vallia,” “The Tyrant,” “Fast and Welcome,” “The Woman’s Plot,” “Believe As You List” (fortunately not the only copy), “Spanish Viceroy” and “Minerva’s Sacrifice.” So far, so good. Here was a rare store to repay its owner’s industry. But, alas! Mr. Warburton had a cook. Now, there is nothing so very remarkable in this fact,—Mr. Warburton very probably liked good dinners, and must of necessity have some one to cook them for him,—but this was no ordinary cook, for Mr. Warburton, whether for economical reasons or not we are uninformed, employed this same person in the not very congenial office of librarian. Now, our own idea is that a gentleman of literary tastes ought to be his own librarian, if he possibly can. But let that go. Any one, certainly, should be very careful as to the sort of person he would allow to have access to such a valuable collection of manuscripts as we have above alluded to. Now, it so happened that Mr. Warburton, disregarding the terrors of nightmare, was fond of pastry. His cook conceived it necessary to use paper in preparing it; but, perhaps because she had no paper at hand in the kitchen, in her capacity of cook, she went to herself as librarian, and received sundry pages of manuscripts from the old dramatists, who were piled up in a heap. These inroads,

once begun, were continued. Mr. Warburton liked pies; his cook made them, and used the "trumpery stuff" from the old paper-heap in their manufacture. Thus did John Warburton eat up fifty-two old dramas. Think what he had eaten! Think what agonizing nights he must have passed! How he must, sleepless, have tossed about upon his pillow, turning now to this side, now to that, in the vain endeavor to obtain repose! How cold drops of sweat must have hung upon his terrified brow as before him appeared all the beings thus ruthlessly swept out of existence—for the poet's creations have a real existence, a genuine being,—resolved in vengeance to haunt their destroyer,—kings, tyrants, lovers, gallant knights, gentle ladies,—nay, whole armies,—all approaching with indignant mien, and upbraiding with their loss their devourer! Think, too, of the richness, the reckless extravagance, of the Warburton repasts! Vitellius's banquets and Cleopatra's pearl draught are not to be mentioned in comparison. So perished these plays.

I propose now, in pursuance of my original plan, to take a hasty glance at some of the main characteristics of Massinger's works, for it would be impossible, in a paper like the present, to give any fair or extended criticism of his plays in detail. Before looking at his delineation of character, we may turn for a short time to the consideration of his plots. Massinger's plots are by no means simple in their construction, but they are rarely so involved as to endanger dramatic unity. In some of the plays, however, the sub-plot assumes striking proportions, as, in the "Bashful Lover," the love of Alonzo and Maria, or rather, the beautiful, womanly forgiveness of the latter, is almost as interesting, and commands our sympathies as much, as the fortunes of the hero and heroine; and, in another play, "The Virgin Martyr," the connection of the sub-plot with the main is so slight that it could have been omitted, not only without injury to the play, but with positive advantage. Massinger's plots gener-

ally require a comparatively large number of characters to properly develop them, and this, we may remark, seems to be common to most of the older dramatists. The fashion of reducing to the utmost limit the number of persons having a direct connection with the plot, is, in the English drama, of modern prevalence (though we should notice that the earliest English play, "Ralph Roister Doister," has but a small list of *dramatis personæ*), and for what reason it is hard to say; probably because the rules of criticism, under French influence, are tending more strictly to a formal observance of the canon which enjoins unity of action, so that authors are becoming careful to leave no opening for an attack on that score. But our old writers—the creators, so to speak, of our drama,—wrote with very little regard for critical rules; they were not always referring to measure and plumb-line; they did not care how they appeared to infringe upon rules and to violate the unities; they went on in the wild wayward course of genius, and they did actually often, time upon time, disregard and utterly neglect the unities of time and place,—those merely artificial restrictions whose rigid observance has frequently marred a beautiful play; but the true, serviceable, essential unity, that of action, they rarely, if ever, in fact, violated; they only, at times, appeared to. Sub-plots they wrote, and beautiful ones, important ones; but they were still sub-plots; they were subordinated to the main plot; they worked in with it and strengthened it, although it must be confessed the connection is sometimes a little hard to be discovered.

Massinger's plots are laid in almost all parts of the world, though Italy seems to have been his favorite spot. They abound in incident, and the poet by no means bears in mind "*Ne pueras coram populo Medea trucidet*," for many very horrible things are presented before the eyes of the spectator; for example, in "The Virgin Martyr," Theophilus kills his two daughters, and Dorothea and

Theophilus are tortured on the stage; in the "Unnatural Combat," Malefort is struck dead by lightning. But he does regard "*Nec deus intersit; nisi dignus vindice nodus incident;*" for, though he brings an angel upon the stage in "The Virgin Martyr," it is to support a holy maiden, exposed to dire torment, and, if Malefort is struck dead by lightning, he has poisoned his wife and killed his son, and yet stands in no danger of human punishment.

In the development of his plots, Massinger displays great art. You are not able to see the end from the very beginning; he does not fall into the error of so disposing his characters at the outset that the spectator knows at once what their relations must be at the fall of the curtain; but keeps his audience, as it were, in suspense for a considerable time, in some instances, the opening hardly giving a hint of the termination; the true nature of the characters even, sometimes, not being at once foreshadowed; and yet, when it is fully revealed, we perceive the consistency of the whole. As an instance of this artistic development of plot and of sustentation of interest, let us take "The Fatal Dowry." At the beginning, when we see the noble Charolois mourning for his father, and pursued by his creditors, pressing his petition and being contemptuously rebuffed, would we ever imagine that upon him is to be bestowed the hand of the fair Beaumelle, and, further, that that very bestowal is to be the source from which are to spring the deepest, blackest misfortunes, death and dishonor, the innocent overwhelmed in one general destruction with the guilty, through the criminal levity of the beautiful woman, trained by a learned father with all possible care? And yet, when we have read, or seen and considered, we recognize the naturalness of the development.


In the same way, the individual characters are frequently developed. The spirit of the character is frequently only hinted at at the outset; for instance, Luke, in the "City Madam," a most thorough-paced scoundrel,

as we eventually find him, at first appears as the humble, useful drudge, the oppressed meek man, leading a life of humility and toil, in atonement for his early juvenile excesses, and yet even at this stage we see proceeding from him quiet suggestions of vice which, when the external restraints have been removed, appal us by their enormity. The same may be said with regard to Francisco in the "Duke of Milan," a second Iago; for, like Iago, he is "honest."

"Then this is but a trial
To purchase thee, if it were possible,
A nearer place in my affection, but
I know thee honest."

Sforza almost apologizes for permitting the bare idea of possible failure on Francisco's part to enter his mind. Francisco is his friend, his very heart's brother, trusted in everything, and he seems to all worthy of the trust; and yet Francisco's whole life is one of steady progress toward revenge upon Sforza, and a revenge horrible in itself and fearful in its details; and, when the man's black character at last stands out before us, fully portrayed, we then recognize how all which seemed good and fair was in reality the deepest treachery.

A prominent feature of Massinger's writings is the great amount of manly tenderness with which the poet has endowed many of his characters,—an almost feminine delicacy joined to the most manly attributes. This is well shown in such characters as Charolois and Hortensio, especially in the latter. Hortensio is an embodiment of gentleness and courage, each in the highest degree, and of modesty, for, with all his love, he shrinks in conscious inferiority from the woman he adores, an example of true self-sacrificing love of a most exquisite kind. He loves, deeply, passionately; his lady is his one thought, his constant dream; and yet, when he and his rival, no contemptible one, are contending in the service of that lady, each striving to gain her favor by exertions



in her cause, Hortensio does not hesitate to spur on and stimulate his rival, because thereby his lady will be served, though at most dear cost to himself, her lover:

“Fight bravely, Prince Uberti; there's no way else
To the fair Matilda's favor.”


And when, afterward, when her love has been given to him, and his labors and devotion seem about to be rewarded, his happiness is again threatened, and made to hang trembling in the balance by the proffered alliance of the great Lorenzo, in the support of which considerations of political advantage, as well as of personal grandeur, are presented, see how the lover, on the point of attaining his highest joy, advises his dearly loved one:

“He that loves
His mistress truly, should prefer her honor
And peace of mind, above the gluttony of
His rav'nous appetite; he should affect her
But with a fit restraint, and not take from her
To give himself; he should make it the height
Of his ambition, if it lie in
His stretched-out nerves to effect it, though she fly in
An eminent place, to add strength to her wings,
And mount her higher, though he fall himself
Into the bottomless abyss! or else
The services he offers are not real,
But counterfeit.
That I stand bound in duty,
(Though in the act I take my last farewell
Of comfort in this life,) to sit down willingly
And make my suit no farther. I confess,
While you were in danger, and Heaven's mercy made me
Its instrument to preserve you, (which your goodness
Prized far above the merit,) I was bold
To feed my starved affection with false hopes
I might be worthy of you.
But when the Duke of Florence
Put in his plea, in my consideration,
Weighing well what he is, as you must grant him,
A man of men in arms, and, those put off,
The great example for a kingly courtier
To imitate; annex to these his wealth,
Of such a large extent as other monarchs
Call him the king of coin; and, what's above all,
His lawful love, with all the happiness

This life can fancy, from him flowing to you,—
The true affection which I have ever borne you
Does not alone command me to desist,
But as a faithful counsellor to advise you
To meet and welcome that felicity
Which hastes to crown your virtues."

As might be expected after examining the foregoing characters, Massinger excels in the portraiture of women. His ideal of women seems to have been very high, and we meet upon his pages a series of heroines, charming, indeed. He presents to us women in many shapes and in many guises; but, while he does give us examples of unworthy ones, his tendency is decidedly to exalt the sex, and his virtuous portrayals are much more congenial than his vicious ones; he is more at home with Penelope than with Phryne or Tullia. As examples of his great skill in the portrayal of women, we have only to point to his Dorothea, that beautiful specimen of a saintly martyr; to Camiola, the Maid of Honor, who, willing to sacrifice all for her lover, proves her devotion to him by retirement, from the court in which she was so highly honored, to a convent,—since, the love of Bertoldo having been drawn away by the glitter of a crown, earth contains no charms sufficient to hold her to it,—and by her self-abnegation recalls Bertoldo to a sense of his duty and to the ranks of his knightly order; to the beautiful princess Matilda; and to that exquisite embodiment of hopeless love and forgiveness, Maria; to the faithful Sophia; while, on the other hand, we have in Beaumelle a creation made more repulsive on account of her personal beauty and accomplishments when we contrast them with the depraved underlying nature, than she would have been had her form and intellect been in accordance with her moral condition; and, then, in the ladies in the "City Madam," we have specimens of the ordinarily weak nature ruined and made arrogant by unusual prosperity.

Massinger is also very successful in the treatment of




a favorite species of character; we mean the character which, with a rough exterior, possesses great warmth of heart and fidelity of affection; a character somewhat like Shakespeare's Lafeu in the first two particulars, and like his Adam in the last. Of this class, Massinger's Romont is an admirable specimen. His villains are remarkably fine; but of them we have spoken in another place. Massinger's comedy, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is by no means equal to the pathetic portions of his plays, and is indeed unequal in itself, and rarely moves our laughter in the perusal, whatever it may have done when represented on the stage. It appears at its best in the "Old Law," and in the silly coxcombs who frequently figure in his plays. There is no approach to Falstaff, to Parolles, or to any one of the merry company we meet with on the pages of the great dramatist. Massinger's comedy is at times so disfigured by grossness,—of which very little appears in his serious passages, scarcely to be mentioned when one considers the time,—that it has been conjectured by some critics that he did not write the comical parts of his plays himself, but employed an assistant for that purpose; but the conclusion does not follow from the premises; for it may readily be that a poet, endowed with a superior tragic power, but deficient in comic ability, and conscious of that defect, might, from the tone current about him in the Elizabethan era, have mistaken the vulgarity which was commonly adjoined to the wit of that day, for the wit itself, and so, in writing in the endeavor to please and catch the popular ear, have presented simply, and we may add ignorantly, vulgarity and coarseness, under the impression that they constituted wit and humor. This having been done once, and the groundlings, who then, as now, made a large proportion of a theatrical audience, having been pleased, the author would be confirmed in his error, and the course would be continued in. This idea gathers strength in our mind when we dis-

cover that the "Old Law," in which occur the truly amusing characters of Gnotho the clown, and Creon's servants, with their wives, was written by Massinger in conjunction with Rowley and Middleton; and Gifford says that his persuasion is "that the share of Massinger in this strange composition is not the most considerable of the three."

But, from whatever cause it arises, the fact is undeniably true that Massinger's comic ability was infinitely inferior to his tragic, and, worse than that, we find his comic passages frequently disfigured by grossness and vulgarity, which seems the more remarkable when we turn to his tragic, or even his simply serious, parts, and see with what purity and delicacy he has treated even rather questionable subjects.

In conclusion, Massinger may be regarded as a type, in one especial characteristic, of the age in which he lived. The characteristic alluded to is earnestness. Now, that the age acts upon the man, as well as the man upon the age, has become almost a truism, and needs no argument to enforce it; but in every age there are men who stand out as representatives in an eminent degree of its spirit. The age of Elizabeth was distinguished for its earnestness. It was shown in every department of human life,—shown in the voyages undertaken by Drake, Raleigh and Hawkins; it was shown in the uprising of the people on the approach of the Armada,—shown even in the spy system of Walsingham,—shown in the rigor of the religious persecutions, and shown, too, in the fortitude with which they were supported,—shown, as a final instance, in the literature of the day,—But stop! cries some one. Remember euphuism,—remember the careful balancing of words, the seeking after quaintness of expression or oddity of imagery. Well, we remember it; but, waiving the suggestion that there was a certain kind of earnestness exhibited in the very pursuit of oddity, in the very carefulness of balance, and



the delight in antithesis,—as a rope-dancer is sometimes one of the most careful, earnest of men for the time being, though what he does is a trifle,—remember also that the euphuistic writings were not the main ones of the age. Turn where we will, and especially when we turn in the direction of the drama, we find the spirit of the age—earnestness—stamped upon the national literature; and who more earnest than Massinger? The very “crabbedness and hardness” of which Hazlitt complains, is but earnestness, and it is delightful to read an author who is in earnest, who does not trifle and play with his subject as though it were a mere platform on which to exhibit the performer’s skill, and who, by his earnestness, often produces the genuine effect at which all writers should aim,—the elevation of soul,—the enforcement of principle; while another produces only the effect of wonder at his own skill,—a wonder which, when the first impressions of it have worn off, leaves the author who has created it far lower in the estimation of his readers than him who has not been so anxious for display, and thus fails, even in his far inferior object. What has given Carlyle such effect, cursed as he is with a bad style, and extravagant as he appears at times, but his earnestness? Do we not feel, when we have taken up Carlyle,—when we have waded and fought our way, as at times we must, through his involved sentences and strange phraseology, and have gained some knowledge of his meaning,—that this man is in earnest? And does he not force us to think, even after we have laid away the book upon the book-shelf, and imagine ourselves engaged with other things? Verily, he does; and he does all this because he is earnest. Now, if earnestness be so potent, even under disadvantages, how powerful should it be when joined with the graces of speech, kept in proper subordination to the main object, to great skill in development of plot, and to great knowledge of human nature, as is the case with our poet? I do not say Massinger is as earnest as

Carlyle, who is one of the most earnest writers the world has seen, but that earnestness is a prominent characteristic of him,—I may say the most prominent—and also that in this characteristic he stands before us as a type of his age, and the worthy compeer of Drake, Raleigh, Campion, Leicester, and, as a writer, the compeer of Ben Jonson, of Ford, of Webster, of all the great dramatists of his day,—save always the greatest, grandest mind that has been given to the world of poesy.

A SHORT EXAMINATION OF HAZLITT'S CRITICISM OF MASSINGER.

In an article upon Massinger, which appeared in this magazine a few months since,¹ we had occasion to call attention to the fact that all the critics whose dicta with reference to the Elizabethan drama are regarded as of weight, with the exception of Hazlitt, united in assigning to Massinger a high rank amongst the dramatic authors of his time, and in recognizing him as the possessor of genuine poetic, and especially tragic, ability of the highest order. From this general agreement Hazlitt dissented, and, in view of the deservedly high reputation of the critic, it may not be either uninteresting or uninformative for us to consider for a short time the charges brought against Massinger as a dramatist and poet by Hazlitt, and endeavor to see how far they are justified by the writings which Mr. Hazlitt criticised.

In the fourth of his very interesting lectures on the dramatic literature of Elizabeth, page 104, Hazlitt says: "I must hasten to conclude this lecture with some account of Massinger and Ford, who wrote in the reign of Charles I. I am sorry I cannot do it *con amore*. The writers of whom I have chiefly had to speak were true poets, impassioned, fanciful, 'musical as is Apollo's lute;' but Massinger is harsh and crabbed, Ford finical and fastidious. . . . Massinger makes an impression by hardness and repulsiveness of manner. In the intellectual processes which he delights to describe, 'reason panders will;' he fixes arbitrarily on some object which there is no motive to pursue, or every motive combined against it, and, by screwing up his heroes or heroines to the deliberate and blind accomplishment of this, thinks to

¹ This paper appeared in the *Penn Monthly* for November, 1881.

arrive at the 'true pathos and sublime of human life.' That is not the way. He seldom touches the heart or kindles the fancy. . . . For the most part, his villains are a sort of *lusus naturæ*; his impassioned characters like drunkards or madmen. Their conduct is extreme and outrageous; their motives unaccountable and weak; their misfortunes are without necessity, and their crimes without temptation to ordinary apprehensions." These are the main charges brought by Hazlitt against Massinger in a rather compressed account of the poet which is almost entirely condemnatory in its tone. Some of his arguments and instances we will notice as we proceed, but at present let us sum up the charges, which may be stated as follows:

1st. That Massinger is hard and crabbed.

2d. That he makes his impression by repulsiveness of manner.

3d. That the actions of his characters are purely arbitrary.

4th. That he seldom touches the heart or kindles the fancy.

5th. That his characters are mostly monsters.

Five quite serious charges these; let us see how far they can be sustained.

If Mr. Hazlitt means by "hard and crabbed" that Massinger's writings have not the same degree of passion as Shakespeare's or Marlowe's, we must agree with him; but if by "hard and crabbed" he means what is generally implied by those words, we must differ from him. Hazlitt does not bring arguments drawn from Massinger's writings to support this charge; he merely makes the sweeping charge, and attempts to carry it through by the force of statement. Now, Hazlitt is a great name, surely, but as this is, in the way Mr. Hazlitt presents it, offered rather as an opinion than as a fact proved to the satisfaction of the reader, we might offset Hazlitt's dictum by the dicta of Coleridge and Hallam, either of which would

outweigh his. But it is better always to meet a case on the evidence, and therefore let us simply refer to a few scenes of this "crabbed" writer, and see the hard and crabbed manner in which they are treated. Take, for instance, the story of Bertoldo and Camiola, in the "Maid of Honor." Bertoldo is a Knight of Malta, a natural brother of the King of Sicily, and the lover of Camiola, a maid of honor, who loves him dearly in return, but recognizes the fact that the vow of the Order makes an impassable gulf between them. Bertoldo, against his brother's orders, goes to the wars and is taken prisoner by the forces of the Duchess of Sienna, and is thrown into a dungeon. The King refuses to allow his ransom to be paid. Hearing of his captivity, Camiola sells a great part of her estate to ransom him, resolving then to allow Bertoldo to do what he had before proposed,—to obtain a dispensation from his vows of celibacy. To carry to her lover the news of his approaching liberation, she sends Adorni, a faithful serving-gentleman, who loves Camiola himself, and who, after a hard struggle, goes to Bertoldo's prison, finds the Knight asleep, and as he bends over him thus shows the result of his struggle:

"Howe'er I hate him,
As one preferred before me, being a man,
He does deserve my pity. See! he sleeps,—
Or is he dead? Would he were a saint in heaven!
'Tis all the hurt I wish him. But I was not
Born to such happiness."

He tells Bertoldo of his ransom by Camiola, and hears from him the passionate burst of love and vows of eternal fidelity to the lady:

"Divine Camiola!
But words cannot express thee. I'll build to thee
An altar in my soul, on which I'll offer
A still-increasing sacrifice of duty."

But a trial is in store for Bertoldo, for, on his going to take his leave of the Duchess, she declares love for him,

invites him to share her throne, and he, dazzled by the glitter of a crown, consents. Adorni bears the sad news to Camiola, who, almost heartbroken, yet, while she cannot deny Bertoldo's treason, bitterly reproaches the honest Adorni, who frankly confesses that he did not feel much sorrow at Bertoldo's fall, since it would serve to set off his own faith. When Bertoldo, in the train of the Duchess, whom he has not yet married, returns to the Court in order to become reconciled to his brother, Camiola presents to the King his written promise of marriage, and claims him as her husband, recounts the service she has rendered him, and his ingratitude:

"Imagine
 You saw him now in fetters, with his honor,
 His liberty lost; with her black wings, Despair
 Circling his miseries, and this Gonzaga
 Trampling on his affections; the great sum
 Proposed for his redemption; the King
 Forbidding payment of it; his near kinsmen,
 With his protesting followers and friends,
 Falling off from him; by the whole world forsaken;
 Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave
 Of his calamities; and then weigh duly
 What she deserved, whose merits now are doubted,
 That as his better angel in her bounties
 Appeared unto him, his great ransom paid,
 His wants, and with a prodigal hand supplied!
 This serpent,
 Frozen to numbness, was no sooner warmed
 In the bosom of my pity and compassion,
 But in return he ruined his preserver,
 The prints the irons had made in his flesh
 Still ulcerous; but all that I had done,
 My benefits, in sand or water written,
 As they had never been, no more remember'd!
 And on what ground but his ambitious hopes
 To gain the Duchess' favor?"

But when Bertoldo sees his meanness and confesses it, at once the old tenderness of feeling for him reasserts itself:

"This compunction
 For the wrong that you have done me, though you should
 Fix here, and your true sorrow move no further,
 Will, in respect I loved once, make these eyes
 Two springs of sorrow for you."

But she bids him hope no further, and tells him she has resolved upon another marriage,—to Heaven,—and before she leaves with her confessor has the satisfaction of seeing Bertoldo reassume the white cross of his Order.


Now, does the treatment of the story, as we have briefly and imperfectly set it out, or do the extracts from the play that are given, seem to any ordinary reader "hard and crabbed?"

Again, take the scenes between Octavio, Maria and Alonzo, and between Hortensio and Matilda, in "The Bashful Lover;" the beautiful defence of Charolois before the Court in "The Fatal Dowry;" the speech of Grimaldi, when he has been touched with a sense of his sins, or Paris's defence of his profession, in "The Roman Actor." But it is needless to multiply examples. Take up Massinger, read him, and say whether you do not find yourself reading with interest in the story and in the characters, and whether the diction does not carry you easily along,—in most cases without any conscious effort,—and see whether the impression produced on you is that you are reading a hard and crabbed writer.

The second charge of Mr. Hazlitt is little more than a repetition of the first, except that it acknowledges the success of this hardness and crabbedness, and the same answer may be given to this refinement of the first charge, as to the first charge itself. One can hardly consider the way in which Camiola, Adorni, Paris, Hortensio, Marcelia, Maria, *et hoc genus omne*, are presented, as making an impression by hardness and repulsiveness of manner. If Mr. Hazlitt refers to the repulsiveness of Massinger's villains, why, how else should villains make an impression upon a reader who, unlike the *dramatis*

personæ, is permitted to have an insight into the very secret springs of character? Should the villain be presented as a most estimable, alluring character, even when we know his villainy? It would be hard to cause a villain, his villainy known, to appear anything else but repulsive to a person of correct moral ideas. If he attracts at all, it must be by that strange fascination which evil sometimes exercises when joined to great intellectual power, or sometimes when joined to strength of purpose merely. To what else does that prince of villains, Iago, owe his impression but to his repulsiveness,—to qualities repellant themselves when conjoined to the object aimed at,—to the very prostitution of intellectual power? If Mr. Hazlitt means this, we must agree with him, but at the same time consider it no fault in Massinger; but if he does not mean this,—and we think he does not,—we must differ. Power of expression is not hardness and repulsiveness of manner.

The third charge, that Massinger's characters act in a purely arbitrary manner, Mr. Hazlitt does support by argument, and the example he chooses is Francisco, in the "Duke of Milan," of whom he says: "He is a person whose actions we are at a loss to explain till the conclusion of the piece, when the attempt to account for them from motives originally amiable and generous only produces a double sense of incongruity, and instead of satisfying the mind renders it totally incredulous. He endeavors to seduce the wife of his benefactor; he then (failing) attempts her death, slanders her foully, and wantonly causes her to be slain by the hand of her husband, and has him poisoned by a nefarious stratagem; and all this to appease a high sense of injured honor that felt a stain like a wound, and from a tender overflowing of fraternal affection, his sister having, it appears, been formerly betrothed to, and afterward deserted by, the Duke of Milan." In others words, he regards Francisco as unnatural because he performs enormities from an in-

A small black triangle symbol is located in the bottom right corner of the page.

sufficient motive. In the first place, let us pause to notice that Hazlitt misstates the facts. Sforza's crime against Eugenia was of a deeper, blacker dye than that of merely breaking plighted troth, as seems to be plainly shown by Eugenia's speech in Act V, Scene I. But, casting that out of the question, let us see whether a character is entirely unnatural because its revenge goes far beyond its wrongs, and its deeds are disproportioned to the provocation. In the first place, I think we may take for granted that there are people who seem to love wickedness, if not for wickedness' self, for the intellectual activity which it involves, the excitement and, in some cases, the sense of power accompanying it; and this has been shown very forcibly by Professor Henry Reed in his magnificent lecture on "Othello." Nay, we need not lay down Hazlitt to find this maintained; for Hazlitt, in his remarks on Iago, says:¹ "Some persons, more nice than wise, have thought this whole character unnatural because his villainy is without a *sufficient motive*." (The italics are Hazlitt's.) "Shakespeare, who was as good a philosopher as he was a poet, thought otherwise. He knew that the love of power, which is another name for the love of mischief, is natural to man. . . . Why do so many persons frequent trials and executions, or why do the lower classes almost universally take delight in barbarous sports and cruelty to animals, but because there is a natural tendency in the mind to strong excitement,—a desire to have the faculties raised and stimulated to the utmost? Whenever this principle is not under the restraint of humanity or the sense of moral obligation, there are no excesses to which it will not of itself give rise without the assistance of any other motive, either of passion as well as of self-interest. Now, if we may imagine a being so uncontrolled by moral principle that he will be guilty of unprovoked villainy, *à fortiori*

¹ Characters of Shakespeare's plays, p. 36.

may we imagine a being who will carry provoked villainy far beyond all bounds, and especially if we imagine the being in the latter case to be one who, without the cause, would have been a villain at any rate; for in that case the wrong inflicted serves to his mind, perhaps, as an excuse to still the slight motions of conscience which will have place even in such a man, or, perhaps, he may use the wrong simply to justify his conduct in the eyes of the more superficial observers in the world, and so increase and prolong his power of doing ill. But, further, is it impossible that the two conditions should be combined? Cannot a wrong, and a very great one, be done even to a villain? Again, in many men the evil principle seems for a long time to lie dormant until called into active existence by some real or fancied injury, and then the whole character of the man seems to be transformed,—the very devils of hell seem to possess him,—while in truth his genuine, true nature is only being revealed. Applying these thoughts both to Iago and Francisco, do they not equally apply in each case, so that the characters stand or fall together in the critic's judgment, so that, if we approve Iago as a villain without a motive (though I do not for my part agree with Professor Reed as to the refusal of the lieutenancy being a fable, the fact of the refusal seems to me confirmed by a later speech of Othello) we cannot refuse our approval to Francisco as a villain with an inadequate one? And here, at least, Hazlitt's charge of an arbitrary action of characters is without weight, since the dramatist's duty is to "hold the mirror up to nature," and, if such beings exist, as Hazlitt himself says they do, Francisco is a natural character, and hence acts naturally. This seems to be the principal instance that Hazlitt relies on in support of both his third and fifth heads, and, indeed, the two are so closely allied that we have fallen into treating them together. But we will not leave this charge here, for to our mind the most striking characteristic of Mas-

singer is his development of character, and a character consistent in itself can hardly be well developed and yet act arbitrarily and without motive; and in fact few characters can be found anywhere whose actions seem to flow more naturally one from the other, and whose natures are more consistent with those actions and with themselves, as they are gradually displayed to us, than many of Massinger's creations. Take Charolois mourning for his father, begging the Court to free his father's body, seized for debt, rudely repulsed, his petition to the Court refused, succeeding finally in having himself consigned to prison, and his father buried; then, suddenly redeemed from captivity by the good Rochfort, who marries him to his heart's darling, his only child, of whose ill practices he is ignorant, as is Charolois; Beaumelle's treachery, at first disbelieved by her husband, though his informant is his oldest friend and tried follower; conviction forced home upon him, he kills the seducer, and afterward his wife, after a species of trial before her father. Is there here, except, perhaps, in the trial, anything to carp at as an unnatural action? At any rate, there is not enough to brand the character as acting arbitrarily or as a monster. We might continue and take up character after character; but it is easier to make sweeping assertions than to give them general disproof, and we may properly call on the accuser to prove his charges, and, where he does not, refuse to acknowledge their truth with perfect propriety.

For the first division of Hazlitt's fourth point, it depends very much on the individual heart to be touched (I have seen creatures laugh when Lear fell over the senseless form of Cordelia); and Massinger, although his strength does not mainly lie in the pathetic, is by no means destitute of ability to create touching situations,—take the grief of Rochfort for his guilty child, or Ascanio watching Alonzo, or the remorse of Sforza. For the second head, it is true that Massinger rarely kindles the

fancy, if we take fancy in the highest sense; he was generally too much in earnest to gather the flowers of fancy; his imagination was of a more sombre cast; but still we do find in his pages here and there bits of fancy; for example, this from a song in "The Guardian."

"Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
Our long-wished Cynthia, the forests' queen.
The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing,
In winter, changed by her into the spring.

"We know no night.
Perpetual light
Dawns from your eye;
You being near,
We cannot fear,
Though Death stood by.

"From you our swords take edge, our hearts grow bold;
From you in fee their lives your liegemen hold;
These groves your kingdom, and your law your will,
Smile and we spare, but if you frown we kill."

Here we will stop; this paper is a species of supplement to the former article on Massinger, and its excuse for existence is that, of all the critics of the drama, there is none, probably, more read than is Hazlitt, whose attractive style, beauty of thought, and generally hearty sympathy with his subject, naturally give him a powerful influence over readers, and, therefore, it is a service to literature to point out a particular instance in which we conceive him to have erred, lest his opinion should lead many to unknowingly deny themselves the pleasure obtainable from the works of a great author.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY.


(1870).

It has often seemed very strange to us that the works of De Quincey are comparatively so little known both with regard to their actual merit and with regard to the extent of field over which they range. That a writer who has touched almost every department of prose literature and science from Political Economy and Theology to Fiction,—and, in looking at his labors in all directions, we may say, as was said of another, “*nihil tetegit quod non ornavit*,”—should be thought of by the mass of the world as the author of one book, the “Confessions,” and, perhaps, as a curious example, setting forth how near a man can approach the brink of perdition without being forever engulfed in its abyss seems, at first sight, marvelous. Yet on examining this fact more closely perhaps it is not so utterly astounding. The immense majority of people, not merely of those who content themselves with being acquainted with the outsides of books and the names of their authors, but of those who profess to have a desire to “know a little” of every writer, in order that they may parade the titles of works read, would not be apt to seek in the essays of De Quincey, a name as yet unsanctified by age and standing solely on the basis of its own merits, the rich stores of knowledge and pleasure therein contained; and, on the other hand, “the public” is most apt to seize upon and become thoroughly acquainted with the faults and defects of every man who towers above his contemporaries, while it slights or utterly neglects his labors. Thousands probably know of Lord Bacon’s corruption who would find it impossible to name one of his works;

of Chatterton's forgery and suicide, who never looked inside his book; of Marlowe's death in a tavern brawl, who never heard of the "Jew of Malta," and who know, it may be, Dr. Faustus by name only. To many John Milton is a blind man, crabbed and cross, moody and puritanical, very great, no doubt, and wrote "Paradise Lost," over which book these critics yawn, and, as for the lighter beauties of *Comus* and *L'Allegro*—why—if they ever read them they probably examined as deeply into them as Mr. Gifted Hopkins did into Spenser. But there is no necessity that we should pursue this any further,—enough has been said to prove that there is nothing so very astounding in the fact that so great a writer is so neglected.

But, perhaps, we blame with undue rigor the reading public, and perchance if De Quincey were properly introduced he would be properly admired; and we think that, in this instance, we are possibly a little severe, and that a great part of the blame ought to rest upon the compilers of specimen books of literature, manuals, etc., who have not given to the great name of De Quincey the attention to which it is entitled.

This excuse for the many was suggested to us by a conversation with a very intelligent and fairly-read young lady, who appeared to have been guided in her reading by one of these specimen books which she brought and showed to us; and, really, judging from the sketch of De Quincey, which preceded two selections from his works, the lady was quite right in supposing that De Quincey had written nothing besides the "Opium Eater"—and, may be, some fugitive essays—in all probability mere trifles. Since being shown this book we have examined others of the same class, and find only reason to lift up our hands in righteous indignation against these guides of public taste; malicious or blind guides, indeed, who lead oftentimes through mire and over stony roads, and into all manner of disagreeable and



profitless places, totally neglectful or perhaps unconscious of glorious prospects which are awaiting the eye of the traveler if the guide will only lead him to where he can behold them, but the guide either will not or cannot. The neglect with which these compilers and manualists treat De Quincey is simply disgraceful—one book, which, not many years ago, was a text-book in the Sophomore year at one of our oldest Universities, but which, we are happy to learn from a late catalogue, has been banished, dismisses De Quincey with the following notice: "Among the fragments of criticism the most valuable are those of De Quincey," and that is all! Surely after this we must not be surprised if some future writer on the drama should remark (after, perhaps, an elaborate criticism upon the "Duke's Motto" or "Coleen Bawn"), "among the best specimens of the legitimate drama the works of Shakespeare stand most prominent."¹

Now, when we recollect the great influence that these compendiums exert upon the minds of many, that they go into the hands of our children at a time when is arising in their minds a desire to know something, to become acquainted with literature, when they follow eagerly any road which will lead them to the desired place, or which professes to lead them there,—young men in their Sophomore year, young ladies in the graduating class, we must not wonder that, unless accident or a friend throw De Quincey in their way, people will go on from day to day thinking of him as the "Opium Eater."

¹ From this condemnation we must, however, make one or two honorable exceptions—notably must we mention the work of Mr. Shaw, which, although it does not, in our opinion, do full justice to De Quincey, at least does not treat him in a mere by-the-way manner. The late Prof. Cleveland also in an after edition of his *Nineteenth Century* endeavors to atone for the short comings of the first edition of the same work.

So much by way of apology for the present generation of readers—now to our subject proper.

Once introduced to De Quincey he almost immediately became a favorite of ours. There is something in the versatility and profundity of the genius of De Quincey, qualities which rarely meet, that commands our highest admiration, and compels us, at the very outset, to fall down before this intellectual giant, as Cornelius did before St. Peter, in the consciousness that there stands before us something nobler and greater than ourselves; and why should we not? We go into raptures over a glorious sunset, we are hushed into silence by a mountain prospect, and feel small and insignificant, and our mind rises to the contemplation of God who made all that is stretched before us; so when we read the thoughts of a man of genius, God's most noble, most wonderful work, and, carried along upon the wings of that genius, are lifted beyond ourselves—we first fall down before the Genius—but then comes the thought: "Thou, O God, who hast made me made also this man; Thou hast given him this power. O, praise God in His mighty works and in this above all, that He has given to the earth, from time to time, here and there, a Genius!"

When we look through the works of De Quincey we find that he has written in the following departments of literature: Historical and Literary Criticism, Biography, Autobiography, Theology, History, Political Economy, Philosophy and Fiction.¹ And when we consider that he has written well in all, achieved greatness in several, may we not indeed marvel?

In reading De Quincey our attention is at once arrested by the astounding excellence of two apparently opposite qualities—his command of the terrific and ter-

¹ In his youth he also indulged to a slight extent in poetry, and tells us that he would not have been an atrociously bad poet, though not a great one.

rible and his masterly skill in the use of lighter humor. As a good illustration of this take the first of his papers on "Murder, Considered as a Fine Art," and observe how playfully, how prettily he trifles with so serious, so fearful a subject; observe his manner of *blaming* murder, his affirmation "that murder is an improper line of conduct highly improper," and that he does not hesitate "to assert that any man who deals in murder must have very incorrect ways of thinking and truly inaccurate principles."

Assuredly this reminds one of the Roman noble, pictured by Ammianus Marcellinus, who, upon one of his slaves being brought before him, charged with murder, remarked that the slave "is a worthless fellow and if he repeats the offence he shall not escape punishment." Then turn from this elegant trifling to the last paper of the same series and remark how the "Three memorable murders" are treated, and we think that this, our starting observation, will be fully justified.

As the use of the first-mentioned power is very noticeable in his works of fiction, we will consider them before passing on to his other works. Let us take then "Klosterheim" and "The Avenger," in which he has woven together the terrible and the mysterious—with what wonderful skill does he lead on from event to event, still keeping his goal, cloud-enveloped, hidden from ordinary eyesight, in the former maintaining the mystery to the very close of the work, and in the latter failing therein only (though, perhaps, we judge in this case too much from our own feeling in reading the book) by making his hero just a little too attractive. Of the two novels, "The Avenger" is, perhaps, the most powerful, but to our mind "Klosterheim" is the more artistic and the greater work. Its opening is so grand and yet so simple. A crowd collected in the streets of a not very large town; but the thirty years' war in the background; the scenes it presents throughout—the midnight bivouac, the meet-

ing of the lovers, the prowling assassin, the spectre, "he who rules Klosterheim by night," the disappearance, one after another, of citizens, the marks of violence, the ball with music and revelry in the grand saloon, while near by is the chapel and the executioner, into whose awful apartment penetrate shouts of joy; then the spectre moving amidst the revellers, the discovery—all, all show the hand of a master of dramatic art.

It may be noticed in De Quincey's works of fiction the addition to the use he makes of the terrible and mysterious, that there is a general prevailing idea of Fate, as an unseen power, leading or driving. This is probably due to his intimate acquaintance with the Greek tragedy, the characteristic of which is the passive obedience of all the *dramatis personæ* to fate which impels them to do or to suffer, and this peculiarity, so essentially tragic, well accords with the before-mentioned traits. There is something terrible in the very idea of a man being pushed on and on, whether against his will or unconscious of his danger, but in either case resistance alike unavailing, toward an abyss which he cannot avoid. In the one case it is the sailor compelled by pirate captors to step over the ship's bulwarks into the sea beneath, roaring and tossing and seething and lashing the vessel's sides, while below its troubled surface are awaiting sharks and other monsters of the deep; the prisoner may struggle or he may implore, but in vain; the fierce crowd behind him press him onward, and he falls! In the other case it is the blind man calmly, coolly and collectively walking toward the brink of a precipice with no one near to warn him; at last he reaches the brink and all is over. This idea of Fate then, as we have remarked, seems to brood over De Quincey, and was probably contracted from the study of the Greek tragedy, of the spirit of which no English writer, except perhaps Sergeant Talfourd, in his "Ion," betrays so large an infusion.


But it is in the department, or rather the various departments, of criticism that De Quincey stands out before us most prominently. As a critic he is singularly just, being one of the extinct race of critics of whom Dean Swift speaks, of the critics who pick their way very carefully, seeing all the mud and filth before them, which they carefully point out and with equal care avoid—they do not, swine-like, stop to revel therein; while a beautiful prospect enchants their eye and unloosens their tongue. There is no meanness in De Quincey's criticism, no desire to drag down a great name, and yet no servility, no bowing down before a popular idol. A good example of this is seen in his treatment of Wordsworth. When poems by Wordsworth first fell under public notice and everybody was deriding this would-be-creator of a new school, this writer, whose estimation by the world at large may be well exhibited by a phrase used by Lord Lytton several years later, "Outbabying Wordsworth," when all were decrying this "milk and water poet," then De Quincey, a young man, had the courage to front the storm of popular opinion and boldly to announce the beauties and excellencies, which his superior taste had recognized, in the despised lake-poet. Years after, when the abilities of Wordsworth were generally acknowledged from one end of England to the other, when those who had been loudest in condemnation had either become silent or swelled the crowd of adorers, De Quincey again had courage; this time to boldly point out the numerous and manifest defects of the "Excursion," at the same time that he lauded its more numerous beauties.¹

In the department of Historical Criticism De Quincey

¹ The "Excursion" was published in 1814. In the same year Sir F. Jeffrey made a most bitter attack upon Wordsworth. Wordsworth became Poet Laureate in 1843. It was not until after that time (1844 or 1845) that De Quincey's strictures on the "Excursion" appeared. If any one will read both critiques he will be struck by the difference. One is a mere attack, the other a dispassionate judgment.

has distinguished himself by his wonderful acumen. A great scholar, he was not to be deceived by false readings; a man of quick sight and strong sense, he was not to be imposed upon by any improbable theory, no matter how specious in appearance, how sanctified by age, or how confidently advanced. Note, for instance, his papers on the "Essenes;" how he clears up the long-disputed subject. It is as if the chemicals, Truth and Falsehood, had in a liquid form been mingled in a vase, giving a dusky hue to the whole mixture. A third element, De Quincey, is introduced, and immediately is Error, as a black precipitate, thrown down, leaving sparkling and shining the clear liquid Truth, to delight and to refresh. We are aware that these essays on the "Essenes" are classified under the Theological head of De Quincey's works, but to our mind they are historical, or, at least, historico-theological—but regard them as theological specimens, if you will, and we shall find a better representative of historical criticism in "Joan of Arc." This essay is, in our estimation, one of the very finest pieces of grand writing in the English language. There runs throughout it an elevated tone, an elevation moral as well as mental; elevation not for the writer only, but also for the reader, for De Quincey raises you to an immense height of feeling, raises you, we say, for you are conscious of no effort in following him; you are carried aloft in spite of yourself.

This is the truly grand, the practically grand, for when you sit down to read an author professedly of the grand school, but who clothes his thought in that obscurity of language, which some writers appear to think a necessary concomitant of grandeur, writers, in whom the imagination does indeed "body forth the forms of things unknown," but who forget the rest of the task of a true poet to "turn them to shapes and give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," so much effort is expended in the endeavor to comprehend, that the vital



force to enjoy is, often, diminished in a proportionate degree.¹

There is nothing of this in De Quincey; he is never unnecessarily abstruse and never abuses his great weapon, mystery. We were reading lately the article "Jeanne D'Arc," by the distinguished French critic, St. Beuve—whose writings abound in beauty and instruction, whose books, having once taken up, you are loth to lay down, and to whose articles you object that they are too short, much more frequently than that they are too long—and we were struck with the difference between the two men, who seem to us to hold somewhat analogous positions in the literature of their respective countries. In St. Beuve there is more cool dissection, and, even when he is evidently in love with his subject, his passion never carries him away; he maintains always a calm juridical speech, as if he were a judge charging a jury, with a slight bias toward the prisoner. In De Quincey there is an equal insight into cause and effect, but he does not always confine his powers, but soars above into realms which St. Beuve leaves unattempted. De Quincey is rather, to carry out our simile, as the upright advocate who, having diligently examined into the justice of the cause before accepting the brief, addresses the jury, carefully recapitulates the facts in evidence, fairly

¹ We wish here to expressly deny any implied condemnation of writers, who, from the nature of their subjects, or the effect designed to be produced, have written in a style a little hard to be comprehended, or insinuation that a grand writer must make his images as distinct as the little moving beings in a camera obscura, for this would destroy the grandeur, part of the composition of which is mystery and awe, but merely to object to those writers who endeavor to give to their ideas, not grand in themselves, a factious grandeur by means of involved sentences and points of exclamation, blanks, dashes, etc., wherein an ingenious and imaginative reader often discovers much more than was in the writer's brain; also, to deprecate any unnecessary obscurity of diction even in the expression of ideas truly grand.

and honorably, nay, even admits what truth may rest with the opposing side and then, firm in the consciousness of right, bursts into a torrent of eloquence on behalf of the side he has adopted. If this should seem to any persons not to be true criticism, and if they would confine that title to the careful extraction of isolated beauties and defects of a cause, without putting them together again, in a word to analysis without synthesis, we beseech them to take the etymology of the word and to recollect that the *Κριτης* judged of the whole cause as a unit and not merely of its details, and it is very likely, especially among the excitable Athenians, that a *Κριτης* may have shown considerable feeling in giving his judgment; indeed, we need not go back to ancient history to find a judge expressing his own opinion. Such a case occurred not long ago. A bequest was made to a society not yet in being, to be known as the "Infidel Society," whose object should be to disseminate infidel principles. The will was disputed and the judgment thereon was pronounced by a jurist of whom the whole land has reason to be proud, Judge Sharswood, a man whose name is second to none in the United States as a learned, upright, honorable judge. He, after declaring the legacy void because of the non-existence of the legatee, went on to say that had the legatee been *in esse* he, the Judge, would have still declared the devise void, as an immoral bequest. Now to establish his judgment it was sufficient that he should have alleged the first ground; but will any one undertake to say that the Judge violated his duty in making the subsequent declaration? So in the same manner a critic, after giving judgment on critical principles and canons of taste, has, we think, a right to carry his auditor with him, to make him enjoy what he had enjoyed. But, as a critic, De Quincey did not resort to appeals to feeling and passion to blind his readers; he used his power sparingly, and if you wish an example of quiet historical criticism, with scarcely a wave of pas-

sion in his treatment of the subject proper, turn to his essay on Cicero. Here he carries analysis to the very thoughts of the man; and De Quincey, mark you, was never deficient in analysis; he could dissect as skilfully and carefully as the most determined "cutter up," but he put together again, and rarely left dismembered fragments.

In passing we must call attention, perhaps at the risk of being a little tedious, to the essay on the "Antigone of Sophocles," and one reason for so doing is that this essay gives the best idea of the Greek tragedy that we have met with in English literature, and we advise any one who wishes to obtain a proper conception of that most interesting branch of ancient knowledge to read this essay carefully.¹ We must also call attention to the "Sphynx's Riddle" as an essay of exceeding beauty and ingenuity and then proceed.

We come now to the essays on the Philosophical writers. Here De Quincey displays great intimacy with their writings, and yet does not make of his essays mere dry reviews, but works the personality of his subject into his deeds and compositions. In one of these essays, De Quincey betrays a little political feeling. The essay we allude to is that on Dr. Parr, who is handled very severely. Now while we may firmly believe that Parr was a greatly overestimated man, and that the comparison of Dr. Johnson, crabbed and narrow, but brave and honest, to Parr is "Hyperion to a Satyr," and that the term *Doctor minor* would have admirably fitted the latter, had it not been brutally forced upon poor Goldsmith,

¹ Should any one desire a fuller account, especially of the mechanic of the Greek theatre, he may read Schlegel's lectures on the Drama, delivered at Vienna in 1810. Schlegel gives a fuller account of the material part of the drama, but he does not surpass De Quincey in his knowledge of the spirit of it; that were impossible. De Quincey's communion of spirit with the Greek dramatists is simply wonderful.

years previously, and ennobled by the man who bore it, yet we think that, had Dr. Parr been of the other way in politics, he would have been handled much more tenderly, or, perhaps, not written upon at all. This idea is much strengthened when we observe how, in another part of his works, De Quincey has dealt with another illustrious whig, Sheridan, whom he characterizes in one word as a "charlatan." This, it does not require a great amount of mental insight to see, is shockingly, horribly unjust; and one cannot but wonder to what place De Quincey's usual fairness had been banished when he wrote the three pages which, under Rhetoric, he devotes to England's most brilliant orator. A charlatan, he who wrote the "School for Scandal" and the "Rivals!" A charlatan, he who, side by side with Burke and Fox, upheld British liberty in parliament against ministerial aggression, while Erskine battled before juries in the same good cause! A charlatan, he who made those two grand speeches in the Hasting's case, during which the governor-general confessed that he felt himself a guilty thing! A charlatan, indeed, who was dangerous; since after a speech of his, Pitt refused to allow a vote to be taken until the next day! No, this can hardly pass without censure from any one who has enjoyed Sheridan's plays or who has read, without being previously blinded by passion, his speeches.

But this is a digression. The other philosophical writers upon whom De Quincey has written are: Hamilton, Kant, Mackintosh, Herder, Lessing and Bentley.

The essay on Bentley is a noble work, and the account of the Phalaris controversy shows how a genuine scholar, who loves learning and wishes to make others love it also, can render what, at first sight, seems to the world at large, a dry and unpromising subject replete with interest, not only to learned men, but to all who admire ingenuity and talent displayed in the detection of error or management of a dispute.

Before leaving criticism, we must notice the "Essays on the Poets and Other Writers," which is, properly speaking, a series of compromises between criticism and biography; at times, as in the essay on Pope, leaning toward criticism; at others, as in that on Hazlitt, toward biography. Probably the noblest of them is that on Shelley; poor Shelley, whom we all admire, and yet pity—love and still recoil from! On these essays we might spend a long time, were time ours to spend; we might look at De Quincey's opinion of Pope, and remark how far it agrees with those of Lord Carlyle, Rev. F. W. Robertson, and others who (like De Quincey) have dissented from the universal veneration in which Pope was held not very many years ago, and to which Lord Lytton was still a slave, at the time of the publication of his, to our mind, best poem by far, the "New Timon," when he asked:

"Am I enthralled but by the sterile rule
The formal pupil of a frigid school,
If to old laws my Spartan tastes adhere,
If the old vigorous music charms my ear
Where sense with sound and ease with weight combine
In the pure silver of Pope's ringing line?"

With all due respect to his Lordship we would humbly answer "Yes," and, diffident with regard to our own merits appeal to the distinguished critics before mentioned, as it is foreign to this article to discuss the question; especially as attacking Pope *now* is very much like "hitting a man when he is down." But, still honor is due to those men who fearlessly and boldly pointed out his defects while he was at the height of his popularity, and who thus rescued our literature from the domination of a "correct school," which reminds us, in spite of its greater refinement and the ability of its disciples, of the correct school of Hans Sachs. We feel impelled, however, to enter our protest against the low opinion which De Quincey avows concerning Göthe. We are

not worshippers of Göthe, like Thomas Carlyle; but we cannot agree with De Quincey that he is a poet who must steadily sink for two or three generations before he reaches his proper level. It seems very hard to say this of the man who has written "Faust" and created Mephistopheles, for, although Marlowe has used the story of Fautus before Göthe and has of it made a grand poem, it contains no such subtle fiend, no such incarnation of selfish, cultivated intellect, hard and cold, as is shown in Mephistopheles. It is unjust, too, to so speak of the man who has given us such noble views of life and who taught us, with so great emphasis, that man had here a duty to be considered higher, far higher, than his mere happiness.

*Sed fugit interea, fugit irrevocabile tempus
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.*

De Quincey has left behind him in the "Opium Eater," "Memorials," "Literary Reminiscences" and "Autobiographical Sketches" an account of his life and times. On the first we shall not touch since, as that is the work by which he is known to most people, an account of it would be superfluous in an article whose object is to call attention to generally neglected beauties. The "Memorials" relate principally to the author's boyhood, and here, as well as in the "Autobiographical Sketches," he takes us into his confidence concerning his own affairs. In the "Reminiscences" he introduces to us all the prominent members of the Lake school, with whom he had every opportunity of becoming well acquainted; possessing a mind scarcely inferior to the greatest of them, superior to many,—of a genial good-hearted nature,—his society would naturally be sought by kindred spirits, and his own would go out in friendly greeting wherever he discovered the spark of genius. Then, too, in a country, so thinly settled as was the Lake region, each individual is more dependent on a single neighbor for society and

pleasure, than in a city where he can rove from one acquaintance to another, and consequently he is obliged to become acquainted with the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of each associate, with a degree of minuteness which would be almost impossible in a city. Further, in such a country as the Lake region, with its wild grandeur, its forces, ghylls, tarns, the mind of man is naturally lifted up from a contemplation of the glorious works of God, to their divine Creator; it is filled with noble thoughts and inspirations which impress themselves upon the speech of man; and consequently here he is known at his best. De Quincey's recollections embrace Sir Humphrey Davy, Godwin, Mrs. Grant, Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Walking Stewart, Edwin Irving, Talfourd, Clare and Alan Cunningham. Concerning the lakers he is, as is natural, much more full than with regard to the others. His account of Wordsworth may, perhaps, surprise those who have formed their ideal of this poet from his writings, from the calm, catholic spirit of the "Excursion," or from such lines as the following:

"Where'er we roam—along the brink
Of Rhine or by the sweeping Po
Through Alpine vale or champaign wide
Whate'er we look on—at our side
Be charity to bid us think
And feel if we would know,"

For we are told that Wordsworth often manifested a contempt for those who were, or whom he imagined to be, inferior in mental attainments to himself. Under this treatment poor Charles Lloyd, as his wife bitterly complained, suffered, and De Quincey even, as he himself assures us, did not always escape. But how exquisitely in these pages stands out Charles Lamb, how every beauty of that unfortunate man is brought before our eyes—his touching story, noble self-sacrifice, geniality, hospitality, wit; so that, after reading De Quincey's

sketch of Lamb, although we are still inclined to dissent from the general estimation in which he is held as a writer, we cannot refuse our admiration to a man whose very weaknesses seem to make him more lovable.

We said early in this essay that De Quincey was distinguished by a command of light humor, and, in order to substantiate this assertion, referred cursorily to "Murder Considered as a Fine Art." The structure of this work deserves a little closer examination, and well it repays it! Let us then look at its points. In the first place the letter from the indignant and terrified supporter of public morals, his description of the horrible society, organized, as he believes, for the promotion of murder; the professor's defence of the society at the opening of his lecture, his ingenious arguments for the propriety of its existence, present a combination of wit and humor rarely equalled. Then his account of the history of the art of murder from the time of its inventor, Cain, for whose style, distinguished for boldness rather than delicacy, he sees fit to apologize, but for whose merits as the inventor he insists on the fullest recognition, to the day of Mr. Williams, his cool assertion that all great men have been murdered, his proofs thereof, fill up the first paper and make it in itself complete, one of the best specimens of humorous and witty trifling in the language. Indeed, we know not a single like piece which exhibits so much fun and merriment without anything low or vulgar, which handles so triflingly a grave subject without offending good taste. The nearest approach to it that we can at present recollect is the witty humor of Washington Irving, but even that, in our estimation, falls short.¹ But De Quincey does not stop

¹ We use the words "witty humor" advisedly, as distinguished from genial humor, the humor into which an ingredient of pathos enters, and here Irving has few, if any, rivals at the present day, in prose; if you wish his superior you must go back to Sterne and Goldsmith.

with this first paper; he has reaped only half his harvest; so he gives us a second part, in which he describes the dinner given by the society in honor of Mr. Williams; and such a description! such an exuberance of racy humor, uproarious fun! In a few words the whole scene is painted. We see the wine descending, the spirits proportionally ascending; the company at table becoming more and more talkative, more and more noisy; the delight at the achievements of the gentleman in whose honor the dinner is given less and less marked, and ever and anon the chorus resounding:

"Interogatus est a toad in the hole.
Ubi est ille reporter?
Respondunt omnes cum cachinno
'Non est inventus,'"

with about as much attention to time and tune as is paid to "Gaudeamus" or "Upidee" when sung by a party of University men, at midnight after liberal potations. We shall not enlarge upon the third paper of this series—it is not humorous, it is terrible; it is of fearful, wonderful power, too powerful, in fact, to be enjoyed save by a person of strong nerve.

We now pass on and come to a work which seems to stand alone, and we unhesitatingly pronounce it without an equal of its class in English literature, namely the "Glory of Motion," under which title we include not merely the paper to which the title is annexed, but also the two succeeding ones, "A Vision of Sudden Death" and the "Dream Fugue."

How prettily, how quietly does this series open! From a glorification of the ancient stage coach, an argument on the relative degrees of respectability possessed by the inside and outside, a description of the manner of traveling, you are gradually drawn on further and further, until you feel yourself journeying with your author; you see him jump from the top and watch his sly flirtation with

the buxom lass of the roadside inn, the coachman's granddaughter, while the horses are being changed—then tara tan tara tan ta! the guard's horn, every one to his place, and away dash the horses, with speed increasing every moment, and hardly anything heard but the decided fall of their feet upon the well-kept road. You are only reading it is true, but you soon find yourself in such complete sympathy with your author that you almost seem yourself to be moving and recognize fully that there is a glory in motion. We never had the truth of De Quincey's description brought so vividly to our minds as one summer in the White Mountains. In these days, when railroads have driven away coaches, we do not enjoy motion because we are not fully conscious of it; we sit in a room and we are carried along with almost as little feeling (that is to say, on a good road, and unless we look out of the window) as Sir Huon of Bordeaux had of his transportation to Tunis. Owing to the general prevalence of railroads, we had had but little experience in stage riding, except a few dreary drags to watering places from railway stations, where two or, at most, four poor horses pulled along an overloaded coach. But the hand of that art, especially inimical to romance, had not invaded the roads of the White Mountains, and when we left the cars at Littleton, the Profile House stages were awaiting us, large houses on wheels, drawn by six large, splendidly-built horses. We were fortunate enough to obtain a top seat. The sun was beginning to sink, and a glorious sight it was, there with the mountains, into which we were going, standing out, rearing themselves proudly, inviting, yet filling with awe. Soon we started, the sun sinking lower and lower, the colors on the hills changing moment by moment from deep to deeper. We drove on with a steady trot, a pleasant motion, but, on arriving at a declivity fronted by a corresponding ascent, the driver gave the rein to his horses and away went those six noble animals—down one hill, up the other,

like the wind! Then we had called to our mind De Quincy's "Glory of Motion," there amidst the grand scene—where only grand thoughts should enter, and the harmony of the scene was not marred. Let us notice, too, in reading this first paper the "going down with the victory," and we see added to the exhilarating effects of motion those of patriotic joy, and yet observe the touch of nature, the exquisite pathos shown in the introduction of the poor woman whose son was in the ——th regiment.

But if the first paper raises us to the pitch of excitement from joy, the second exhibits the excitement of fear and alarm and of the most thrilling kind. We find ourselves still upon the coach top—our author has taken us there with him and will not let us depart—see the horses plunging into the night, the coachman asleep, and then suddenly bursts on our sight the light carriage with the two lovers, unconscious of the approaching danger; nearer and nearer draws on the giant; closer and closer to the unfortunate pair comes destruction; our endeavors to awaken the coachman are unavailing; then comes the warning shout, almost too late, the energetic action of the young man, the fear, the agony of the lady; then the awful moment in which we hold our breath, and then the mingled exhaustion and relief as the coach passes on and the threatened lives are safe.

As an appropriate conclusion to the two foregoing papers comes the "Dream Fugue," and if one should search throughout the whole English vocabulary and use, in addition, Dr. Johnson's privilege of invention or naturalization, he could hardly find a title more expressive of the work. It is in very truth a fugue—vision chasing vision; wild and yet solemn; terrifying, yet with lulls in the terror which reconcile us to it,—lulls during which we gaze upon a calm and placid heaven, and then, as our eyes are becoming accustomed to the sight, the sky is darkened, the thunder peals, angry clouds sweep

over head; or, rather, it is as if we were looking on the bright surface of a mirror like Cagliostro's, pleased with the scene before us, when the surface is clouded and when the film clears away another picture stands before us, a picture of horror and desolation.

This is all we shall say for the present about De Quincey's works; we have only been able to pick a flower here and there, and yet our article has spun itself out to a length almost unconscionable. In conclusion, we will merely look at the man himself as learned from his works, and especially in connection with his struggle with opium.

Many very good, but unthinking, persons are apt to utterly condemn a man who has fallen into the practice of any vice, without making the proper allowance for the general weakness of man or inquiring into the peculiar circumstances of difficulty and temptation by which the particular individual man was beset. Condemnation with some is only made more strenuous when the man condemned happens to be one of genius, a shining light, an *avant-courier* in the march of human progress; "for," argue these worthy people, "a man gifted with extraordinary talents ought to be very careful of the manner in which he wastes them, he should consider the effect of his example, therefore we are justified in judging a great man severely." That is your side of the case. Very well; now we will bring forward ours. In the first place consider that when a man has done a certain amount of good in his day and generation, it is no more than decency that a certain leniency in judging of his faults should, out of common gratitude, be exercised by the high and mighty sovereign—the world. "Oh, but he might have done so much more had it not been for this pernicious vice!" Yes, he might; but look at what he has done actually, and remember that, while we are all, considered in our service to God, unprofitable servants, yet some men have done enough for the world to command its eternal

gratitude, and this very man may grieve as deeply over his non-attainment of the high standard proposed to himself as you can grieve for him, and condemn himself, on account of his weakness, with more bitter humiliation than his most determined enemy or most censorious judge can inflict upon him. Therefore, out of gratitude, make his woes as light as possible; honor him so far as you can.

Now, on the above ground, that of good done, we claim indulgence for De Quincey, for the whole tone of his writings is pure, high, noble and Christian. But we rest his case not on this ground alone; we have another defence, and that is circumstances. Driven to London, a man in learning, while yet a boy in years and diffidence, he was dependent for his very food from day to day upon the kindness of a not very reputable character, who was hiding from his creditors, and the little food he received, the leavings of this man's breakfast, was shared with a poor child who inhabited the same house, as wretched, were it not for the mental torments, as himself. De Quincey, the greater part of the time, was suffering from hunger, frequently almost starving; he felt the pangs of famine gnawing at his very vitals. Suffering agony, which lasted after its immediate cause was removed, who can blame him for resorting to that which removed, at least temporarily, the hunger pangs and drowning his unhappy reality in a blissful dream? And if, oh most stern judge, this does not, to a very great extent, palliate the accused's guilt, consider, if you please, his final victory over his oppressor—Opium—achieved after years of battle, brave and resolute, now one, now the other, gaining the upper hand, and consider, too, the frightful penalty paid by him in the misery entailed upon him by this pernicious habit, and then condemn severely if you can.

There is still another reason why we should bear with this weakness of De Quincey, namely, that it is due to

his suffering that we have many of the works, perhaps we may go further and say that without suffering he never would have risen to the elevation of tone which distinguishes him. It is a noteworthy fact that many of the greatest works known to the world have been produced by suffering; your evenly prosperous man may be pretty and after a manner grand, but he cannot rise to sublimity, he cannot fathom the heart's depths; he has never been in those regions himself, how then can he show them to us? The great writers—Homer, Danté, Tasso, Shakespeare, Milton, Schiller—did not lead lives of unbroken prosperity. They knew the dark valleys of sorrow and woe as well as the sunlit mountains of joy and success. Remember Danté wandering from place to place and answering those who inquired what he sought, in one word, "Pace." The truly great writers knew life in all its forms; and they have brought forth accordingly; they have written for all time and will be loved to all time. On these three grounds we rest our defence of De Quincey—the work brought forth by suffering, the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and the good done by the noble and Christian tone of his writings. And, as when from the top of some lofty mountain we let our eye wander over the prospect spread out before us, we are unable to see the low hovels, the sluggish pools, the ditches, the muddy roads, the mire, the bog; because we are occupied in observing the noble hills, the far-reaching valleys, the rugged grandeur of the rocks, the dashing spray of the cataract or, if in the distance appear a city with magnificent temples and shining roofs, the mighty work of civilization, standing side by side with the work of nature each heightening the effect of the other, so, in regarding a great writer, his foibles, his faults, his errors, nay, even his crimes, should sink into insignificance, and we should delight to behold only his glories and excellences.

VENICE.

(A lecture delivered at St. Mary's Hall, March 18th, 1898.)

With the exception of Rome, the eternal city, around which clusters so much that has influenced for all time the history of the world, and which is so intimately connected with the beginnings of our religion, there is, probably, no European city which is more interesting than Venice; there is certainly no one which is more picturesque. As you pass along its canals and tread its little narrow streets, or calli, or as lying in a gondola upon a lagoon or approaching in a steamer from the sea, you see it, apparently without foundation, floating, as it were, upon the waters, the associations connected with the name of Venice crowd upon your mind in such number and with such rapidity that they press one upon another, all claiming attention at once, so that in their multitude there is danger of confusion. Poets have sung of Venice—dramatists of all lands have laid the scenes of many of their great plays upon her piazzas and within her palaces, and have taken their characters from amongst her citizens and heroes—how they come thronging as we contemplate the city! Shylock and Bassanio, Iago and Cassio, the lovely Desdemona, Marino Faliero, the unhappy Foscari, Pierre and Jaffier, the gallant group of friends in Lucrezia Borgia. Novelists have written of Venice with a peculiar love. Musicians have delighted to set Venetian scenes, Venetian stories to their exquisite tones, while painters have found in the quaint and grand buildings, in the associations of the past, in the rich costume of a bygone age, and in the clear, beauteous atmosphere, common to both past and present, for it is God's gift and passes not like towers and halls and the insignia of earthly grandeur, that upon which they most gladly employ their pencils.

But it is not only of art that Venice speaks to us as we look upon her now, in what we may almost call her ruin, her power gone, her commerce gone. There she lies, she who once dictated to Kings and Emperors—what is she now? Yet she represents to us many an idea which is or has been of potency in the world's history—and presents to us many conflicting, contradictory ideas. She speaks to us of courage and love of freedom in her foundation, when the band of flying, defeated Italians "reared 'gainst Attila a bulwark," and through the lion's mouth she speaks to us of a tyranny, most terrible in its character, because wielded by an oligarchy in the name of a Republic; she speaks to us of religion in the pious emblems that we see everywhere; of commerce, first under her exalted to the position of a political power; of gayety in the bright carnival and regatta; of splendor; of heroism; of patriotic devotion; of the deepest sorrow and despair; of misery; of treachery.

But let us for the present exclude from our minds these thronging crowds, although with them before us, and the thoughts they suggest, we might well long

"Sit in reverie and watch
The changing color of the waves that break
Upon the idle seashore of the mind."

Let us imagine ourselves transported to the old world, and that, having left Verona, we are on a railway train approaching Venice—the city is in sight; we see the tall campaniles, or bell towers, of the churches, lifting themselves above the waters, as we speed on; we are now on the long railway bridge—and now take your farewell of the ordinary world, for, once in Venice, your life will not seem real—the work-a-day world will have disappeared—you will be in a dream.

When we reach the station, the first thing we notice is that there are no coaches in waiting. No hackmen strive to carry you off to their vehicles—for there are

no streets in Venice which would accommodate horses and carriages. It used to be said that there were but four horses in Venice, the bronze ones over the door of the Church of S. Mark; but I can testify that there is now at least one more, namely, the horse which is bestridden by the stout soldier of fortune, Colleoni, in the Piazza St. Giovanni e Paolo. Instead, therefore, of getting into a coach, we get into a low, long, black boat, with a metal plow and a curtained box of a cabin, rowed by one or two men, standing and using but one oar apiece. If there is but one oarsman, he stands astern, although he rows on the side; if there are two, the second oarsman stands near the bow. This boat is the far-famed gondola about which so much romance clusters; it is always black, and the reason that it is of this color is that formerly the wealthy Venetians were wont to squander great sums of money in the decoration of their gondolas, and, of course, their poorer neighbors attempted to vie with them or at least to follow within hailing distance, and to prevent this needless extravagance the great council of the sixteenth century passed a sumptuary law that no color but black should be used upon the gondola. Our gondola entered, we glide along the canal, turning from one to the other of the beautiful lanes of water with which the city is intersected. Notice, as we go, the grace and skill of the boatman. We have many sharp corners to turn. As we approach one the gondolier sends forth a peculiar cry, which is answered from an invisible source, our course is slightly deflected, and, as we pass the corner, there glides by us another gondola, the cry and answer having determined the course that each should take to avoid collision; and so we move gently along until we come to our hotel, which, if it please you, shall not be the famed Hotel Danielli, but one upon the grand canal, from whose windows we can have a more pleasing view than from the more famed house. Let us enter,—and, looking from

our window, we see that we are opposite that beautiful church Santa Maria della Saluta, a pious memorial of the cessation of the great plague in 1630, and, our eye stretching over the lower houses near the church, we see the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, with its tall campanile, built, like most of the Italian campaniles, distinct from the church to which it belongs, and, beyond it, the blue waters and the little beach of Lido, lighted up with a glorious beauty by the setting sun. Let the day pass—and now as we linger still upon the balcony—the night comes on, the moon, rising, silvers the domes of Santa Maria, and throws a great beam of silver upon the waters, and the stars shine forth with that brilliancy which the clearness of an Italian atmosphere imparts to them—oh, how beautiful it is—and then, as we look down, we see in the night little lights hurrying hither and thither, the lights of the gondolas as in the soft summer night they speed from place to place, freighted with happy souls in the enjoyment of an Italian, a Venetian night—and hark, from the boats rising clear and sweet the gondolier's song—the song that centuries ago Torquato Tasso wrote, that generation after generation has since listened to, that has been heard doubtless from the very balcony in which we sit, by Venetians of high degree, brave men, lovely women, for the hotel in which we are was, like so many of the hotels in the Italians towns, in its day a palace.

And now as we sit, thinking over the fact that we are in Venice and purposing on the morrow to explore its wonders—it may be well to think what Venice is. It is at present a city built on 117 islands, separated by 150 canals and united by 380 bridges, most of them very small, the main communication is by water, and by the little foot streets, called *calli*. They are very narrow, the merest footways, and yet in their way as interesting as the canals. It is at present a city of the Kingdom of Italy—and is said now to be recovering some of its com-

merce, and to be presenting a somewhat more busy appearance than when it was my pleasure to behold it, but it will have to recover much, indeed, before its present can be at all comparable with its past.

What was it in the past? Tradition tells us that when the Hun, Attila, burst upon the Roman empire with his wild hordes, Italians of the province of Venetia, clustered along the shores of the Adriatic and on the low, marshy islands in their neighborhood, preferring a mean, toilsome existence in freedom to submission to the conqueror. About 810, the inhabitants removed from the mainland to the island now known as the Rialto and the islets near it. So that Venice, as we know it, may be said to date from 810. Here established, as their land offered no reward to the labors of agriculture, the Venetians developed a marvelous genius for commerce; at first, they were fishermen, and fish was their first article of exchange; by degrees they built boats, galleys, whole fleets and then not merely humble merchantmen, but warships, and claimed the sovereignty of the Adriatic. Pirates invested the eastern shore of that sea. Toward the end of the tenth century, the fleets of Venice drove them from their haunts with great slaughter and gave full security to the sea. To commemorate this great event and symbolize the dominion of Venice over the sea, every Ascension day a beautiful ceremonial was observed. On that day, drew near to the quay of the Piazzetta, the little piazza, which runs off from the Piazza di San Marco, the splendid Bucentaur, a large handsome vessel rowed by a crew of dockyard workmen and, beside, towed by twenty boats. Amidst the roar of cannon, the blare of trumpets and the ringing of bells, the doge embarked, magnificently arrayed, accompanied by the great ones of the city and the foreign ambassadors. The Bucentaur, then gay with its holiday trappings, followed by a multitude of boats, moved toward the open sea. When she reached it, all Venice rose,

uncovered. The Patriarch, or Archbishop, produced a ring which he blessed; holy water was poured into the sea; and in the ripples made thereby the Doge dropped the ring, saying, "Sea, we espouse thee in sign of true and everlasting dominion." Then the lordly cortege returned to Venice, and the rest of the day was given up to festivity and rejoicing.

When the crusades came, the Venetians undertook the transportation to the holy land of armies of crusaders, and thus acquired important stations and founded colonies on the eastern shore of the Adriatic. In the twelfth century, to punish the sequestration of Venetian goods by the Byzantine Emperor, Venice even sent a fleet to attack Constantinople, which city was saved by the outbreak of the plague upon the invading fleet. And from that time on the power of Venice, based as you see upon her commerce and shipping, grew. She practically monopolized the salt trade, introducing clauses to that end into treaties at the conclusion of successful wars. She extended her power on the main land. Like all the other Italian cities, she was engaged in many wars with her neighbors. She passed through a struggle with Genoa, in which the latter had very nearly achieved a victory, when the Venetians rose in their might, led by the Doge Contarini, Zeno and a distinguished captain, Victor Pisani, taken from a dungeon, at the demand of the populace, that he might head his countrymen, and hurl back their Genoese foes. Her possessions on the mainland brought Venice into connection with European politics, and the assaults of the Turks into the semi-religious wars; and Venice here suffered loss. Her island of Cyprus was taken from her, and a tribute was imposed upon her by the Sultan. And amidst all this her commerce increased; ships, freighted with the products of all nations, thronged her waters, men of all races came to her marts. But I shall not follow the fortunes of Venice—suffice it now to say that, amidst various vicis-

situdes, she preserved her independence until the time of the French Revolution, and in 1797 Napoleon Bonaparte entered the city and proclaimed an end of the Republic. The immediate occasion of the fall was the fact that during the Italian campaign of the great soldier, the Venetians, deceived by some temporary successes gained by the Austrians into the belief that they might brave the French, brutally slaughtered French prisoners. Then, while the negotiations for the peace of Loeben were still pending, Napoleon marched on Venice, saying in response to the proffered submission of the Senate: "French blood has been treacherously shed; if you could offer me the treasures of Peru, if you cover your whole dominion with gold, the atonement would be insufficient; the lion of St. Mark must bite the dust." In the same year Venice was given to Austria; she afterward became French. In 1814 she was again given to Austria, whose property she remained until 1866—except for a few months of insurrection and resistance, under the leadership of Daniel Manin with the benediction of Pope Pius IX, to the Austrian power in 1848-49.

In her slavery, her ruin, her misery seemed complete, for the spirit of her people was too proud to submit, too faithful to permit them to cheerfully bear the yoke and make profit by its connection with the dominant power. The end of slavery came in 1866, in consequence of the war of that year, when, as you know, Prussia humbled Austria at Sadowa, and Austria, although she had defeated the Italian armies and navies, was compelled to cede Venetia to the new kingdom of Italy.

Let us now briefly state the form of government of Venice when at the height of her power. I shall not trouble you with its historical development, except to say that, while it started with a fair recognition of popular rights, the popular element was steadily depressed and reduced until the government became essentially an aristocratic oligarchy, of a very strong character, in

which the State, administered by the patricians, under very rigid laws, was everything and the individual nothing. The administration is well represented by the bitter words put by Otway into the mouth of Pierre.

"Our Senators

Cheat a deluded people with the show
Of liberty, which yet they ne'er must taste of;
They say by them our hands are free of fetters,
Yet whom they please they lay in basest bonds,
Bring whom they please to infamy and sorrow;
Drive us, like wrecks, down the rough tide of power
Whilst no hold's left to save us from destruction.
All who bear this are villains, and I one,
Not to rouse up at the great cry of nature,
And check the growth of these domestic spoilers,
Who make us slaves and tell us 'tis our charter."

The chief officer of Venice was the Doge, or Duke as he has sometimes been called. You may remember that Shakespeare, both in "Othello" and in the "Merchant of Venice," speaks of the Duke of Venice. He was the representative of the power of the republic, gorgeously attired, served with great ceremony; but his real power was soon so hedged about by means which we shall soon notice, that he became little more than the representation, and justified the lines of Byron:

"You see me here,
As one of you hath said, an old, unarmed,
Defenceless man; and yesterday you saw me
Presiding in the hall of ducal state,
Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,
Robed in official purple, dealing out
The edicts of a power which is not mine,
Nor yours, but of our masters—the patricians.
* * * * *

Haply, had I been what the Senate sought,
A thing of robes and trinkets, dizen'd out
To sit in state as for a sovereign's picture,
A popular scourge, a ready sentence signer;
A stickler for the Senate and 'the Forty,'
A sceptre of all measures which had not
The sanction of 'the Ten,' a council fawner,
A tool, a fool, a puppet—they had ne'er
Fostered the wretch who stung me."

The doge was elected by the grand council by a very curious system of election, in which intelligent choice and chance were mingled. This grand council was an hereditary body in which all the nobles had seats. The doge was assisted and controlled in his duties by six counsellors, who, with him, composed what was called the seignory. The Senate added to these some members of this council, who composed the cabinet. There was besides the council a Senate. Besides these there were two very mysterious, very terrible bodies—the Council of Ten and the Council of Three. Let me quote briefly the account of these two bodies, given by John Adams in his defence of the Constitution of the United States:¹ “The Aristocracy is always sagacious and knows the necessity of a rigorous impartiality in order to preserve its power, and all the barriers we have described have been erected for this purpose; but all would be insufficient to restrain their passions, without the lions’ mouths and the State inquisitors. These were engrafted on the Council of Ten. This terrible tribunal is sovereign in all crimes against the State; it consists of ten chosen yearly by the grand council; the six of the seignory assist, and the doges preside when they please. Three chiefs appointed monthly by lot, to open all letters, seize the accused, take examinations and prosecute the prisoner, who is closely confined, allowed no counsel, and finally acquitted or condemned to death, in public or private, by the plurality of voices. This was the original tribunal, but it was not found sufficient, and the State inquisitors were created in the beginning of the fifteenth century. This tribunal consists only of three persons, all taken from the Council of Ten, who have authority to decide, without appeal, on the life of every citizen, the doge himself not excepted. They employ what spies they please; if they are unanimous, they may order a prisoner

¹ When Mr. Adams wrote, the republic still existed.

to be strangled in jail or drowned in the canal, hanged in the night, or by day, as they please; if they are divided, the cause must go before the Council of Ten. . . . The three may command access to the house of every individual in the State, and have even keys to every apartment in the ducal palace, may enter his bed-chamber, break his cabinet and search his papers." Truly a terrible power!

But now, after this digression into the realms of history, let us return, and imagine that we are waking after a night in which we have dreamed all these things, and prepare to sally forth to view Venice, the beautiful. We will not breakfast in the stuffy dining-room of the hotel—we go out to a *caffé*, and take our seat in front of its door, in the open air—and there eat the light breakfast which suffices in this climate, and watch the people; and, as we sit there, we are surprised at the number of people who trot along, carrying water vessels in their hands or bearing them on their backs, crying out, "*Acqua—Acqua Fresca*," "Water—Fresh Water." Water, that is, drinkable water, is very scarce in Venice, and these people have drawn the water from the beautiful basins in the court of the ducal palace and go about the city selling it. If you buy a glass they will produce a little vial, containing a substance which has somewhat the taste of absinthe, and give a shake of it into the water—whether as a medicinal precaution or as a pleasure to the palate I am not in a position to say. Having finished our trifling breakfast (you will not want much), let us cross the Piazza, or Place of St. Mark, we will look at it again when we come back, and go to the Piazzetta, which leads to the quay. We pass between two high columns, one of which bears the bronze figure of the Lion of St. Mark, who is the patron saint of Venice, and the other the marble statue of St. Theodore of Abyssinia. These columns, one grey and the other red, were brought to Venice in 1126 by the Doge Domenico Micheli as trophies, after his vic-

tories in Syria and were set up. The capitals were imposed in 1180. The lion was cast shortly before that time, and the saint was added about a hundred and fifty years later. At the quay we call a gondolier and, getting into his gondola, we proceed up the grand canal. We pass palace upon palace, church upon church, all of which have their history, all of which have their beauty. We notice in front of the doors posts rising out of the water and painted with various colors; they are hitching posts, not for horses, but for gondolas. We notice steps coming from the doors right into the water, and, sometimes, children sitting on them and dabbling their little feet in the waters of the canal. Let us go up some distance before we stop, passing under the curious bridge of the Rialto, which we shall go upon after while, we go out into the lagoons, pass by the Giudecca—now the quarter of the poorer classes, and whose name reminds us of the time when Jews were not suffered to live in any portion of a city that might please them, but were strictly confined for residence to such parts as were selected for them by the authorities as a Ghetto. And in Venice the Jewish quarter was confined to narrow limits, guarded by sentinels, whom the Jews were compelled to pay. In those times the lot of the Jew was hard; his political rights were restricted, the times at which he might go about prescribed; he lived rather by sufferance than by right; he was compelled even to wear a distinguishing mark of his race; he was the object of insult and abuse, even at the hands of those who traded with him and met him in business, and those who maltreated him did not think that they violated either good breeding or Christian precept by such conduct. This Shakespeare finely represents. He puts before us Antonio as a very prince amongst merchants, generous, high-souled, honorable, the type of a gentleman. Yet listen to this address from Shylock:

"Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
 In the Rialto, you have rated me
 About my moneys, and my usances;
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me misbeliever, cutthroat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish Gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is my own.
 Well, then; it now appears you need my help,
 Go to then; you come to me and you say:
 Shylock, we would have moneys; you say so,
 You that did void your rheum upon my beard;
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur,
 Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you? Should I not say
 Hath a dog money? Is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With bated breath and whispering humbleness say thus:
 Fair Sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last;
 You spurned me such a day; another time
 You called me dog; and for these courtesies
 I'll lend you thus much moneys?"

How does Antonio answer? He does not deny the accusation—he does not apologize—it never enters his head that there is anything in his conduct calling for any regret on his part, or for which Shylock may expect an apology. He says:

"I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee, too—
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends (for when did friendship take
 A breed of barren metal of his friend?),
 But lend it rather to thine enemy,
 Who, if he break, thou mayest with better face
 Exact the penalty."

Honest and outspoken on Antonio's part, but hardly what we should now expect of a Christian gentleman.

So let us pass by the Giudecca—with its poor houses, but picturesque for all—and let us, coming back, thread a little canal a little distance from the Grand and stop at the Church of the Frari, and enter reverently—and here we find not only a church of great beauty and vast

extent, but within its walls lie buried doges, and warriors and greater even than they, for here are the tombs of the sculptor Canova, and the greatest of all painters, Titian. We return to the canal, we pass by many palaces, but look for a moment at the Ca d'oro—or Golden House—so called because once its magnificent front of variegated marbles was picked out with gilding.¹ We look for a moment at the Foscari palace, and so back to the Piazzetta. After a rest, let us boldly launch again over the bright blue waters to the little island of San Lazzaro, where we find a very interesting monastery of Armenian monks. These monks are not like the typical monk, all shaven and shorn, but, as a rule, they are fine-looking men of rather distinguished appearance and with great black beards. Their quarters are comfortable, one might almost say elegant, though without extravagance. The monks devote themselves very largely to literary work; they have their own press, and from it issue not only religious but scientific and educational works—and their printing is so good that, at international exhibitions in London, Paris and Florence, the monks have taken the first prize. Coming back from San Lazzaro the view of the city is very beautiful, and now let us go to the Ducal Palace, or Ducale. After looking at the exterior of the palace with its two tiers of arches supporting a higher story, we enter the little square formed by the palace and by the rear of the Church of St. Mark, and ascend the Giant's Staircase, on which the doges were crowned. At the head of the staircase stand the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, which give the name to it. Let us go to some of the rooms. After waiting in the ante-chamber for a minute, we pass through the queer little door and find ourselves in the room of the Council of Ten. The idea is not pleasant, the very air seems

¹ This derivation of the name has been questioned. The house will be remembered as that in which is laid one of the most powerful scenes in *La Gioconda*.

weighted with the woes of the many who have, through that dread body, fallen innocent victims. We enter a small room called the Ante-Collegio, adjoining the Hall of the Ambassadors, and there we find four exquisite pictures by Tintoretto, one of them, Ariadne and Bacchus, perhaps his masterpiece. There is another picture by Tintoretto, called Paradiso, or sometimes the Last Judgment, which is also in the Ducale and has the distinction of being the largest picture in the world. Let us also look at the hall of the Great Council, where on a dais are the seats of the Doge and of the seignory, and here, if we let our imaginations have play, it was that the gallant Moor, Othello, pleaded with the Duke and Senate for his lovely bride. As we look up toward the ceiling, another recollection is brought to us. Around the frieze we find a succession of pictures of Doges from very early times, one after another, each in about the same allotted space, nearly all old men, and many of them common-place enough in appearance; but as the eye roves it stops at one section which contains no portrait, but in the place which it seems should have been occupied by one—is a veil, a mass of black, of darkness, and there is this inscription: "Hic est locus Marini Falieri decapitati pro criminibus." Here is the place of Marino Faliero, decapitated for his crimes. This is, indeed, impressive. Who was Marino Faliero, thus condemned to such melancholy immortality? The doge of Venice, a brave soldier, a skilful general, a man of eighty years, and yet he died at the hands of the executioner. He was doge; he was old; a young patrician put upon his sovereign and his wife a galling insult; and a punishment was meted out to him so trifling that, in the eyes of the doge, the insult was deepened rather than obliterated. There was popular discontent among the plebians at their treatment by the nobles, and the old doge allied himself with the plebians, amongst whom was the distinguished architect Calendario, to whom Venice owes many of her beautiful

buildings—and a conspiracy was formed to overthrow and massacre the nobles. The conspiracy was discovered and the chief victim was the old doge. He was led to the place where he had been crowned; his head was struck off; and then, the court-yard gates having been opened, the populace streamed in and were met with the sight of the head of their late ruler—and the bloody sword. Nor is this the only tragedy with which the palace staircase is associated and of which a doge was the victim. Poor old Francesco Foscari, forced to condemn his son the unhappy Jacopo, died there. Twice had he sought to lay down his power and was told that a doge could not abdicate. Venice must be served by her sons to the death in any post to which they were assigned. He then swore to remain doge until he died. Then came the time when they, who would not permit him to resign, tried to compel his resignation. His oath bound him. They proceeded to the election of his successor. He claimed his rights. His claim was disregarded; and standing on the staircase he heard the bell ring for the inauguration of the successor—and, at that sound, the proud heart broke and the Doge fell dead.


Let us now pass over that bridge which connects the Ducale with the building across the little canal. We cross with bated breath, for the bridge is the Bridge of Sighs; the building we enter is the prison—ah, well named that bridge—I care not whether noble or base prisoners have crossed it—whether persecuted patriot or criminal—it is well named; for those who passed it felt and knew that the end of that short journey meant the shutting out—oh for how long—of that beauteous scene, the blue Adriatic, the fair Italian sky, the balmy southern air, the embrace of wife, of children or parents, and perhaps, death—for the code of Venice was bloody indeed. The bridge is divided into two passages one leading to one set of cells the other to another set. And fearful dungeons does the prison contain, dark without a ray of

natural light, and opposite some, across the corridor, you see a little niche in the wall in which possibly a candle might be placed, when it was desired to look into the cell, or, possibly, to allow the poor fellow confined a sight of the face of the priest who came to bring spiritual comfort. Let us get away from this as soon as we may—it is too oppressive.

Let us go at once to the Piazza—full as it is of life. We now find ourselves in a fine large square or rather trapezoidal figure. At one end is St. Mark's Church, facing it a block of buildings and, on each side, buildings that were once official places but are now filled with stores, caffès, restaurants, in front of which people sit eating their ices and sipping their wine, listening to a military band. If it is toward noon, you will see great flocks of pigeons flying toward a certain corner of the Piazza, or waiting anxiously there. Soon food is thrown to them; they have expected it. Pigeons have always from time, almost immemorial, been fed in the Place St. Mark, and indeed a kindly disposed lady some years ago left a legacy to supply them with food. Look at the people—look too at the vendors of little articles, bracelets made out of shells, and other trifles; look too at the beggars. The beggars are very numerous in Venice for there is terrible poverty there—in 1879 I was told that some 25 per cent. of the population were actually paupers,—and they are persistent. They must have something, "*qualche cosa signor!*" They will however be satisfied with very small sums, for life can be sustained on a very small sum in Italy. Looking around the Piazza we see a very strange building, an archway surmounted by a clock tower on the top of which is a bell. The clock runs up to twenty-four o'clock. This bell is stationary but the hours are struck upon it by two bronze men, wielding hammers and of curious anatomical construction, inasmuch as they swing round from the waist. We have not yet walked much in Venice let us, therefore, pass under

that archway and we shall have a very interesting walk. When we have passed through, we find ourselves in a very narrow street or rather series of streets, called the Merceria, from the number of shops therein. We stroll through the Merceria and notice, here and there amidst the dark-haired, dark-skinned Italian women, one who looks as though she had stepped from a picture of Titian. There is the glorious golden hair, with the reddish tinge, so rare and yet so effective when conjoined with the Italian cast of features. As we emerge upon the Grand Canal we find ourselves upon the Rialto, that large queer-shaped bridge that you have seen so often in pictures. It was the haunt of merchants in the busy times of Venice, a sort of exchange, where those wealthy traders used to congregate and negotiate the sale of their rich cargoes. We can imagine the scene in those days—but alas! now the merchants who congregate are the sellers of small wares, and their cargoes are represented in many cases by the contents of a basket which can be carried on the head or on the arm of the successor of the merchant princes. But the bridge itself is attractive, it dates from about 1588, when replacing a wooden bridge it was built by one Antonio, who was also the architect of the Bridge of Sighs, and who from the fact that he was the architect of the two bridges received the soubriquet of Antonio da Ponté. What a contrast the two bridges built by the same man present, not merely in their appearance, the one open to all, broad, with a guard upon which you can lie as on a couch, the other small, high in air, dimly lighted, a passage only—but more especially in the ideas they represent, the one the active life, as evidenced in the busy mart, expectation, struggle to succeed, the approaching gratification of the hope of aggrandisement; the other the life of suffering, of idleness, misery, the extinction of all hope. Having crossed the Rialto, let us stop at the Mosaic factory, where is carried on one of the few remaining industries of the

city, here are made those beautiful Venetian mosaics, which we have all possibly at some time or other admired. Then let us stop at the Church of Santa Maria de la Saluta—that we may listen to the rich voices of the people joining in a litany. You see all kinds of the population there, even to the lowest, varied in dress, varied in appearance, but all bowed in adoration, chanting out a miserere in response to the leading voice of the priest, and the service, though simpler than most of those in which the Roman ritual is employed, is very impressive, and it is rendered all the more so by the great dome over head, and the dimness of the light within the church, contrasted with bright gleam of the outside day. Let us now go to the Academy of Fine Arts, and there we shall find most magnificent paintings—for Italy you know was the home of the old Masters of Raphael, of Michael Angelo, of Tintoretto, of Giovanni Bellini, of Titian, and her great commercial city, well called by Lady Morgan and by Lord Byron “the Rome of the Sea,” naturally enough took to herself and kept some of their finest works. I have not time to give to any the works within the walls the attention they deserve—but look at Tintoretto’s Descent of St. Mark to liberate a Slave—the perspective of which is so marked that it seems as though the saint in his downward flight must come out of the canvas and alight before you—and behold too the greatest picture in the world Titian’s Assumption of the Blessed Virgin! You all have seen engravings, good, bad and indifferent of the marvelous work, but none of them, even the best, give any true idea of it. There are pictures of the beauty of which you can get an adequate idea from a good engraving, nay we have seen engravings which even raised our belief as to the merit of the original painting to such a height that, when he saw the original, disappointment was experienced—but no engraving that the most skilful graver has yet made can give more than the faintest suggestion



of the effect of the Assumption. So do not look hurriedly at that picture—sit before it—and soon you seem not to be looking at a picture at all, you are looking into an atmosphere, the figures upon the earth seem to remain fixed but the Virgin with her heavenly face seems actually to soar toward the realms above, where the angels wait to receive, her who was blessed among women, the most highly honored of human kind—the mother of our Lord.

In the same room in which is this masterpiece, there are two other pictures by Titian which are of interest beyond their merits. The Visitation, which is the earliest preserved work of the great artist, and the Entombment, believed to be the last he painted, so that in one room we have the artist in his youth, at his height and in his decline. A long life had Titian—born in 1477 he died in 1576—and well he filled it out with his acts and works. He painted up to his ninety-ninth year and then did not die, enfeebled, of old age but was carried off by the plague. In his life time, he was the inmate of courts, royal and imperial, and many are the great ones whose faces posterity knows from Titian's canvas. Not to mention minor personages, although royal, he painted Francis I of France and his great rival Charles V of Germany, the dark son of that great Emperor, Philip II of Spain, the Sultan Soliman II, the Emperor Otho, the Popes Paul III and Clement VII, and there is a story extant, which shows the regard in which he was held, that while painting Francis I, he dropped his brush, whereupon the gallant and knightly King Francis stooped, picked up the brush and restored it to the great artist; while the courtiers stood wonderstruck at such condescension; but Titian's religious pictures are those by which he will be best remembered and their name is legion—there is scarce a church in Venice or its immediate neighborhood which does not possess one of these priceless gems.

Leaving the Academy, let us cross the bridge which


lies almost at its door and make our way across the city to the Piazza San Giovanni e Paolo—where just outside the church of that name stands the noble statue of Colleoni—perhaps the most imposing equestrian statue in the world. The horse is a masterpiece—and the thick set martial figure of the rider is in most excellent keeping. The statue has a curious history, it is really a monument erected posthumously by a man in his own honor. For who was Bartholomeo Colleoni? He was a condottiero or soldier of fortune—one of those men, who, possessed of military ability, gathered soldiers around them and hired out their talents and their armies to the highest bidder, or at their caprice, during those wars which occupied so much of the middle ages and especially in Italy—caring nothing for the principles for which the war was waged, fighting to-day for one power and against it the next, according to the pay they took, and regarding war and battle from a purely professional point of view. Colleoni was born in 1400 at Bergamo; he entered the Venetian service, he abandoned it for that of the Duke of Milan; in 1448 he left the Duke and rejoined the Venetians, fighting now on their behalf against the Duke. He finally made a contract with Venice for life and received the title of commander-in-chief of the land forces. He amassed great wealth and died, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, leaving a considerable sum of money to the state of Venice, on condition that his statue should be erected opposite to the Church of S. Mark. There was however a law forbidding the Piazza to be encumbered and so the authorities resolved that the statue should be erected where it now stands. It is supposed to be the work of the artist Verrocchio, although there is a legend, which may be true, that the horse only is his, and the man the work of an unknown artist, but it is hard to believe that a great artist could or would conceive a statue piecemeal—or that the unity of design, which is so marked in this great work, could

be the result of the operations of two minds which, according to the legend, did not work in concert. The statue was cast by Alessandro Leopardi, one of the most famous metal workers of his day.

After looking at the statue, let us take our way almost to the extremity of the isle of the Rialto and visit the Arsenal—which stands with two tall granite towers, painted red, one on each side of the bridge approaching it. Immediately in front of the building itself, like grim sentinels one upon each side of the gate are two marble lions, one sitting, the other standing. These lions have a history. They were brought, as trophies, from Greece by the Venetians in 1687, and one is said to have stood on the road leading from Athens to Eleusis, the other to have been at the Piræus, the sea port of Athens, and the Venetians reported that in their native land these beasts commemorated the battle of Marathon, and the great victory there gained in the cause of liberty by the Greeks over the Persians. One of the lions has cut upon him a runic inscription, recording a successful attack on the Piræus, in the eleventh century, by a band of hardy Norse warriors under Harold Hardrada, afterward King of Norway; so that these lions are to us witnesses of the triumphs of the Greeks, the Latins and of our own rude Scandinavian ancestors. The arsenal has borne a most important part in the history of Venice, but now it is a monument of the past—although still used for naval purposes—and it is interesting to us, when we have entered, principally on account of its museum of historical objects.

And now let us go to St. Mark's and I have kept St. Mark's until last purposely; for in some respects it is the crown of Venice,—it is its chief church; it speaks of its patron saint, and its gradual growth marks the progress of the Venetian State. Let us then stand again upon the Piazza and, before turning to the church itself, look at its great red campanile or bell tower which, a little dis-

tance from and entirely distinct from the church itself, rears its tall column surmounted by its pyramidal cap. It is distinguished from other campanili by its height. Its architecture is not peculiar. There are other bell towers in Venice like it, only not so tall. It is built of brick on a foundation of stone which rests upon a double layer of oak planks which, in turn, rest upon piles driven into the earth. The tower is impressive from its height and its simplicity of structure. Turn now to St. Mark's and look upon a church which stands alone for richness of ornamentation and for the fact that it has been constructed with the spoils of other lands. As we stand in front, we see five circular arched doorways and at each end a smaller open arch, over these doorways runs a balcony, except over the central doorway, which is higher than the others, and then rise five more great arches; between them pinnacles with statues; and over all, the five great domes. In front stand three tall staffs with bronze pedestals intended to bear the colors of the republic. As we come nearer we notice that the tympani, or places over the doors and within the arches, are filled with mosaic pictures—one of which is of peculiar interest, because it is the only one remaining of the mosaics originally placed over the doors, and because it represents the arrival of the remains of St. Mark at Venice. This event is said to have taken place in 828, when the church in which the remains reposed in Alexandria was torn down by the Moslems. On the arrival of the remains at Venice St. Mark became the patron saint of the city in place of St. Theodore to whom that honor was accorded, and his relics were deposited in a little chapel of the Ducal Palace, which was given his name. This chapel was burnt in 976, but was rebuilt and thus became the beginning of the present grand church—which has grown year by year. We also notice, beside the mosaics, four bronze horses which were brought to Venice from Constantinople after the capture of that city by Dandolo in 1204.



In 1797 Napoleon carried them off to Paris, as he did so many other art treasures, but, after his fall in 1815, they were restored to their present position by the Emperor Francis of Austria. High up upon the central higher arch we see the Lion of St. Mark. Let us now enter, and what strikes us first is that domes and vaults and the upper parts of the walls are completely covered with mosaics of brilliant glass, the ground being in most cases of gold, representing the saints, and other incentives to pious thought. On the nave dome the subject is the Descent of the Holy Spirit; tongues of fire radiate upon huge figures of the Apostles, and below them is a series of figures representing the various nations who were converted. On the dome over the crossing is the Ascension. On the choir dome a half figure of our Lord with the Prophets; on the main apse Christ in Glory; on the transept domes, saints and doctors of the Church; but one cannot here recount the mosaics of St. Mark's—they are too numerous. Below the mosaics, the walls and arches are covered with richly-colored marbles, porphyries and alabaster relieved by pure white marble, beautifully sculptured, the marbles being arranged on broad upright bands so that one color heightens the effect of that next to it. Passing through the nave, we come to the choir, which is four feet higher than the nave and is separated from it by a marble rood screen, formed of ancient columns and bearing the statues of the Blessed Virgin, St. Mark and the twelve Apostles, and surmounted by a rood of silver. The screen extends across the aisles so as to take in two chapels each formed in an apse. The main altar also stands in an apse. In front of the screen are two pulpits one of porphyry, the other of verd antique, a green stone. They rest on a pavement of mosaic. Look now, beyond the rood screen, to the Altar, look beyond it to the magnificent retablo, gleaming with jewels and gold and pictures in gold cloisonne enamel, look at the great bronze lamp swinging before

the rood screen, at the beautiful columns with exquisitely sculptured capitals, at the monuments and memorials all about the church and you will confess that such an outpouring of art in the service of God can nowhere else be found. And now let us leave this grand building the tithe of which we have not seen, and come again to the open air, to say farewell to the beautiful Queen of the Adriatic, we go to the piazzetta, to the quay and embark. The vessel bears us out toward the deep. We stand on the stern and fix our eyes on the city we are leaving and, gradually, the little openings of the various canals disappear from our view, the city seems more compact, and now it seems like one great whole upon the deep, it seems to float, it seems to have no fellowship with land, but to love the embraces of the blue waves about her, and the sunlight strikes upon the bright domes of St. Mark, and is flashed back from the white tips of the campaniles, and the thing of beauty that we look upon continues fading, fading from our view, but beautiful, while even a glimpse of it remains, until it is gone and the bells from the church towers, which have sounded forth a requiem, are hushed and we feel that a dream indeed has passed, but a dream which in our waking moments we shall often recall—recall with a joy, not untinged with melancholy, but none the less intense on that account.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

(An address delivered April 3d, 1884, before the Jefferson Literary Association, of Chester, Penna., on its celebration of the birthday of Jefferson.)

GENTLEMEN:—As we cast our eyes back over the history of the past, we behold standing out prominently certain figures, figures of men, who however interesting when considered simply by themselves as men, with the common passions and feelings of men, with the hopes and aspirations which appertain to men of superior character or intellect, with the story of trials and triumphs above those which ordinarily fall to the lot of man, are still more interesting and impress us more fully through the fact that they are the representatives of certain principles, to establish or labor for which their life work was given, so that when we look upon them they seem, as it were, personifications of those principles and the principles or ideas themselves gain in force and vividness of impression through this personification; the principle seems stronger, more real when we see it as it were in flesh and blood. We speak, we think, about liberty, as a great animating motive, we say that the love of it should and does nerve men to heroic actions—but look at the field of Sempach, and see the band of Swiss patriots ranged against the Austrian forces, the compact body of spears and knights, unbroken and apparently unbreakable, and then see one Swiss rush from the line of his compatriots upon the foreign hosts, throwing himself upon the spears, grasping them in his hands, and with his great cry of “Make way for Liberty” opening, at the cost of his life, a path for his countrymen to victory, liberty and safety—and does not Arnold Winkelried stand out as the very incarnation of devotion, of love,

of liberty, does it not seem as though he were that devotion itself, making that pathway?

Again we speak of constitutional liberty, but how much better is that great principle presented to our minds when we look upon Hampden, and see him refusing the payment of ship-money, battling in the courts, languishing in the tower, and finally triumphant, although after his death—does he not seem to be the very figure of constitutional right itself?

And others might be mentioned, as Charles the Bold as the representative of feudalism, the Chevalier Bayard as that of all that is pure and noble in chivalry or Richelieu as the type of modern politics—and many more, all men who may be termed personifications of principles or ideas. Of this class, Thomas Jefferson (whose birthday we are now celebrating) is a distinguished member—and the principle of which he is the representative—the idea inseparably connected with him is American Democracy, under which great name we gather and bind into one all those subsidiary ideas and principles which, when followed and obeyed, have rendered these United States happy and prosperous commonwealths and the country at large respected by and formidable to foreign powers, and which, when neglected or turned from, have been avenged by the disaster and distress which such neglect and desertion have entailed upon that country. Nay I will go further. I will give no such qualified title to the principles which Jefferson represents and which that great party, which reveres his memory and loves to dwell upon his example and his words, has upheld in times of unpopularity and defeat as well as in times of prosperity and power, in spite of administrative tyranny and oppression, and corruption fostered by a greed of office. I will not say that Jefferson represents American Democracy. I will say that he represents Americanism, for his principles are the true principles upon which this country was founded, and the principles of the Democratic party

are those which represent the real, true American system. Those opposed to it, those bearing the imprint of Republicanism, falsely so-called, are strangers from foreign shores, ministers of despotism masquerading as apostles of freedom, deceiving by their specious appearance for a time but destined sooner or later to stand out revealed in their true character, that of enemies to all that every true American holds dear, and, when seen, they will be turned upon by the people and driven with contempt and ignominy from the soil, which they have so long contaminated, and from the seats of power they have so long disgraced.

By your leave I will this evening simply run over some of the salient points of Jefferson's career and then with what time is left to us, we may consider what his life should teach us and to what exertion as Democrats his example should nerve us.

Thomas Jefferson was born April 13th, 1743. After receiving such preliminary education as was offered by the province of Virginia, he entered the college of William and Mary, which institution was then a place distinguished for the disorder and unruliness of the students and, to a certain extent, by the incompetency of its faculty. Jefferson, however, with a resolution creditable as well as unusual in young men of his age, devoted himself to his studies and especially to mathematics, which, as he said later in his life, became with him a passion. He remained at college two years, and in 1762, having determined upon the law as a profession, began its study by taking up Coke upon Littleton, that book which most students begin with pride mingled with fear and trembling and which, after a laborious reading, we often read a second time with genuine delight—but alas! Jefferson did not take kindly to Coke at the start, nor did his resolution at once enable him to go steadily on with that great author, for we find him writing to a college friend that he wished the Devil had old Coke, but his aversion must

have been finally conquered, for he settled down to his studies. He tells us his habit was to rise in winter at five; in summer so soon as the light enabled him to see what o'clock it was—and we find that, before his admission to the bar, his learning and diligent study and consequent acquaintance with books caused him to be looked on with admiration and to be consulted with regard to courses of education. In 1767 he was admitted to the bar and in the first year of his practice his account shows that he had sixty-eight cases before the General Court, besides his other business. His entrance into political life came some two years later, when, in 1769, he was elected to the House of Burgesses of Virginia, at a time when the storm between the colonies and the mother country, which was soon to burst with fury, was gathering; when the grievance of taxation without representation, and the injustice and folly of governing men from a distance and without allowing them a voice in such government were rankling in men's minds—and finding utterance, cautious perhaps, in murmurs not loud but deep against the stamp act, and the other tyrannical exactions of the British power; and when, consequently, men elected to representative powers went to their respective posts of duty charged with the anxiety, the indignation and the apprehension of the communities which had elected them, and gifted with an opportunity to speak words and perform deeds which should leave their impress upon all time. The Burgesses met, and early in the session, on the third day, the Burgesses spoke the sense of their constituents, in no uncertain tones. Almost unanimously, they passed and directed to be sent to the legislative assemblies of the other colonies four resolutions to the following effect: (1) That there should be no taxation without representation. (2) That the colonies might concur and coöperate in seeking redress of grievances. (3) That sending accused persons away from their country to be tried was an outrage. (4) That the King should be petitioned to

redress the recited wrongs. The move was prompt. So was the reply. The royal governor answered the resolution by dissolving the assembly on the fifth day of its session. The members met and resolved to recommend to their constituents not to import from England or in British ships any article, which it was possible to do without, while the stamp act remained in force, and never to buy any article which was taxed by Parliament for the purpose of raising a revenue in America. Concessions were made and the House was recalled after a few months and, during this after-session, Jefferson showed himself as the friend of human rights. At his suggestion, Colonel Bland introduced a bill, which Jefferson seconded, to extend to the slaves certain legal protection. The idea originated with Jefferson, but he persuaded Colonel Bland to be the mover on account of his superior age and influence. The bill failed.

From this time until 1772 Jefferson does not figure in political life; he practiced law, he got married and gave time to the building up of that country seat which is so closely associated with his name, Monticello.


But in 1772 came the burning of the Gaspee and the rumors that the persons concerned therein would be sent to England for trial. The alarm spread rapidly over the country and the Virginia House of Deputies established a committee of correspondence and requested the other colonies to establish similar committees. Of the Virginia committee Jefferson was one.

Resolutions and correspondence were soon followed by more active movements. Early in June, 1775, Virginia sprang to arms and drove its Governor, Lord Dunmore, to a refuge upon a man-of-war. On June 20th, 1775, Jefferson arrived in Philadelphia as a member of the Continental Congress. Of his work in the earlier session of that body I need not speak. We all know of his authorship of the Declaration of Independence; that he sounded the note which changed the character of the

struggle in which our forefathers were engaged from a struggle for representation and privileges to a struggle for freedom; that he voiced the action of the people of the colonies in throwing off the foreign yoke.

He remained in Congress for but a short time, he seems indeed to have flashed upon that scene like a brilliant meteor, for in September, 1776, he withdrew from that body, but not to idleness or to inaction in the great work then before the people of these States, for in the next month he took his seat again in the Legislature of Virginia, and became one of the commission to revise the laws of the State; and it is worthy of note, as showing how completely republican ideas and devotion to republican principles had taken possession of his mind, that, under his guidance, Virginia, although from its foundation and from the state of its society, naturally the most aristocratic in general tone of the colonies, was the first State of the Union to abolish and prohibit the entailment of land.

In 1779 Jefferson became Governor of Virginia, and soon the tide of war which had hitherto spared the old dominion, swept upon that State. General Gates, his army broken and flying, left the southern border practically unprotected; a British fleet entered the Chesapeake and early in June, 1781, landed a body of men under Arnold who burnt, ravaged and harried the country. Jefferson was left alone in Richmond, his council had fled, members of the Assembly had fled, there was no sufficient organized body of military to cope with the advancing force under the traitor, but there were small bodies scattered here and there, and there was the militia, that invaluable bulwark of every free country, and there was a man equal to the emergency. Jefferson hurried on horseback from point to point, superintending the placing of the public property in a position of safety, raising the country, gathering up the little detachments of soldiers, Arnold swooped down upon Richmond but had only



remained there twenty-three hours, when he escaped, through a change in the wind, from the twenty-four hundred militia who were upon his path and the hundreds more who were pouring in, every hour, to protect their firesides and homes and to drive from their soil the invaders. But the British troops on that soil were reinforced, the State became a mere theatre of military operations and Jefferson declined to serve any longer as Governor—his reason given in his own words being “from a belief that under the pressure of the invasion under which we were then laboring the public would have more confidence in a military chief and that the military commander being invested with the civil power, also, both might be wielded with more energy, promptitude and effect for the defence of the State.” General Nelson was accordingly chosen Governor. After retiring from the Governorship, Jefferson resumed his place in the legislature, and in the same year declined an appointment as one of three ministers plenipotentiary to negotiate a peace, which was then expected to come between the United States and England through the good offices of Catharine of Russia. In the next year he lost his wife. She died from the effects of childbirth, that saddest of all deaths, when the innocent child, who is to bring brightness and joy into a household, obtains his life at the cost of that of the mother who should rear and tend him and love him with that love which, in its purity and unselfishness, is beyond all other love; when the husband, exulting in the birth of his child, has torn from him his wife—when the anguish of death is increased, even to the mother, by the thought of the little, helpless being she leaves behind to struggle in the world without her sympathy and her love. The effect of his wife's death was to cast Jefferson into a sort of stupor and, leaving Monticello, with his children he went to a secluded estate in Chesterfield county. Congress, on hearing of his loss, came to the conclusion that as the one great tie which

had held Jefferson to the country was now sundered, he would consent to go abroad as a minister, and accordingly he was elected as one of the ministers to negotiate a peace at Paris. He accepted, and though, on account of the conclusion of the preliminaries being signed before he could sail, he did not go abroad, yet the ice was broken and he was again upon the sea of public life. In 1783 he returned to Congress. In 1784 he was sent to join his old comrades Dr. Franklin and Mr. John Adams in the work of negotiating treaties of peace with foreign nations. In 1785 he became Envoy to France. In 1786, in response to a pressing invitation from Adams, he went to London in the hope of making a commercial treaty with Great Britain. The reception, however, of the American representatives by the King was so ungracious and the results of the conferences held with reference to the treaty so vague and unsatisfactory that Jefferson abandoned England and returned to Paris. He remained in France with occasional breaks of travel until autumn of 1789—mixing with the nobility of the gay court, with the learned men who frequented the salons—he retained his steady and sturdy republican principles, nay they were increased in strength, and his passion for individual liberty of thought, of opinion and of action within the laws became, if anything, more marked and characteristic.

But while Jefferson was in Europe the structure of the United States had changed. He had left a loosely-joined alliance of States, with no common head, he came back, he found “a more perfect union” formed, he found that the States had surrendered some portion of their rights and had delegated some of their inherent powers to a new general government, which should, for some purposes, be supreme, but supreme only while acting within the scope of its delegated powers and authority. He found the Constitution of the United States formed and in force. It was natural that such an instrument should

have been made, that the government erected by it should have been established. The perils and exigencies of a long and bloody war had held the various commonwealths together most firmly, in spite of the slender legal nature of the tie that bound them. In the face of the common enemy, petty jealousies or even well-grounded ideas of conflicting local rights and interests were, perforce, silenced and put out of sight, but, when the war was over, when it became with the States and with the people of them a question—how best Happiness and Liberty might be assured in time of peace, then came the question, will the slender tie hold against the troubles which may arise as amongst ourselves, although it has held as against an enemy? You have seen doubtless, some of you at least, what are called the Magdeburg Hemispheres—two hollow hemispheres of brass with smooth edges which are placed together and the air within exhausted, and they firmly adhere, but allow the air to run in, so that there is a pressure from within as well as from without, and they fall asunder. So it might have been with the confederacy. And that States which had been during the war as one against the foe, which had poured out their treasures and the lives of their sons upon the battlefields within each other's boundaries, in defence of each other's liberty, recognizing that as the common liberty, should again become mere temporary political partners, mayhap in the future enemies, was not to be tolerated. The glories of Saratoga, of Yorktown, of Trenton, the anguish of Long Island, the suffering of Valley Forge, the spirits of the gallant men who had fallen on the field of battle, swung from the gallows as traitors, or rotted away in the prison ships all cried out, and in a united voice that would not be drowned, against such a consummation. At the same time, it had to be remembered that these States were thirteen independent nations, no one of which, no, not even the smallest and weakest, was bound to surrender the slightest, the

least of its rights, and that no independent State could be expected to merge its existence, or put its rights without protection under the control of a new power or nation. For the purpose then of forming an instrument, which should entrust to the general government ample powers to carry out the purposes for which it was created, to maintain the power of the States abroad, to raise a revenue for its own support, and to enforce its laws within the circle to which the general law-making power was limited by its grant, and which should leave inviolate in the States those powers which they did not surrender, the Federal Convention met. Its work you know—it produced the Constitution of the United States—and you know that there were two parties engaged in its formation, the party which would have had entrusted to the general or federal government much vaster powers than were eventually given to it and which would have practically reduced the States to mere departments, and the party which would have limited the same so far as was possible, consistently with the purposes of its creation. Neither party succeeded in writing into the constitution all its ideas. The great instrument was the result of series of judicious and patriotic compromises. With the adoption of the constitution begins the acknowledged existence of the two great parties which have ever appeared in American politics—the one party striving, by fair means and foul, to exalt the power of the federal government, forgetting, or, if it do not forget, entirely disregarding and contemning the origin of that government; sometimes boldly defying the constitution, as when a prominent leader of that school of thought denounced it as a league with death; sometimes taking advantage of public distress and embarrassment, when backed by the brute force of arms, to render nugatory all protection which a State might extend to its citizens, to outrage personal freedom and to silence the voice of law; sometimes by a means of a carefully

composed Supreme Court doing what is worse, far worse, stretching the powers of the federal government by a dishonest implication; that party which has figured before the public under various names, and which is now called the Republican party.

The other party, remembering always that the federal government originated in a solemn contract that what powers were given to it were given to it by sovereign States who, by the act of ceding, yielded to it sovereignty, only so far as was expressed or as was necessarily to be implied from the express words, held and holds that where a power claimed by the general government is not expressly given by, or necessarily implied from, some clause in the grant of power, that power does not exist; that it is neither politic nor honest to strengthen granted powers by ingenuity of construction, until they may seem to embrace things that those who formed the constitution never dreamed could be claimed and which, had they so dreamed, they would have indignantly disowned. This party also believes that upon general principles the nearer home the government is brought to each individual, the more he feels himself a part of it and the less the idea of an external controlling force is present to his mind, consistently with general safety, the greater amount of happiness will be his, and the prosperity, the true greatness of a country rests in the happiness of the people—for government is but a means to an end. This party, gentlemen, the party of Jefferson, of Madison, of Monroe, which has borne more than one name but which is best known by the one it has borne longest, is the Democratic party, to which we have given our allegiance.

The two parties did not exist long before there arose an occasion of clashing, and the opportunity of engaging at close quarters was afforded by the structure of the cabinet of the first President. Washington had disregarded all party lines in the selection of his advisers and had called to his cabinet the chief of the

anti-Democratic party, Hamilton, as Secretary of the Treasury and the great Democrat Thomas Jefferson, as Secretary of State. The public debt amounted to some \$54,000,000, and besides this the debts of individual States amounted in the aggregate to some \$25,000,000. That such a debt should be permitted to remain unprovided for was regarded as a crying shame and Congress directed Hamilton to prepare a plan to establish the credit of the country. Hamilton prepared a plan whose principal features were somewhat as follows: to recognize the validity of the foreign debt—this no one questioned—to recognize no distinction in the domestic debt between the original lenders and those who had purchased their claims—and finally that the general government should assume the State debts. In this last proposition appeared the cloven foot. Hamilton was always on the lookout to take advantage of any circumstance whereby the power and influence of the federal government might be increased. He had striven for centralization in the convention and, afterward, strove in the council, and is said, at the end of his life, to have waited in expectancy of being called on to struggle on the field of battle for those ideas which he had failed to force upon the country by peaceful measures. He now hoped that the funding the entire debt would cause the capitalists (for capital alas! as we saw in 1880 is too apt to be selfish) to rally around the general government and so assist it in a work of centralization at the expense of the rights of the States. Mr. Hamilton's plan passed the House of Representatives on March 9th, 1790, by a vote of 31 to 26, the yeas being the northern and eastern States and South Carolina. On the 12th of April this decision was reversed by a majority of two, the North Carolina delegates having, since the first vote, arrived at the seat of government. Hamilton in despair appealed to Jefferson; he represented to him that there was peril to the union from the rejection of the plan, that deep-seated

wide-reaching disgust existed in the creditor (namely Northern) States, and that there was danger of their *secession* from the newly-formed confederacy, if what they esteemed their just demands were not complied with. He therefore appealed to Jefferson to use his influence for the passage of the bill, arguing with him that members of an administration should coöperate and that though the question under immediate discussion did not belong to the department of State, yet a common duty should make it a common concern. Jefferson replied that he did not know how far the assumption was necessary to prevent the ills foretold by Hamilton, but that if the rejection of the plan threatened the dissolution of the Union, he would submit to all minor ills for the purpose of averting the grand one, and suggested a compromise. The compromise was made. The general government assumed \$21,500,000 of the State debt, distributed proportionally amongst the various States. The measure passed the Senate by two votes and the House by six. Jefferson was outwitted, and afterward bitterly repented his share in the compromise and declared that the measure was a "fiscal manoeuvre to which he had most ignorantly and innocently been made to hold the candle" and his feeling toward Hamilton became one of suspicion and distrust. He suspected Hamilton of monarchial views and probably justly suspected him. A true Democrat could hardly help regarding as a monarchist one who figured as Hamilton did in the following conversation. John Adams and Hamilton were dining at the house of Jefferson. Conversation turned on government. Adams said: "Purge the British constitution of its corruption and give to its popular branch equality of representation and it would be the most perfect constitution ever devised by the wit of man." Hamilton answered: "Purge it of its corruption and give to its popular branch equality of representation and it would become an impracticable government. As it stands, at

present, with all its supposed defects, it is the most perfect government which ever existed." Do you wonder Jefferson suspected him of monarchical tendencies? In this connection it has been well remarked that the two men Jefferson and Hamilton meant very different things by the word government. The one meant an agency for the execution of the people's will. The other, a means of curbing and frustrating that will, and here, gentlemen, we have in the persons of their examplars a fair presentation of the difference between the two great parties of the present day. The people must be taken care of, they must be governed, must be controlled say, by their deeds, if not in words, the leaders of the anti-Democratic Republican party. The people will take care of themselves, the people will govern, the people must control say the Democrats in reply, or this nominal republic becomes a tyranny of the worst character, a tyranny cloaked in the robes of freedom.

The next question on which the two parties, as represented in the cabinet, came into conflict was the Apportionment Act, which allowed to each State a representative for each thirty thousand inhabitants and distributed enough extra Congressmen to make up the number of one hundred and twenty amongst the States having the largest fractions over that number. The Act was passed by Congress, and came to the President for his consideration. He summoned his cabinet to assist him. The Democrats, Jefferson and Randolph, argued that it was unconstitutional, as opposed to Article I, Section 2 of the constitution. Hamilton favored the Act, Knox was undecided—and the President after mature deliberation agreed with Jefferson and vetoed the Act. Toward the end of Washington's first term, Jefferson earnestly desired to seek retirement, and actually gave up the lease of his house in Philadelphia and prepared to remove to Virginia. Several reasons moved him to this course, one was a very practical one—he was not rich and his planta-

tion in the hands of overseers was being mismanaged to such an extent, that Jefferson could remain in the public service only at great pecuniary loss to himself, indeed at the risk of financial ruin—however, at the urgent request of Washington, Jefferson gave up his intention of immediate retirement and remained in the harness for a time longer.

When the French Revolution came, that great upheaval, which, in spite of the excesses, the atrocities which disgraced it, carried forward civilization and popular rights in Europe, to a point far beyond any they had yet reached—Jefferson was heartily in favor of it, true its excesses slightly staggered him, but he was able to separate the excrescence from the body—and with Jefferson as was natural, went the sympathies of the great body of the American people, who saw a people, to whom they owed much, endeavoring to achieve, across the water, that which they had assisted the Americans themselves to achieve. But all this warm sympathy with the Revolution never made him forget that his first duty was to his own country, to the United States, that their prosperity, their happiness must be his first care, and his last act before retiring from Washington's cabinet was to send a most cutting and, at the same time, dignified rebuke to the French Minister, Citizen Genet, who had attempted to override the President's authority by appealing directly to Congress.

On January 1st, 1794, Jefferson retired from the cabinet. He went to Monticello, he busied himself with his farm, he worked himself upon the farm and revelled in new life. He had however, it may be noted, always taken an interest in farming and, like every gentleman of that day, in rural pleasures, and the practical character of his interest is shown by the fact that he had invented a plough, in recognition of the merits whereof, France had in 1790 awarded him a gold medal. In 1796 he came from his retirement to become the Vice-President, Mr.

Adams having a plurality of three votes for the Presidential office, which relegated Jefferson to the second place under the old system of election by which the candidate having the second highest number of electoral votes for President became Vice-President. Under this system the Vice-President was almost certain to be opposed politically to the President.

During Mr. Adams's administration came the troubles with France and during it, under Hamilton's influence, those infamous statutes the Alien and Sedition Laws were passed. By the first the President was given power to order out of the country "all such aliens as he should judge dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States;" if the alien disobeyed, he was liable to three years' imprisonment. By the other, five years' imprisonment and \$5,000 fine were imposed for conspiring to oppose any measure passed by Congress, or for attempting or advising a riot or insurrection; imprisonment for two years and a fine of \$2,000 for writing, speaking or publishing "any false, scandalous and malicious writing against the government of the United States or either House of the Congress of the United States or President of the United States, with intent to defame the said government or either house of the said Congress or the said President; or to bring them or either of them into contempt or disrepute, or to excite against them or either or any of them the hatred of the good people of the United States; or to stir up sedition within the United States; or to excite any unlawful combinations therein for opposing or resisting any law of the United States." How strangely these laws read at the present day, but remember, gentlemen, they were the fruit of an anti-Democratic reaction, and remember, too, how during our late war, the constitution and laws were violated by the anti-Democratic party of that day, by arbitrary imprisonment, by suspension of the habeas corpus, by the creation of military governments, and, after the war, by the inter-

ference of the federal power, backed by troops, at the elections and remember that whenever an anti-Democratic party is in power just such exhibitions of disregard for the constitution and laws may be expected. At the time the Acts sent terror through the land—the Alien law drove from our shores many valuable citizens, amongst others that Kosciusko, who had served us during the Revolution, who afterward fell battling for freedom in his native Poland and to whose memory has been erected on the Hudson, at West Point, in the beautiful and romantic garden which bears his name, a monument—even Albert Gallatin was threatened. That the Sedition law was no mere dead letter, no *brutum fulmen*, the pages of Wharton's "American State Trials" attest.

Jefferson saw the iniquity of these laws, he saw more, he saw that if they remained unrepealed and their authors unrebuked, they would prove the mere precursors to perhaps even worse violations of the spirit of our institutions, he regarded them as an experiment by the enemies of the Constitution to see if the people would acquiesce in measures contrary thereto—and he looked forward to the possible change of the tenure of the Presidency to a life term, to its becoming an hereditary office and to the creation of a Senate for life. He, therefore, organized opposition, he sought out able writers, he inspired them to use their pens to make public opinion against the hated measures. The alarm spread, the States of Kentucky and Virginia declared that the Alien and Sedition Laws being contrary to the plainest letter of the Constitution were altogether void. Hamilton regarded the resolutions as an attempt to break up the government and advised stringent counter measures as follows: To divide each State into small judicial districts, with a federal judge appointed by the President in each, for the trial of offenders against the general government—to appoint federal conservators or justices of the peace to give efficacy to laws which the local magistrates were

indisposed to execute—to keep up an army and navy nearly upon a war footing—to establish a military school and government manufactories of military materials—to promptly call out the militia to suppress unlawful combinations and insurrections—to place within the power of Congress to subdivide States, on the application of any considerable portion of a State containing not less than one hundred thousand persons—to make libels, leveled against any officer whatever of the United States, cognizable in the federal courts. The time of election came round. Jefferson was again the candidate of the Democrats (then called Republicans). The New York election went against the Hamilton party, *i. e.*, a legislature was elected which was pledged to choose Democratic electors. Alexander Hamilton at once wrote to Governor Jay, proposing to him to call together the existing legislature, and get it to pass a law taking from the legislature the power of choosing electors. He acknowledged the plan was not regular but said “scruples of delicacy and propriety ought not to hinder the taking of a legal and constitutional step to prevent an atheist in religion and a fanatic in politics from getting possession of the helm of State.” Gentlemen, gentlemen, is not this a forerunner of the frauds of 1876-7—do we not see the anti-Democrats the same in the time of Chandler and Garfield as in that of Hamilton? To his honor, Governor Jay put the Hamilton letter away with this endorsement: “Proposing a measure for party purposes which I think it would not become me to adopt.” Gentlemen, suppose but one Republican leader in 1877 had had the manliness, the courage to have applied Governor Jay’s words to the course then taken, how would his name have been honored and revered by his fellow-citizens! but alas! Hamiltons, in the moral sense, are now commoner than Jays, in the Republican party, and no wonder, a constant course of disregard of law, of justice and of right, justified by the cry of neces-

sity, has so blunted the political consciences of our antagonists that few of them know they are doing wrong.

The election campaign was a most heated one—there was a tie between Jefferson and Aaron Burr and, after seven days' balloting the former was elected President. The outgoing President distinguished himself by employing the last hours of his administration in filling offices with people to act under the incoming administration and hostile to it, and by flying from the capital rather than be present at the inauguration of his successor. Jefferson came into office nevertheless. Of the external events of his administration I shall not take occasion to speak at length, for we are considering the man as a representative Democrat, suffice it to say that the territory of the United States was vastly enlarged by the purchase of the Louisiana territory, that the Barbary pirates were compelled to respect our flag—it is a little remarkable that a Democratic administration, while it aims at State rights rather than a "strong central government" has, somehow, always been distinguished by a braver and bolder foreign policy than an anti-Democratic one—; that the Burr treason was discovered and frustrated. But when we look at his personal conduct in the office, we have the very example of what a Democratic President should be—plain and unassuming in manner, hard working, the people's servant, not the imitation of a sovereign—guided in his appointments to office by his rule of honesty and capability, and refusing office to dear personal friends and valued political colleagues when they did not happen to be fitted for the particular offices they desired; and, with the exception of removing some of the midnight appointees of Adams, he removed no man from office for the mere offence of belonging to the opposite political party. He solved the question of Civil Service Reform, in its most important particulars, quietly and noiselessly, without posing as a reformer or a leader, for, believing that no restraint should be put upon the right

of suffrage, he was unable to see the difference between denying the right of suffrage and punishing a man for exercising it by turning him out of office. He would draw no advantage from his position, other than what was expressly given to him by law—he, while in office, would not accept presents, the only exception to his rule being his reception of a bust of the Emperor Alexander of Russia which was sent him by that potentate; he would not even appoint his relatives to office; nay so careful was he that when the Spanish Ambassador allowed him to purchase from him some 200 bottles of champagne, which as the property of an Ambassador had entered the country free of duty, Jefferson sent the amount of the duty to the collector of the customs—and, mark you, did it quietly, without parade, suggesting to the collector that it should be entered thus, “By duty paid on a part of such a parcel of wines not entitled to privilege” so that the President’s name should not appear. He believed in economical administration of the government and so suppressed all unnecessary offices.

His second term of the Presidency expired in 1809 and he retired to Monticello, where he lived a peaceful and happy life until 1826. There was something striking in the time of his death—he died on the 4th of July—on the fiftieth anniversary of the independence of that country to which he had devoted his life—and at twenty minutes past one o’clock in the afternoon of that day, when eulogies upon him and his work were rising from every part of the country, his soul took its flight forever.

What does his example teach us?—to what does it nerve us? I have spoken with but little effect, I have presented with but little intelligence the career of the man, if I have failed to show you him struggling against just such dangers as we at the present day have to struggle against, if we are true men, true Democrats. The anti-Democratic party still exists—it has had a long lease of power, it is backed up by all the selfish interests in the

country—it commands its armies of placemen bound to do the bidding of their masters—its actions in time past have shown disregard of constitutional provisions, disregard for the reserved rights of the States, disregard of individual rights—its projects are still of the most dangerous character; it aims, it avowedly aims at centralization, it would, in effect, break down the State lines until States become mere departments of a nation; it declares that in all doubtful cases power should be assumed by the “general government;” it aims at a “national” system of education, that the party in power may form the rising generation in accordance with its views; it aims at the extension of, nay it has gradually extended, the jurisdiction of the federal courts at the expense of the State tribunals—and in many other ways is the work of centralization pushed on; let it be once accomplished, and where are your individual liberties, when we no longer have the States to protect them? where that beautiful arrangement by which the laws of each community are fitted to that community, by the wisdom and experience of the members thereof, when a national power shall have reduced all law to one system and one dull uniformity? What is the remedy? What shall save us from the evils, the countless, the monstrous evils of centralization? One thing and one only, the return to power of that party which will carry out the principles for which Jefferson all his life contended, which will put the government on an economical basis, and sternly repress governmental extravagance, which will not suffer its power to be used to build up selfish interests, which will fully respect and maintain the reserved rights of the States, which will guard the constitution as though our very life as a people depended upon it, as indeed it does.

I thank you, gentlemen, for your kind attention to an imperfect address—hastily thrown together at the intervals of professional labor. I wish it were more worthy of the subject, but, such as it is, I cannot help feeling that

even to have directed our thoughts for a short time toward that great apostle of Americanism cannot utterly have failed to benefit us all as Americans. It is as when we look upon certain devotional pictures, the imperfection and rudeness of the picture are often lost sight of in the ideas suggested by it and the mind soars, far beyond the canvas, into the region inhabited by the saints and martyrs represented on it. So gentlemen, I beg of you dwell not on the weakness, the poverty of the address but let your minds soar beyond and behold and revere Thomas Jefferson, the representative American.

SIR EDWARD COKE.

(A lecture delivered to the Philadelphia Law School of Temple College, May 28th, 1898.)

The contemplation of the lives of men, great in their chosen professions, a consideration of their methods, their achievements, the difficulties overcome by them, is of undoubted help to those who are toiling along the same road, although it may be feebly and at a great distance behind and without any hope of attaining the heights to which the great ones climbed. Just as the devout contemplation of the lives of the saints must render our lives purer and holier, though we reach not canonization, so the contemplation of the careers of the great legal sages, who have left their impress upon the history of the law and who have developed its principles and led lawyerlike lives, must make us better students, better lawyers. With this idea in their minds, two members of your excellent faculty have asked me to speak to you about a representative lawyer and have left the choice of the representative to myself.

To choose a name from the long bead roll of legal worthies, for the subject of a lecture such as this, is no easy task. Some names come pressing upon us, as it were, demanding to be considered—the great sage, Bacon, the noble patriot Somers, the all-accomplished and learned Mansfield, the profound Eldon, the brilliant Erskine—Brougham, are all, possibly, more attractive as men than him whom I have selected—but Bacon we know as the sage whose ken reached to all sciences, and perhaps, great lawyer though he was, his legal writings are the least known of his works; Somers we know as the pure, high-minded, noble patriot, brought into sudden prominence, both political and professional, by his defence of the Bishops, and as the wise statesman of the early days of constitutional monarchy in England; Er-

skine we remember as the brilliant advocate, as the fearless counsel, who made the same stand for the rights of the jury and the liberty of press in England that had been made in America in 1735, when Andrew Hamilton of Pennsylvania journeyed from Philadelphia to New York to defend Peter Zenger. Mansfield, than whom perhaps no greater common law judge ever sat upon the bench, was very much of a politician, while Brougham, strong advocate as he was and nobly as he bore himself as the defender of Queen Caroline and as the champion of popular rights upon the floor of the House of Commons, did not obtain a success of a high order when placed in that position in which his worth as a lawyer was subjected to the severest test—to “that fierce light which beats upon the throne;” indeed his mother seems to have appreciated her son’s peculiar qualifications and abilities, very accurately, when, on hearing of his acceptance of the Lord Chancellorship, she said: “Henry had much better have remained member for the west riding.” So as my desire has been to present to you a man whom we remember as a lawyer rather than as anything else, I have taken none of these men. There is indeed one whom I would gladly have taken, Sir Matthew Hale—but his life as a professional example has recently been set forth in so beautiful and so masterly a manner by Mr. Cortlandt Parker, in his address before the Pennsylvania Bar Association in 1896, that I dare not touch his life, but only say to you all, that if you would read something which will at once be intensely interesting and strengthen you in high professional and moral resolve, read Mr. Parker’s address. There is, also, another, Sir Thomas More, who combined within himself such deep learning, such purity and loveliness of character that we might well be glad to contemplate his life; but More was a saint and a martyr and I fear that, should we take him for our subject, we might forget the lawyer in the saint.

After considering several names, I have taken as the

subject of this paper—as a man of industry, patience, devotion to his profession, who owed his rise to hard work and a determination to make the most of the gifts God had bestowed upon him, rather than to fortuitous circumstances—Sir Edward Coke—the great father of the common law, of whom Bacon, who was no friend of his and who perhaps, from the height of his superior intellect, looked down upon Coke, strong rather than brilliant, and altogether lacking in the versatility, the many-sided genius which distinguished his great contemporary, said: “Without Sir Edward Coke, the law by this time had been like a ship without ballast.”

Coke (or Cook for so his name was sometimes spelled) was born at Mileham, in the county of Norfolk on February 1st, 1551-2. His father was Robert Coke, a member of the bar and a man of considerable property. Coke's early education was received from his mother and at the free Grammar School of Norfolk. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in his sixteenth year and left the University without a degree, and transferred himself, perhaps because his father's estate was charged with his mother's jointure and the marriage portions of seven sisters, to London, where he began the study of the law in Clifford's Inn, which was an inn of chancery.

It may be well here to say something about the Inns. The Inns of the days of Coke's studentship were practically law schools. The greater inns were four in number, Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple. These were known as the Inns of Court. To these greater inns were attached inns called Inns of Chancery, each of which was used as a species of vestibule to the Inn of Court to which it was an adjunct, and, until about the beginning of the seventeenth century, a student was expected to remain a year in an inn of chancery before entering the greater inn.

The origin of the Inns is said by Dugdale to be found in a commission of Edward I, dated 1294, directing that

students "apt and eager" should be brought from the provinces and placed in proximity to the courts at Westminster, so that a learned order of lay lawyers might be brought up to take the place of the clerical lawyers who, by a canon of 1207, had been prohibited from appearing in the temporal courts. After admission to the Inn or Court the studies of the candidate for the bar extended over, as a rule, seven years. The government of the Inn was in the hands of the elder members of the Society called the benchers, and the instruction was conducted mainly by readings, moots and bolts. The reader was a member of the Inn, selected by the benchers, whose duty it was to take up and expound a particular point of law, very frequently a statute or a portion of a statute, in the presence of the Inn. Some of these dissertations or readings were of great importance and were afterward regarded as of authority even in court. Lord Bacon's essay on the "Statute of Uses" was a scholastic reading. It is interesting to note a parallel case in later times—Mr. Anthony Laussat's "Equity in Pennsylvania," which still remains the leading authority on our peculiar system of equity practice, was written by the author as a scholastic exercise for the Law Academy of this city. The moot was of the nature of a formal argument on points of law, made by students, before a bencher and two other barristers sitting as judges. The bolts were less formal moots. Besides these exercises there was the putting of cases, a practice which the greatest lawyers down to the present time have followed with great profit. In addition to the ordinary branches of a legal education, some polite accomplishments were taught, notably dancing—and the social life of the Inns was, in those days, a very important feature, revels were given, plays performed. There is a tradition that Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" had its first presentation at a revel in the Middle Temple held in February, 1601—and, if this was the case, perhaps the scene between Sir Toby

Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, in which the latter is urged not to hide his excellence in the galliard and the coranto may contain a sly, quiet thrust at the importance attached to dancing by the dwellers in the Inn. After serving the required time, the student, if qualified, was called to the Bar by the Benchers—for in England the courts have nothing to do with the call or admission of barristers. The courts may discipline, to some extent, the bar, but they cannot admit to its ranks and the disbarring of any unworthy counsellor rests not with the judges but with his professional brethren—in the famous quarrel between Scroggs, L. C. J., and the bar of his court, when its members refused to appear before him, he did not threaten to disbar them or to admit others to the bar, but merely that if they did not appear he would hear the attorneys. With the attorney the case is different, he is, more especially and strictly, an *officer* of the court, while the barristers are the brethren of the judge, and he may be stricken from the roll by the action of the court, in analogy to the discharge of an unworthy servant.

In 1572, after a year spent at Clifford's Inn, Coke passed to the Inn of Court to which Clifford's was attached, the Inner Temple—and his life there, as we learn from his biographers, was as follows: He rose at *three*, read the few law books then known, Bracton, Littleton, the year books and the abridgements. At 8 o'clock he went to the courts and listened to arguments, doubtless, if we may judge from his practice at the bar and on the bench, making copious notes. When the courts adjourned, which in those days was at 12 o'clock, Coke took a short repast, and then attended readings and continued his private studies until supper time, 5 o'clock. After supper, the moots took place, and, after the moots, our student worked at his commonplace book, putting therein, properly arranged, all the legal knowledge he had collected during the day. In later life Coke thus distributed time:

*"Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus aquis.
Quatuor orabis, des epulis duas.
Quod superest ultra sacris largire camoenis"—*

which we may freely translate as follows:

*"Six hours to sleep, the same to legal lore.
Four hours to prayer, give to the table two
And what remains the Muses may consume."*

But it is manifest that this was the division of his later life only and that, in his student days, there was very little of his waking time given to anything but law. As a result of his devotion to study he was called to the bar before accomplishing the usual time of apprenticeship, when he was of only six years' standing in the Inn, on April 20th, 1578, being then 27 years old. His first success at the bar was due to his knowledge of special pleading. The case was as follows: You may remember Cromwell, Earl of Essex, called "the hammer of the monks," who was of so much service to Henry VIII in his attacks upon Roman domination and especially in ferreting out and breaking up the religious houses in England. He left a son, who went beyond his father in zeal and became the leader of the Puritans, wishing so far as in him lay to bring about the abolition of all liturgies and to set at naught the established Church. To carry out his ideas, he determined to proceed first where he thought himself free from interference, in his own parish, and accordingly brought into the church thereof two unlicensed preachers of the school of Calvin, whose very presence in the choir of a church of the establishment was illegal and was an affront to the members of that church. These men were not, however, to be parts of a mere object lesson, but, under instructions from their patron, they spoke from the pulpit and denounced the Book of Common Prayer as impious and superstitious. The rector of the church was a man of spirit and remonstrated against this breach of law. For his pains, he was

thus addressed by Lord Cromwell: "Thou art a false varlet and I like not of thee." To which the Rector responded: "It is no marvel that you like not of me, for you like of men who maintain sedition against the Queen's proceedings." Now to us these two speeches sound like the colloquy of two angry men—an insulting, bullying remark and a sharp retort, of which, when the heat of passion had passed, no more would be thought—but remember, the poor parson had unfortunately addressed his retort to a lord and consequently had committed the offence of *Scandalum Magnatum*.

"That in the captain's but a cholerick word
Which in the soldier is rank blasphemy."

And so Lord Cromwell brought an action of *Scandalum Magnatum* against Dr. Denny. Coke was retained for the defence. He filed a plea of justification which was overruled on demurrer and the case went to trial, resulting in a verdict against the defendant—whereupon Coke moved in arrest, that the Statute of *Scandalum Magnatum* had been misstated in the declaration and, after argument, succeeded in arresting the judgment. It may be that the recollection of the cause of his early success had something to do with a saying of Coke's later in life—the lesson contained in which should be seriously treasured by you, gentlemen, who intend to come to the bar and to advise clients: "If I am asked a question of common law, I should be ashamed if I could not immediately answer it; but if I am asked a question of statute law, I should be ashamed to answer it without referring to the statute book." So gentlemen never be ashamed, even in the presence of your client, to consult your Revised Statutes, Digest or Pamphlet Laws. The case of Dr. Denny was the beginning of Coke's good fortune at the bar. The next year he was appointed Reader at Lyon's Inn, which was under the control of the Inner Temple. There his lectures attracted great atten-

tion, and, as they were attended by attorneys as well as by students, not only spread his fame but brought him clients. In 1580 he argued what is perhaps the most famous case of purely legal interest in the books, Shelly's case, with the principle of which I take it, you are familiar. In 1582 Coke married Bridget Paston, a lady of beauty, learning and wealth. Shortly after this, he began to be in demand by popular communities as a judicial officer, being elected Recorder of Coventry in 1585, of Norwich the next year, and of London in 1592. These Recorderships were, and are, judicial offices with a jurisdiction principally, if not exclusively, criminal and which could be held by a practicing barrister without necessitating his retirement from the bar. At the same time he was reader in the Inner Temple. In 1592 Coke became Solicitor-General and thereupon resigned his Recordership, and, being elected to Parliament, was made Speaker of the House of Commons. During his speakership occurred something which causes those of us, who wonder at the arbitrary conduct of the present Speaker of the House of Representatives in choking off, still-born, legislation of which he does not approve, to ask ourselves whether the present officer has not taken a leaf out of the book of the great lawyer. One Morris introduced a bill for the reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Coke professed that, as the bill was long, he could not readily understand it and asked leave to consider it, pledging himself to secrecy. The House gave the desired permission and adjourned. The next morning Coke, who had had an interview with the Queen, declared, from the chair, that her Majesty wondered that any should attempt a thing which she had expressly forbidden, and added: "Upon my allegiance I am commanded if any such bill is exhibited not to read it." This was the end of the bill. Parliament was soon afterward dissolved.

In 1594 a vacancy occurred in the Attorney-General-

ship and Coke was appointed to the office—but not without violent opposition on the part of those who pressed forward Francis Bacon, of professional rank far below that of Coke. Coke unfortunately, after being appointed Attorney, opposed and prevented the appointment of Bacon to the lower office of Solicitor-General, and thus, if he did not lay, deepened the foundation of the ill-feeling and ungenerous rivalry which existed between the two great men. As Attorney-General, Coke took part in State trials, including that of Essex, in which case Bacon, now at last Solicitor-General, also appeared and, to his shame, endeavored to drag down his benefactor.

In July, 1598, Coke lost his wife. In November of the same year he married again, and strange to say, married in contravention of law—as the ceremony was performed in a private house without a license and without publication of the bans. The bride was the widowed Lady Hatton, granddaughter of the great Burleigh. Incensed at the violation of the law by those high in position, the Archbishop at once filed a libel for the excommunication of the Attorney-General, his bride, the bride's father, who was present at the marriage, and the priest who performed the ceremony.

Coke made an humble submission; whereupon the Archbishop relented and granted absolution to all the offenders, on the ground of their ignorance of ecclesiastical law—but the violated law nevertheless was avenged. Poor Coke gained little by his hasty marriage. His first married life had been happy, his second, although its nominal partner was a woman of great beauty and wit, was most unhappy. On the one side, was a man of middle age, of studious, fixed habits; on the other a young court beauty—aged only twenty—with habits of pleasure. Peace existed between them at intervals—but war the greater part of the time. Let us, by way of illustration, anticipate a little and recall the story

of the famous contest between Coke and Lady Hatton,—for she insisted on keeping her first husband's title and would not be called Mistress Coke—over the marriage of their daughter the Lady Frances, which, as it has some legal features, rises above mere gossip. In 1617 Coke was out of favor, he had been ejected from the Chief Justiceship and the Privy Council, and knew he could be restored only by the influence of Buckingham, the all-powerful favorite of James I. Sir John Villiers, the elder brother of Buckingham, had taken a fancy to the Lady Frances, who was only fourteen years old, and on the suggestion of Wynwood, the Secretary of State, Coke offered his daughter and all her expectations to Villiers. A marriage treaty was made—but the high contracting parties had reckoned without Lady Hatton, who, after a burst of frantic rage against her husband for arranging the matter without consulting her, calmed down and quietly formed her plans for frustrating those of Coke. One night, after Coke, who still adhered to the rule of “early to bed and early to rise” had retired, Lady Hatton and Frances stole away to a house known as Oatlands, occupied by Lady Hatton's cousin, and there lay concealed while the mother endeavored to bring about a match between Frances and the young Earl of Oxford and even showed to the child a forged letter, purporting to be from Oxford and showing great anxiety for the match. Coke, having ascertained the whereabouts of the fugitive, applied to the Privy Council for a search warrant, and, not obtaining it promptly, gathered a band of armed men, and leading it, armed himself, came before the gates of Oatlands and demanded his daughter, and, blending the warrior with the lawyer, informed the inmates of the house that if they refused to comply with his demand and resisted his endeavors to enforce it, if any should be killed, it would be justifiable homicide should he be the slayer, but murder, if any of the opposing party slew any of his men. As the garrison did not at once surrender,

he broke in, found Lady Frances concealed in a small closet, seized and, placing her on a horse behind her brother, rode off with her to his house at Stoke Pogis, and locked her up. He then communicated with Buckingham with reference to the marriage with Villiers. But here he found another foe, his old enemy Bacon, now Lord Chancellor, who instructed the Attorney-General to prosecute Coke in the Star Chamber for the riot at Oatlands, magnified to a levying of war against the King. In the meantime Lady Hatton made an unsuccessful forcible attempt to recapture her daughter; whereupon Coke had her arrested and confined (1) for conveying away her daughter, (2) for endeavoring to marry her to Oxford without her father's consent, (3) for counterfeiting the letter of Oxford, (4) for plotting to carry Frances off by force, to the breach of the King's peace and assembling a body of desperate fellows for the purpose. Buckingham then interfered and Villiers and Frances were married in great state at Hampton Court, while Lady Hatton remained in duress. Coke seemed triumphant, but alas! his victory was empty, he was restored to the council but not to the bench—and, shortly after, Lady Hatton was set at liberty and gave a great entertainment to the King and Queen, and says Straford: "To make it more absolutely her own, express commandment given by her Ladyship that neither Sir Edward Coke, nor any of his servants should be admitted." Truly this shows a happy state of affairs between husband and wife and was probably only the culmination of a long series of domestic bickerings. Sir John Holt's great devotion to study and work is thought by some to have been due, in part at least, to his unhappy relations with Lady Holt, but Coke needed no such incentive.

But to return, after this digression, to Coke as a lawyer, for it is in that capacity we are to consider him. On the death of Elizabeth, Coke was continued in office by

James I and, as Attorney-General, took part in the infamous prosecution of Raleigh and soon, I regret to say, became rather noted for his arrogance toward the rest of the bar, which arrogance is said by Lord Campbell to have been enhanced by the Gunpower treason, the conduct of the trials resulting upon its discovery being left entirely under his control. It is worth while for students of legal history to stop here for a moment and note that, for the purpose of unraveling the plot, torture was used. Coke and other writers have boasted that torture was not recognized by the law of England. Coke says: "There is no law to warrant tortures in the land nor can they be justified by any prescription being so lately brought in."

Our forbears have often hurled reproaches against those nations on the continent¹, by whose laws, at any time, torture has been authorized, and have pointed to France, to the terror of the Spanish inquisition and to the dread question of the Venetian republic with just loathing and horror—but if they had looked at home, they would have seen that, if torture were not recognized by law, it was inflicted under the direction of officers of the law. To say nothing of the tooth-pulling to which Jews were subjected by Richard I, we have the case of the Templars in 1310, wherein a royal warrant to torture was issued by Henry II, the introduction of the rack into the tower in the time of Henry VI, its frequent use under Henry VIII, its use in two cases under Edward VI, in eight cases under Mary, while, says Hallam, "The rack seldom stood idle in the tower for all the latter part of Elizabeth's reign." And let me ask you what was the *peine forte et dure*—fully recognized by law—the stretching of a man upon his back and laying upon him iron "as much as he could bear and more" but torture? And in this country, the New England witchcraft trials approach

¹ For example see the eloquent denunciation of torture by Sir John Fortescue, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, chap. 22.

very nearly to torture, and there is, it is curious to note, in Massachusetts an instance of the infliction of *peine dure et forte*—the case of Giles Corey of Salem in 1692. And that the much-vaunted Anglo-Saxon is, even in later days, not always above the temptation to torture, at least if the sufferers are not of his race, is shown by Indian Penal Code and Evidence Act, in which are provisions, intended, according to Sir James Stephens, its author, to prevent the practice of torture by the police for the purpose of extracting confessions.

The gunpowder trials, resulting in the conviction of Fawkes, Digby and others, were the occasions of Coke's last appearance as Attorney-General, the finale of what cannot be considered as a particularly creditable period of his life. He was in 1606 appointed to the Chiefship of the Common Pleas and now came a marvelous change. He who had been servile to power, overbearing to his equals,, tyrannical and, at times, even brutal toward accused persons, now became independent, at a time when his office was held at the mere pleasure of the crown, courageous and unflinching in the execution of his office, patient in listening to causes, forbearing and even tender in his treatment of even convicted criminals, and the learned and upright but overbearing, jealous, overzealous advocate was transformed into the patient, painstaking, courteous, impartial, pure judge. He was a great judge and here it is that it is most pleasant to contemplate him. Of course, it boots not here to relate the number of decisions rendered by him, the intricate questions disposed of by him in the Common Pleas, which was the great court for the trial of cases involving matters of real estate law, but let us see what he did out of the ordinary run of judicial labor—in cases in which the judicial officer comes into touch with matters of extended right. In the first place, he resolutely opposed the growth of absolutism and stood forth, as became one in his position, the valiant champion of the rights of the

people to the regular, orderly, legal administration of the laws of England and to freedom from illegal tribunals. One of the first occasions afforded him to maintain this position was with reference to the court of High Commission, which had been used in the reign of Elizabeth for the disposition of ecclesiastical cases and had proceeded by citation, but which, under James, claimed the right to proceed in all matters, and to send a pursuivant to enter the house of any person complained of to arrest and imprison him. Coke, supported by his brethren, decided that there was no such right in the High Commission, that the practice was against *Magna Charta* and that if the pursuivant were, in his attempt to enforce the process of the court, resisted and killed, the person resisting would not be guilty of murder. Holding this doctrine, the Common Pleas interposed by prohibition against the proceedings of the High Commission, although its assumption of authority was favored by the King. The King then included Coke in the list of members of the High Commission; but Coke refused to sit, and the High Commission was silenced for a time. That it was Coke's action which brought about this result is shown by the fact that, after his retirement from the bench, it renewed its usurpations and became most oppressive and odious to the nation, until it was entirely swept away by the Long Parliament. Foiled in this movement in favor of the arbitrary administration of law, the King, at the suggestion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, resorted to another expedient—and took the position that he might take to himself such cases as pleased him, and pronounce judgment therein himself. The argument in favor of this was as follows: The judges are the King's agents for the administration of justice, what may be done by the agent or delegate may be done by the principal. The Judges being summoned to Whitehall to know what they could say against this position, Coke bravely affirmed that it was illegal, citing the year

books, and *Magna Charta*, and the Statute 43 Ed. III C. 3 that no man shall be put to answer without presentment before justices or by due process according to the ancient law of the land and anything done to the contrary shall be void, and, in support thereof, a decision in 17 Rich. II when a case, which had been heard and decided by the King, was reversed, for "the matter belonged to the Common law." The King's retort was: "My Lords I always thought and, by my soul, I have often heard the boast that your English law was founded upon reason. If that be so, why have not I and others reason as well as you the Judges?" Coke's reply was: "True it is, please your Majesty, that God has endowed your Majesty with excellent science as well as great gifts of nature; but your Majesty will allow me to say, with all reverence, that you are not learned in the laws of this your realm of England, and I crave leave to remind your Majesty that causes which concern the life or inheritance, or goods and fortunes of your subjects are not to be decided by natural reason, but by artificial reason and judgment of law, which law is an art which requires long study and experience before that a man can attain to the cognizance of it. The law is the golden metwand and measure to try the causes of your Majesty's subjects, and it is by the law that your Majesty is protected in safety and peace." The King (furious): "Then I am to be *under* the law—which it is treason to affirm?" Coke: "Thus wrote Bracton: 'Rex non debet esse sub homine sed sub DEO ET LEGE.'"

Keeping up his defence of the law against illegal proceedings by limited tribunals, he granted prohibitions against arbitrary proceedings in the Courts of the Lord President of the North and of the Lord President of Wales.

The next contest maintained by Coke against the claims of arbitrary power was about proclamations, viz., the claim of the crown to issue proclamations, amending

the existing law in whatever particulars the King might regard it as needing amendment. Against the claim the House of Commons remonstrated and the King, having summoned the Judges, asked whether the right to make such proclamations did not belong to him. Coke, speaking for all the Judges, made answer that the right did not belong to the King, concluding in his representative capacity: "But the King, for prevention of offences, may admonish his subjects by proclamation that they keep the laws, and do not offend them upon punishment to be inflicted by the law," and added in his own character: "The King by his proclamation or otherwise cannot change any part of the common law, or statute law, or the customs of the realm. Also the King cannot create any offence, by his prohibition or proclamation, which was not an offence before, for that were to change the law, and to make an offence which was not, for *ubi non est lex, ibi non est transgressio*; ergo that which cannot be punished without proclamation cannot be punished with it."

The King now took his revenge. The position of Chief Justice of the King's Bench had precedence of the Chief Justiceship of the Common Pleas, but was less lucrative and exposed its occupant to greater risk, from its more intimate relations with the government, arising out of the criminal jurisdiction of the court. Coke was accordingly in 1613, at the suggestion of Bacon, promoted to the King's Bench. Here his conflicts soon began afresh. Bacon, now Attorney-General, desired to prosecute a poor parson named Peacham. Peacham had written a sermon in which he maintained that, under certain circumstances, subjects might resist the subversion of their liberties by the sovereign. The sermon was never preached; the sermon was never printed; but the manuscript was discovered and the unfortunate man was arrested, and the Attorney-General had him racked in his own presence and examined him, before, during and

after torture, in the hope of eliciting a confession. Fearing however to proceed to a trial, unless assured in advance that a conviction could be had, Bacon, with the knowledge of the King, approached the judges out of court to possess them with the case and draw from them an opinion. To Coke he gave Peacham's papers and carefully "selected" authorities on the question. The result of this was, according to Bacon, that Coke said, "That judges were not to give opinions by fractions but *entirely*, according to the vote whereupon they should settle upon conference, and that this *auricular* taking of opinions, single and apart, was new and dangerous." Mr. Attorney, therefore, met with a deserved rebuke and Coke upheld the true judicial doctrine that the work of a judge should be open. This conduct of Coke appears the more admirable when we remember that his place was at pleasure, he did not hold by a life tenure, he was not even assured of a term of years, as are our judges. Of the propriety of his conduct there can be no doubt. Imagine, if you can, counsel at the present day endeavoring to obtain the opinion of the court in advance of trial, or still worse, a prosecuting officer, or District Attorney, endeavoring to obtain in advance, secretly, the opinion of the judge before whom a criminal must be tried, or by whom a point must be ruled, or to take the opinion of the judge on a purposed move of the officer in connection with the case, and to ascertain whether it would meet with judicial approbation or not; and imagine a judge weak enough, or desperate enough, to give his opinion in advance and so lend himself to the prosecution, by a secret assurance of either approval or disapproval in advance—while we would all agree that a prosecutor, who dared so act, should be severely visited by the court, what should we say of the judge? Would we not say that if his action resulted from a willingness to be used, he should be impeached—if from weakness, that he should not be continued on the bench after the

end of his term? But Lord Coke showed how a judge should receive such an overture—and while Bacon, backed by the King, was too powerful to be a subject of discipline, it is very likely he felt the sting of Coke's words.

Coke's independence was again put to a severe test. He doubtless would have been glad to be Lord Chancellor, to have obtained that great prize of the legal profession and, indeed, was looked upon as the probable successor of Lord Ellesmere, but his maintenance of what he believed to be right brought him into two controversies with the government, which were the cause of stopping, forever, all future promotion and led finally to his dismissal from office. The first controversy was as follows: Coke was a most vigorous and devoted admirer of the common law and felt that his position required him to be its champion against the encroachments of Chancery. He denied the authority of the Chancellor to interfere by injunction with an action in progress, and maintained that suing out a subpoena to examine the final judgment of a court of common law was an offence within the Statute of *Præmunire*. In one case he gave judgment after an injunction to stay proceedings; in another he admitted to bail a person, committed by the Chancellor for contempt of injunction in suing out an execution. Still the Chancellor maintained the fight and granted a perpetual injunction against an execution on a judgment in the King's Bench, on the ground that it had been obtained by fraud. Coke advised the plaintiff to prefer an indictment for *præmunire* against the complainant in Chancery, his solicitor and his counsel. The grand jury ignored the bill. The question of jurisdiction was referred to the King, in the following form: "Whether upon an apparent matter of equity which the judges of the law by the place and oath cannot meddle or relieve, if a judgment be once passed at common law, the subject shall perish or that the Chancery shall relieve

him, and whether there be any Statute of Præmunire or other to restrain this power in the Chancellor?"

This question was referred to the law officers of the Crown, who reported that the Statute of Præmunire did not apply and that the Chancellor had jurisdiction to examine judgments and to stay execution, if he found that they had been obtained by fraud, for which the courts of common law could not afford sufficient remedy. The King however saw fit to decide the case in favor of the Chancellor on the ground that "it appertained only to his princely office to judge over all judges, and to discern and determine such differences as, at any time, might arise between his several courts touching their jurisdictions," and the same to settle and determine, as he in his princely wisdom should find to stand most with his "honor" and ordered his decree to be enrolled in Chancery. It is a pity that some one had not given to James (and he taken) the same advice subsequently given by Lord Mansfield to a military friend, who was going out as governor of a colony in which he had to act as a judge: "Never given any reasons for your decision—your decision may be right but your reasons are sure to be wrong." In this case the King was right in his decision, notwithstanding the absurdity of his reasons, and Coke was wrong, but his independence and honesty are shown by the fact that he was risking his position by the stand he took and by the fact that he adhered to it in later life, when he wrote the Third Institute, and that the position did not seem absurd to all legal minds is clear from the fact that, so late as 1695, Lord Chief Baron Atkyns, whose court, the Exchequer, had a jurisdiction into which equity entered, wrote a book in its support.

The other controversy was what is known as the case of the Commendams. A question arising, in a case between private parties, as to the power of the King to grant preferments to be held along with a bishopric, the power was denied by counsel in an argument, in the

course of which he indulged in sarcasm at the expense of the prelates to such an extent that a bishop, who was present, went to the King with the complaint that a sacred royal prerogative was being attacked. Bacon, being called in consultation, gave his opinion that the King had a right to prohibit the hearing of the case, in which the prerogative was concerned, until he should intimate his opinion to the judges. A letter was accordingly sent to Coke and the other judges to forbear from the hearing of the case until the pleasure of the King was known. As the case was a private one, in which the King's prerogative was only incidentally concerned, Coke persuaded his brethren to hear the case and give judgment, which being done, they informed the King of their action and referred to the express words of the judicial oath "that in case any letter come to us contrary to law, we do nothing thereupon but certify your Majesty thereof and go forth to do the law notwithstanding the same" and said that they regarded the Attorney-General's letter as illegal. In a rage, James summoned the judges to Whitehall and, in terror, all but Coke receded from their position, but Coke said: "Obedience to his Majesty's command to stay proceedings would have been a delay of justice contrary to law and to the oath of the judges. Moreover as this matter had been managed the prerogative was not concerned." James pronounced it presumption for a judge to pronounce whether or not the prerogative was concerned, and, backed by Bacon and Ellesmere, entered into argument with the Lord Chief Justice. When he thought the judges sufficiently humbled he caused the question to be put to them: "In a case where the King believes his prerogative concerned and requires the judges to attend him for their advice ought they not to stay proceedings till his Majesty has consulted them?" All of the judges eagerly answered "Yes! Yes!" but Coke who said: "When the case happens I shall do that which shall be fit for a judge to do."

After this Coke held his office by a very slender tenure. The immediate cause of his downfall was his refusal to bestow the clerkship of the King's Bench upon a creature of Villiers the favorite.—It may be worth noticing in passing that while it has been matter of comment, not altogether favorable, that with us the court clerk is often better paid than the judge, *e. g.*, the Prothonotary of the Common Pleas receives \$10,000 while the judge receives but \$7,000, in James's time the discrepancy was even worse for, while the Chief Justice received £224 19s 6d per annum, with £33 6s 8d for his circuits, and the puisnes only £188 6s 8d per annum, the Chief Clerk received £4,000 per annum.—Of course this could not be openly avowed as the cause, so other charges were sought. Coke was charged with insulting the King by his answer in the Commendams case; with styling himself Lord Chief Justice of England, instead of the King's Bench; with allowing his coachman to ride bareheaded before him and—oh that my enemy would write a book!—with errors in his reports, five volumes of which he had published while Attorney-General and six while on the bench. After being summoned he received the following sentence—to be sequestered from the council chamber—to forbear riding the summer circuit and to devote the time to reviewing his reports, after concluding which he should bring them to the King privately for criticism—and that he should make his coachman cover his head. After this he was forbidden to sit in Westminster and shortly after, on April 16th, 1616, he was, at the age of sixty-six, removed from office.

Of the rest of Coke's life I shall speak very briefly. He was later restored to the Privy Council and sat occasionally in the Star Chamber, where he undoubtedly showed some bitterness toward his former enemies. He returned to political life in 1621, being elected to Parliament. He was by Bacon's advice passed over when a vacancy occurred in the Chief Justiceship. He prepared

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the twelfth and thirteenth volumes or parts of the reports and began the First Institute. In Parliament, he took the popular side, especially as a member of the committee on grievances in which he reported against the illegal grants of monopolies to Mompesson and Villiers. He resisted the claim of the King to adjourn Parliament, distinguishing between that and his power to prorogue or dissolve. He opposed the Spanish marriage and, in 1622, he was, with Prynne, Selden and other leaders of the opposition, committed to the tower, and an indictment was preferred against him. He spent a few months in confinement, during which he worked on Coke upon Littleton. He was released at the request of Prince Charles. In 1624 he again came into Parliament. And a new one being called, he was, in the hope of disqualifying him for election, appointed Sheriff of Buckinghamshire. He pleaded age and the superior dignities held by him, but was compelled to serve. He was however elected to the House from Norfolk. Compelled to be Sheriff, he fulfilled the duties of the office and reverently attended the judges when they came on circuit. In 1628, from his place in Parliament, he attacked the decision of the judges respecting commitments by the King and council without the cause being made known and carried resolutions which were the foundation of the Habeas Corpus Act. He framed the famous Petition of Right. In 1629 Coke practically retired from public life, just after having given to the press his Commentaries upon Littleton. In his remaining six years, he published a new edition of the same and wrote the Second, Third and Fourth Institutes. After Hampden's noble stand against ship-money, it was thought that Coke had been Hampden's counsellor in his defence, and, prompted by secret information and at the order of the council, Sir Francis Windebank with several attendants came, on the first day of September, 1634, to the house of the old lion of the law, to search for seditious papers and, if any such should be

discovered, to arrest the author. They found Coke on his death bed ; but nevertheless, while they respected his own room, they searched the rest of the house and bore off with them certain manuscripts, including his institutes, his will and some poems. On the third of September Coke died, attended in his last illness by his daughter Frances, whose life had been ruined by her forced marriage.

What was Sir Edward Coke? We cannot say that he was a broad genius but I cannot agree with Lord Campbell that he was "a narrow, crabbed lawyer," still less with a writer of popular historical lectures, more interesting than authoritative, more entertaining than profound, Dr. Lord, whom I have heard in a lecture on Bacon, speak of Coke as a "wooden man." No mere narrow, crabbed lawyer, no wooden man would have made the stand made by Coke for the liberties of England, and yet no man, who had not a most thorough knowledge of all the laws of his country, could have made the stand in the way Coke did. A theorist, a mere patriot might have claimed for the administration of justice in England what Coke claimed, on the ground that such *should* be the law of a free country. Coke rested his position on the ground that such *was* the law—which even the Crown should not dare to violate. No mere narrow man could have seen the connection between the rights and duties of the judiciary and the freedom of the people as did Coke, and no one but a lawyer could have so accurately appreciated it. He was primarily, eminently a lawyer. His virtues were those of the profession—patience, perseverance, honesty, courage. His whole trend of thought was legal—working at the science of the law, long after he had ceased its practice as an art, down almost to his dying day—and well for us that he has done so, well for us that he has left the example of patient, persevering study and devotion to work, of careful examination of intricate questions, and left us, too, in his commentaries and his

reports, results of his labors and teachings of which we may avail ourselves as we will. He still speaks to us—and so gentlemen I will in conclusion let *him* speak to all those of you who are in earnest in the study of the law—and desire to be more than mere practitioners—listen to him; he says:

“And for a farewell to our jurisprudent. I will wish him the gladsome light of jurisprudence, the loveliness of temperance, the stability of fortitude and the solidity of justice.”

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